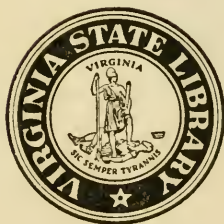


AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
EPPA HUNTON



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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EPPA HUNTON

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John W. Huntley
E. S. A. Huntley

BRIGADIER GENERAL, C. S. A.

Taken in Richmond during the Winter of 1863/4.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EPPA HUNTON



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FOREWORD

MY WIFE and son have urged me to add a few notes to the autobiography of my father and to have a few copies printed for my immediate family and for a few intimate friends, as a part of the unwritten history of the important events of the period in which he figured. Accordingly, I have had printed this edition of one hundred copies, and in it all rights literary or otherwise are reserved to myself. No copy will be sold, and none has been given away, but when advisable a copy may be loaned to a friend who may desire to read it.

I make these somewhat unusual reservations for the following reasons:

(1) In the preface to the autobiography my father stated: "I have written this little unpretentious volume for them" (my children) "and for them only." This will explain the many intimate family incidents in these pages that are intensely interesting to his children, but have no place in a book intended for general circulation.

(2) There are many facts in the book, and especially some relating to the war, which would probably lead to bitter and acrimonious controversy that I would deeply regret.

I feel it my duty, however, to preserve the facts for future generations.

My father dictated this autobiography in his eighty-second year while living in the retirement of his old age at our home, 8 East Franklin Street, Richmond, Virginia.

March, 1929.

EPPA HUNTON, JR.

DEDICATION

TO MY TWO DEAR, DEAR CHILDREN, EPPA AND JINCIE,
WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED SO MUCH TO MY COMFORT
AND HAPPINESS, WHO ARE THE PROPS ON WHICH I
LEAN IN MY OLD AGE, AND WHO WILL SO WELL FILL
THE PLACE I SHALL SOON LEAVE VACANT, THIS VOLUME
IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE

I HAVE been very reluctant to write anything concerning my own life. It has been one of continual struggle from early orphanage. I know that I have figured, more or less, in the most trying scenes of the country—that I have been an actor in military and civil strife—that I endeavored to do my duty in every position I have ever filled. In reviewing my long life, I feel that it has fallen far short of what it ought to have been, and a poor recital of its leading events will interest no one except my children. They have insisted so strongly on this autobiography, I have reluctantly yielded. They are the dearest and most affectionate children in this world.

I have written this little unpretentious volume for them and for them only. The arduous labors of professional and political life since the war have blotted from my memory many important events of my life, and all the little incidents calculated to make my Biography interesting.

I hope I shall leave a reputation for integrity, patriotism and honor, and that my children will never blush at mention of their father's name.

God bless, protect and prosper them.

Richmond, June 14, 1904.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EPPA HUNTON

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EPPA HUNTON

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born on the 22nd day of September, 1822, on my father's farm, "Springfield," on the road from New Baltimore to Thoroughfare, in Fauquier County, Virginia.

My father, Eppa Hunton, was the son of James Hunton, and a grandson of William Hunton, both of said County of Fauquier. He was born January 30, 1789.

The Virginia branch of Huntons came from England and settled in Lancaster County in the early history of the Virginia colony about the year 1700. In the first half of the Eighteenth Century William Hunton and two brothers left Lancaster County. One brother settled in Albemarle County, one in Madison County and William settled at "Fairview," near New Baltimore, in said County of Fauquier. He married Judith Kirk, and from them sprung many of the citizens of Fauquier County. "Fairview" has always remained in the possession of their descendants, and is now owned and occupied by Joseph G. Hunton, a grandson—an old bachelor about eighty years old. My grandfather, James Hunton, was their eldest son and resided at "The Valley" adjoining "Fairview."

James Hunton married Hannah Logan Brown of King George County, and had four sons and three daughters. My father, Eppa, was the second son. He taught school for several years in a school house near Old Broad Run Church, Fauquier County. He purchased "Springfield," and married Elizabeth Marye Brent.

My father was a very active business man, of the quickest per-

ception and promptest action. He was very popular and was twice elected to the Legislature. He was a prosperous man and at his death owned three good farms: "Springfield," "Mount Hope" and a farm in Prince William County. He possessed military qualifications of a high order, and was an officer in the War of 1812.* He was at Bladensburg and Craney Island and was a brigade inspector of the Virginia militia. He purchased "Mount Hope" that he might be a mile nearer to New Baltimore, where there was a fine academy for both boys and girls. He died on the 8th of April, 1830, aged 41 years.

The Huntons of Virginia were remarkable for their intelligence, hospitality, integrity and good conduct. The records of the courts will be searched in vain to find any proceeding against one of the name for any breach of law and order.

My mother was the daughter of William Brent. He lived in Dumfries, and married Hannah Neal. Soon after his marriage the Revolutionary war began. He raised a company and was made its Captain. Fearing trouble to his family from the incursions of the British up the Potomac River, he purchased a farm in Fauquier County, near Bealeton, and moved his family there. On this farm my mother was born, and married.

The Brents came to America with Lord Baltimore, and settled in Maryland—said to be cousins of Lord Baltimore. Two of them crossed the river and settled in Stafford County, Virginia. One purchased "Richland," and the other "Woodstock," on the Potomac, both very fertile farms. My mother descended from the Woodstock Brent.

The Brent family is one of the most numerous in the United

*He was First Lieutenant of Captain William R. Smith's Troop of Cavalry, from Fauquier County, attached to the command of Major Thomas Hunton, Virginia Militia, according to the records of the Adjutant General, U. S. Army.

States. Its members will be found in Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Ohio, Missouri and many other States. They have been noted for intelligence and patriotism.

My father had eleven children, to-wit: Virginia Freedonia; Hannah Neale; John Heath; Judith Ann; Silas Brown; James Innis; myself; Elizabeth Marye; George William; Mary Brent and Charles Arthur. The oldest and youngest died in infancy. The others grew to maturity—some of them to old age—and became useful and highly reputable citizens. My sister, Mary Brent, the widow of Thomas R. Foster, and myself, are the only surviving children. My father's estate wound up badly. It took all his personalty, and his Prince William Farm, to pay his debts.

My mother, at the age of thirty-eight years, was left with nine children, none of them grown, and comparatively poor. She was the most anxious and devoted mother I ever saw, and applied herself to rearing and educating her children with a singleness of purpose and unselfishness never equalled. She was a model mother, lived to a good old age, and saw all her children (except the two who died in infancy), become useful and reputable men and women.

I was educated almost entirely at the New Baltimore Academy. It was a most excellent institution of learning for that day, presided over by the Rev. John Ogilvie. I was ambitious from early boyhood to become a lawyer, and desired to obtain a very good Latin and English education; but my funds gave out and I had to borrow money to go to school the last year, 1839. I completed my English course, and then commenced my Latin the 1st of September, 1838, and finished the full course of Latin by the end of 1839.

In 1840 I taught school for Richard Rixey and Sylvester Welsh at a log school house on the road leading from Warrenton to

The Plains, near the latter town. I devoted my leisure time during this year to the study of history, and was especially interested in the history of England, from which I learned its feudal system, on which the great system of the Common Law is founded.

The next year I opened a public school at Buckland, Prince William County, Virginia. This was in the neighborhood of John Webb Tyler, who afterwards became Judge of the Circuit Court of that circuit. He sent five boys to me, and gave me instruction in law gratuitously, and furnished me with the books to read. I taught there during the years 1841 and 1842, and in June, 1843, I obtained a license to practice law.

During the period of my stay at Buckland I boarded with my brother, Silas B. Hunton, whose wife, Margaret, formerly Margaret Rixey, was as kind to me as my own sister. Both promoted my comfort in every possible manner, and both remained till their death most affectionate brother and sister.

After getting a license to practice law, under the advice of John Webb Tyler I determined to settle at Brentsville, the county seat of Prince William County, which was a small town. There was not a great deal of law business in that county, but there were very few lawyers, and Mr. Tyler advised me to go there and learn to practice, and then to move to some place where business was better. I found but one lawyer at Brentsville—Daniel Jasper—though there were two or three others in the county, and the Warrenton lawyers always attended the courts.

I was slow in getting business in Prince William. Daniel Jasper had preceded me nearly a year; he was a very active man and a very sprightly, smart fellow, and got most of the business for a year or two.

In the winter of 1847-48, John Webb Tyler was elected Judge of the Circuit Court. Mr. Jasper and I were candidates to succeed

him as Commonwealth's Attorney. At that time the County Court consisted of twenty or thirty magistrates, who elected the Commonwealth's Attorney. The race between Mr. Jasper and myself was a very close one. I was successful.

On the 14th of June, 1848, I married Lucy Caroline Weir, of "Hartford," Prince William County, Virginia. She was the daughter of Robert and Clara Boothe Weir. Her father was of a highly reputable Scotch family; was for many years a merchant of Tappahannock, Virginia; later in life he purchased and occupied the "Hartford" farm in Prince William County. He died about 1840, leaving his widow, three daughters and two sons surviving him.

My wife's mother was a Miss Smith, of Williamsburg—a granddaughter of Judge Benjamin Waller, who was also the grandfather of Littleton Waller Tazewell, one of Virginia's most distinguished men and most popular Governors. She was the daughter of John Smith and Sarah Waller.

This marriage was a most happy one. My wife was in every respect an affectionate, loving help-mate.

We remained with Mrs. Weir during the balance of the year 1848. The farm "Hartford" was sold during the year, possession to be given the 1st of April, 1849. I purchased a comfortable home in Brentsville, and went to housekeeping the first of January, 1849. On the 1st of April following, when Mrs. Weir gave possession of "Hartford," she and her two daughters, Bettie and Martha, came to us and made our house their home. We were a happy family, and after adding to my house in Brentsville I had a very comfortable and beautiful home, which was destroyed by the Union soldiers in 1862.

Mrs. Weir was one of the nicest and most charming old ladies I ever knew. I have often said that I had two of the best mothers any man ever had. She was devoted to me and died in my arms

in Warrenton, in 1870. Martha died at my house in 1882. Bettie remained with me till the death of my wife. She is now with her nieces in Clarke County, Virginia.

In 1852 a new Constitution was adopted by the State of Virginia, which affected all the offices and made most of them—Commonwealth's Attorney among them—elective by the people. Jasper and myself were again candidates for the position of Commonwealth's Attorney. It was a long, arduous and exciting contest, resulting in my election by a large majority. I carried every precinct in the county. I retained this office until my absence from the county in the Confederate Army, in 1861.

In 1848 I was elected Colonel of the Militia Regiment of Prince William County, and in 1857 was elected Brigadier-General of Militia, by the Legislature of Virginia.

On the 20th of June, 1853, my daughter Elizabeth Boothe was born. She was as beautiful and sweet as a daughter could be. The second summer, so fatal to children, took her from us. We carried her to "Mount Hope," my mother's residence, for a change of air. She improved notably. We returned to Brentsville in September, and on the 30th day of that month, 1854, God took her to Himself. It seemed that he had loaned her to us to brighten our home and cement our love. She was named after her two grandmothers, and was much petted by them. We grieved bitterly for the dear child. She was our only daughter.

On the 14th of April, 1855, my son Eppa was born. His birth tended to moderate our grief for dear little Lizzie. My son was named after my father and me. He still lives and has been the greatest comfort to his mother and to me. He has never given me an hour's trouble, except in smoking cigarettes. He has become a lawyer of distinction, and is loved by all who know him. I cannot be thankful enough for the gift of my

son. He has ever been affectionate and kind to me, and his devotion to his mother was beautiful and touching. His life has been interwoven with mine more closely than is usual with father and son, and he will be often mentioned in this biography.

I was a Democrat from my earliest youth. My father before me was a Democrat. All of the Hunton name were Democrats. I took an active interest in politics from the time I was grown, and was put upon the stump by my party in every presidential canvass from 1840.

In 1856 I was one of the delegates to the National Convention at Cincinnati. Franklin Pierce was President, and I favored his renomination, though my ultimate choice was R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia. Mr. James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, was nominated and elected.

During this period, up to 1860, I had practiced my profession at Brentsville, with some success. I got a good practice and accumulated property. Excitement sometime before had begun to run very high between the North and the South. The question of slavery was the exciting cause. The North had the largest territory and the greatest population, and became very violent against the South on the question of slavery. Seward, one of the leading statesmen of the North, declared that this Union could not exist one-half slave and the other half free. Scenes of turmoil and violence occurred in both houses of Congress, and the patriotic and peace-loving man looked forward with the utmost dread to the future.

In 1860, the Democratic Party, which had been a unit up to that time and had always managed to hold the balance of power, was divided upon the "free-soil" question. The Party met in convention at Charleston, South Carolina, April 23, 1860, and was divided between Douglas and Breckinridge—Douglas representing the Northern "Free-Soil" wing, and Breckinridge the

“States-Right” wing of the Party. Violent scenes occurred in the convention, and finally it was disrupted. Then two conventions were held, one in Baltimore, which nominated Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, and the other in Richmond, which nominated John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. The old Whig Party in convention nominated John Bell, of Tennessee. The Republicans nominated Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois.

These candidates were all men of great ability. Lincoln was a rough man, and was called the “Illinois Rail Splitter.” He was one of the most vulgar men that ever attained high position in the United States.

It soon became apparent that there was great danger of the election of Abraham Lincoln, owing to the division in the Democratic Party. This increased the intense feeling between the sections. The people in many of the Southern States declared in convention assembled that they would not remain in the Union if the country elected a sectional president. I was elector on the Breckinridge ticket and actively canvassed the State of Virginia in the interest of that wing of the Democratic Party.

At that time my wife became ill. She seemed to be suffering with neuralgia of the liver, and subject to violent attacks of pain. These attacks continued with more or less violence until 1862. They interfered a good deal with my activity in politics. I was very devoted to my wife, and she to me, and when she was ill I wanted to be with her, and she desired my presence.

Abraham Lincoln was elected on November 6, 1860. Although he got only a minority of the popular vote he got a majority of the electoral vote. The country from the Potomac to the Rio Grande was at once convulsed with excitement. Several of the “Cotton States” took early action for secession. James Buchanan was the President. He was a good man, but timid. After the

“Cotton States” had all withdrawn from the Union they formed the Confederate States government at Montgomery, Alabama, with Jefferson Davis as President, and sent Commissioners to Washington to treat with the Buchanan administration for recognition as a nation. Mr. Buchanan promised time and again that he would recognize them, but his timidity interfered, and he postponed it until his term as President expired.

In the meantime Virginia had not taken any steps. Up to the 1st of January, 1861, she had made no movement towards secession. Soon thereafter the Legislature, then in extra session, passed a law calling for a convention to determine the course of Virginia in the premises. The election was to take place February 4, 1861. I declared myself a candidate for this convention. Mr. Allen Howison, a very estimable Whig gentleman of the county, was a candidate against me. I was for immediate secession. Mr. Howison was unconditionally for the Union. I published a card in which I took the ground that I was for immediate secession for the sake of the Union. Elaborating my position I argued that if Virginia would go out of the Union, at once, followed by some of the border states, the movement would be so formidable that the United States Government would not make war upon the Confederate States, but that the doctrine which was held by a great many Northern people, to “Let the erring sisters go in peace,” would be adopted even by the Lincoln Administration; and that when war was avoided reconstruction would take place between the North and the South on terms satisfactory to both sides, and permanent. Of course my theory was but a theory, but I have always thought that if war could have been avoided by an early secession of all the Southern States, reconstruction would have taken place satisfactory to both sides and permanent. I was elected to the Convention by a large majority over Mr. Howison.

CHAPTER II.

I ATTENDED the Convention, and reached Richmond the day before the session began on February 13th, and found the city in an uproar. Everybody was excited. The women and the clergy were a unit for secession. I never saw anything to equal it.

The morning I went to the convention, which was held in the Mechanics' Institute, a building on Ninth Street near Main.* I found the lower room crowded with ladies. We had to pass through this room to get to the convention hall above. We found it impossible to pass. I made an appeal to the ladies to let me get by, explaining that unless the members of the convention could get upstairs there could be no convention. One of these ladies said to me, "Are you a secessionist?" I replied, "If I had my way I would vote the State out of the Union tomorrow morning before breakfast." She exclaimed, "Ladies, let him pass; he'll do!" They made a way for me to pass, and I went up to the convention.

I have often thought that if we could have seceded the next morning before breakfast, how much better it would have been than to waste the time from February until the 17th of April in useless debate. How much preparation could have been made in that time to meet the troubles ahead of us! But it was not to be.

*It was used because the Capitol was being used for the extra session of the Legislature. It was later occupied by the War Department of the Confederate States and was burned at the evacuation of Richmond in April, 1865.

The Convention met and elected Mr. John Janney, of Loudoun, President, over Mr. V. W. Southall, of Albemarle, by a vote of 70 to 54. Both of them were Union men, but the secessionists favored Mr. Southall because he was considered less opposed to secession than Mr. Janney.

The convention was dominated by the old Whig Party, most of whom were Union men. The Democrats had had control of the State of Virginia for many years. When the call for a convention was made by the Legislature the Democratic candidates as a general thing took ground for immediate secession. The Whigs, with more policy, took the ground that they were for the Union, and desired to preserve it, but if the time came when secession was a necessity they were for secession. They did not believe Virginia would secede and they set to work to revive the old Whig Party, which had so long been in the minority in the State. It was represented by the grandest men of the party, and as grand men as any in the State. They were led by such men as John Janney, of Loudoun; Robert E. Scott, of Fauquier; Robert Y. Conrad, of Frederick; John B. Baldwin, of Augusta; A. H. H. Stuart, of Augusta; Judal A. Early, of Franklin, and many others.

I felt very much provoked at the conduct of these gentlemen. I felt that the time which ought to be devoted to preparation was being wasted; but nothing could move them.

The secession party was in a comparatively small minority. It was led by some of the ablest men in the State, such as ex-President Tyler, Professor James P. Holcombe, Lieutenant-Governor Montague, Henry A. Wise, John Goode, Jere Morton and many others. We were all for immediate secession.

Henry A. Wise had an idea that we ought to make our fight in the Union, and while he acted with us he always advocated

his doctrine of fighting in the Union. I never could exactly understand how we could do it.*

Just previous to the meeting of this convention there was a Peace Congress held in the City of Washington, called at the instance of Virginia, the object of which was to try if possible to harmonize the differences between the two sections of this country. It was composed of some of the best and ablest men of the North and the South, but resulted in absolute failure. When the Secession Convention met in Richmond, our delegates to the Peace Congress, among whom were ex-President John Tyler, of Charles City County, and George W. Summers, of Kanawha County, now West Virginia, had just returned therefrom.

Soon after the Secession Convention opened, George W. Summers made a submission speech. He was for submitting to any terms that the Northern people might impose upon us, rather than to secede. He was replied to by John Tyler, who told me afterwards that when he commenced his speech he did not think he would live to finish it, on account of the feebleness of old age. He spoke three days, and got better and better as he went along, making one of the finest speeches in defence of the South and secession that it was my fortune to hear from any source.

The leading speech after Mr. Tyler's, in favor of secession, was made by Professor James P. Holcombe, of Albemarle, who had long been one of the professors of law at the University of Vir-

*Jefferson Davis expresses the same inability to understand how this could be done. *Rise and Fall of the Confederate States*, p. 255. John Marshall, however, suggested it as a possibility while advocating the adoption of the Constitution before the Virginia Convention of 1788. *Elliott's Debates*.

ginia. It was one of the finest speeches ever delivered in the State of Virginia. It was received with rapturous applause by the secessionists on the floor and the audience in the galleries, and gave immense pleasure to the people of the City of Richmond and to the secessionists throughout the State. The ladies for days banked his desk with beautiful flowers, and he was the hero of the convention for a long time. He was replied to by John B. Baldwin, one of the ablest men of the Union side. He made a fine speech, taking the ground that there was no such thing as the right of secession; that if the time ever came for the South to resist, it would have to be by revolution and not by secession. This was the general doctrine of the Whig Party of the State. His speech occasioned intense pleasure to the Union side of the convention, but fell very flat in the City of Richmond. There wasn't a lady of Virginia who sent him a flower. There were three ladies wintering at the Exchange Hotel in Richmond, from Massachusetts. They favored his sentiments and sent him flowers.

For some time after the Convention met it was doubtful whether the United States would make war on the seceding states. There was a strong feeling in the Lincoln administration, and to some extent among the Northern people, to "Let the erring sisters go in peace." At this time the Northwestern Governors, headed by Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana, came to Washington and insisted upon war upon the South, and the administration was committed to that course.

On April 15, Lincoln called for 75,000 troops to coerce the seceding states back into the Union, and the question propounded to the Virginia Convention was whether Virginia should furnish her quota to fight against the South, or secede and fight for the South. The feeling of secession took possession of the Virginia Convention. These old, able and patriotic

Whigs, who had so violently opposed secession, now became earnest advocates of it, and after a few days debate in secret session the ordinance of secession was passed, on the 17th day of April, 1861, by a good majority, 88 to 55, and was finally signed by every member of the Convention except a few from the northwestern part of the State which is now West Virginia. These left the Convention upon the passage of the ordinance of secession, and became violent Unionists in the war.

The Ordinance of Secession is in the following words:

ORDINANCE OF SECESSION

An Ordinance to Repeal the Ratification of the Constitution of the United States of America by the State of Virginia, and to resume all the rights and powers granted under said Constitution.

The people of Virginia, in their ratification of the Constitution of the United States of America, adopted by them in convention on the 25th day of June, in the year of our Lord, 1788, having declared that the powers granted under the said Constitution were derived from the people of the United States and might be resumed whensoever the same should be perverted to their injury and oppression, and the Federal Government having perverted said powers, not only to the injury of the people of Virginia, but to the oppression of the Southern slaveholding States:

Now, therefore, we, the people of Virginia, do declare and ordain, That the ordinance adopted by the people of this State in convention on the 25th of June, in the year of our Lord 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and all acts of the General Assembly of this State ratify-

ing or adopting amendments to said Constitution, are hereby repealed and abrogated; that the union between the State of Virginia and the other States under the Constitution aforesaid is hereby dissolved, and that the State of Virginia is in the full possession and exercise of all the rights of sovereignty which belong and appertain to a free and independent State.

And they do further declare, That the said Constitution of the United States of America is no longer binding on any of the citizens of this State.

This ordinance shall take effect and be an act of this day, when ratified by a majority of the votes of the people of this State cast at a poll to be taken thereon on the fourth Thursday in May next, in pursuance of a schedule hereafter to be enacted.

Done in convention in the City of Richmond, on the 17th day of April, in the year of our Lord 1861, and in the eighty-fifth year of the Commonwealth of Virginia.

W. M. AMBLER

E. M. ARMSTRONG

W. B. ASTON

JOHN B. BALDWIN

GEORGE BAYLOR

MIERS W. FISHER

WM. HAMILTON MARGINBORG

HUGH M. TAYLOR

JOHNSON ORRICK

LOGAN OSBURN

SAM M. GARLAND

GEORGE W. RICHARDSON

HENRY A. WISE

J. T. MARTIN

ALFRED M. BARBOUR

JAMES BARBOUR

ED. N. CHAMBERS

GEORGE BLOW, JR.

JAMES BOISSEAU

PETER B. BORST

WOOD BOULDIN

WILLIAM W. BOYD

JAMES C. BRUCE

BENJAMIN W. BYRNE

THOS. STANHOPE FLEMING

WILLIAM M. FORBES

JOHN T. SEAWELL

GEO. P. TAYLOR

WM. M. TREDWAY

BENJ. F. WYSOR

HERVEY DESKINS
 GEO. W. HULL
 W. T. SUTHERLIN
 JAS. W. HOGE
 ROBERT C. KENT
 R. C. GRANT
 RICHARD H. COX
 STEPHEN A. MORGAN
 JAMES MARSHALL
 A. F. CAPERTON
 WILLIAM C. PARKS
 WM. BALLARD PRESTON
 WM. CAMPBELL SCOTT
 W. M. SPEED
 JOHN T. THORNTON
 SAM'L WOODS
 JOHN I. KINDRED
 HARRY L. GILLESPIE
 F. M. CABELL
 S. L. GRAHAM
 THOS. MASLIN
 EDW. D. MCGUIRE
 JOHN A. ROBINSON
 C. J. P. CRESAP
 JAMES B. DORMAN
 JUBAL A. EARLY
 NAPOLEON B. FRENCH
 COLBERT C. FUGATE
 PEYTON GRAVELY
 FENDALL GREGORY, JR.
 ADDISON HALL
 CYRUS HALL

J. B. MILLER
 HORATIO G. MOFFETT
 DONALD PUGH
 PETER SAUNDERS, JR.
 V. W. SOUTHALL
 JOHN TYLER
 RO. H. WHITFIELD
 JAMES G. HOLLADAY
 HENRY H. MASTERS
 JEREMIAH MORTON
 THOMAS F. GOODE
 GEORGE WILLIAM BRENT
 WM. H. B. CUSTIS
 W. T. COOPER
 ROBT. E. COWAN
 WM. L. GOGGIN
 JOHN GOODE, JR.
 FIELDEN L. HALE
 THOS. BRANCH
 W. P. CECIL
 JOHN A. CAMPBELL
 JOHN B. CHAMBLISS, SR.
 SAM'L. A. COFFMAN
 R. M. CONN
 C. B. CONRAD
 ROSS G. CONRAD
 JOHN CUTCHEN
 SAM'L. PRICE
 TIMOTHY RIVES
 CHARLES R. SLAUGHTER
 ALEX. H. H. STUART
 ROBERT H. TURNER

| | |
|--|-------------------------|
| JAMES H. COX | JOHN L. MARYE |
| SAMUEL G. STAPLES | R. E. SCOTT |
| JAMES W. SHEFFEY | J. D. SHARP |
| GEO. W. RANDOLPH | JAMES MACGRUDER STRANGE |
| JAMES LAWSON | WM. C. WICKHAM |
| ANDREWS PARKS | WM. H. DULANY |
| JOHN JANNEY, | JOHN ARMISTEAD CARTER |
| <i>President of the Convention and</i> | M. R. H. GARNETT |
| <i>delegate from Loudoun,</i> | MANILIUS CHAPMAN |
| LEONARD S. HALL | G. W. BERLIN |
| LEWIS E. HARVIE | THOMAS SITTINGTON |
| PETER C. JOHNSTON | FRANKLIN P. TURNER |
| PAUL M. NOEL | J. M. HECK |
| EDMUND TAYLOR MORRIS | EPPA HUNTON |
| JOHN Q. MARR | ALLEN C. HAMMOND |
| EDWARD WALLER | ALPHEUS F. HEYMOND |
| MARMADUKE JOHNSTON | JOHN I. KILBY |
| ALGERNON S. GRAY | ROBERT L. MONTAGUE |
| ANGUS R. BLAKEY | S. W. D. MOORE |
| BURWELL SPURLOCK | WM. S. NEBLETT |
| JAMES P. HOLCOMBE | SAML. C. WILLIAMS |
| JOHN N. HUGHES | WM. WHITE |
| LEWIS D. ISBELL | JAS. V. BROOKE |
| WALTER D. LEAKE | JNO. ECHOLS |
| CHAS. K. MALLORY | J. B. YOUNG |
| I. B. MALLORY | |

One hundred and forty-three delegates of the convention signed this ordinance. All those who had opposed secession, except those from the immediate northwest, united in signing it, and when both sides—Secessionists and Unionists—united in signing the ordinance, it was a virtual and absolute surrender of the doctrine maintained by the Whig Party prior thereto that there was no right of secession in the State.

When these distinguished and patriotic Whigs who had opposed secession, signed this ordinance reciting that Virginia had the right to secede, and that there had been abundant cause given by the Northern government, for secession, the doctrine of secession was thoroughly established in the State. It cannot be imagined that these distinguished gentlemen would, by signing the ordinance, commit themselves to political principles which they believed to be unsound. I occasionally meet with a Virginian who says there was no such thing as the right of secession. I point him to this ordinance of secession and say it is too late for anybody to maintain that doctrine after the best men in the State not only agreed to the doctrine, but acted upon it.

I would like to give more in detail the proceedings of that Convention, but they really consisted of useless debate up to the time the ordinance was passed, and any interesting incidents of a personal character that occurred have faded from my memory.

Although the old Whig Party generally opposed secession, when the ordinance passed that Party was as patriotic and as devoted to the cause of secession as those of us who had been originally secessionists. There was scarcely an exception, and practically every man, woman and child in Virginia united in supporting the State of Virginia against the Northern Army.

The Ordinance of Secession by the terms in which the convention was called had to be submitted for ratification to the people of the State. This was done in the midst of preparation throughout the State for war and a large portion of the vote upon its ratification was taken in the camps of the Confederate soldiers. It was ratified by an overwhelming majority, May 23, 1861.

While a member of that convention I made friends of some of the most distinguished men in the State. I felt greatly com-

plimented by their friendship, and shall always think of it with pleasure. Among these were Mr. President Tyler; William Ballard Preston; Allen Caperton; Lieutenant-Governor Montague (who was President of the Convention after Mr. Janney resigned); John Baldwin; John Goode; Thomas F. Goode; Professor Holcombe; Jere Morton, and many others.

My wife and son were with me during the session of the Convention, and we boarded at the Exchange and Ballard Hotel. At this same hotel some Massachusetts ladies boarded, and they had a little boy a little older and larger than my son Eppa. This little Massachusetts boy was a violent Unionist, and my son a violent Secessionist. They used to fight every day. Eppa most always got the advantage in the fight, but one day I was crossing the bridge which spanned the street between the Exchange and Ballard House and found them in a fight; Eppa had kicked at the little Yankee, and the Yankee caught his foot and had Eppa hopping up and down in a pretty bad way. I passed on and did not release him, but he finally released himself and got the better of the boy.

I felt I could not hold a militia office, and I sent my resignation to John Letcher, who was then Governor, as soon as the Ordinance of Secession was passed. I was always very much gratified at the fact that every member of the convention accessible at that time (those from the northwestern part of the State having withdrawn from it) signed a petition to the Governor to appoint me a Colonel.* This petition was carried around the

*While helping my father in preparing his notes for this autobiography it was suggested to me that perhaps the original petition to Governor Letcher could be found in the Governor's papers in the State Library. I spent several hours going through the letters and documents of this period, but was unable to locate it in the State Library. Within a month after my search of the records, the original petition was sent to my

convention by my distinguished friend, Ballard Preston. The Governor sent word to me that he would have plenty of work for me as Brigadier-General of Militia, and refused to accept my resignation. I sent again a peremptory resignation, informing him that if he would not appoint me a Colonel, I intended to resign as Brigadier-General of Militia and go into the ranks as a private. A few days thereafter I strolled up to the Fair Grounds (now Monroe Park) and was sitting on the fence watching the V. M. I. cadets drill the recruits. I was greatly depressed and disappointed at not getting my appointment as Colonel when Mr. Ballard Preston walked up to me and saluted me as "Colonel Hunton." Governor Letcher had appointed me Colonel of the Eighth Virginia Infantry. I was very much gratified.

Immediately after my appointment as Colonel of the Eighth

mother in December, 1929, by Mrs. William R. Castle, Jr., of Washington, D. C., a friend of hers whom she had known for several years while staying at the Hot Springs, with the following note:

"I hope you will be glad to have this note. I found it where it should not have been as it seems to me it belongs to Mr. Hunton and to your son. I take great pleasure in sending it to you.

(Signed) Margaret Castle."

Mr. Castle was at one time Ambassador to Japan and is now (1932) and for some years has been Under Secretary of State in the administrations of Presidents Coolidge and Hoover.

The petition to Governor Letcher follows:

"RICHMOND. May 1st, 1861.

Gov. Letcher:

Dear Sir: The undersigned having understood that the friends of Genl Eppa Hunton of Prince William will present his name to your Excellency for some Field appointment under the ordinances recently adopted by the Convention, beg leave to recommend him most cordially to your favorable consideration. From an acquaint-

Virginia Regiment, I asked and was granted a leave of absence from the Convention, and left Richmond to organize my regiment in Leesburg, Loudoun County, Virginia, and to take the field.

I had by the time the ordinance of secession was ratified eight companies at Leesburg, and two were added thereafter. It was composed of six companies from the county of Loudoun, commanded respectively by Captains William N. Berkeley; Nathaniel Heaton; Alexander Grayson; William Simpson; Wampler, and John R. Carter; one company from Prince William, commanded by Captain Edmund Berkeley; two from

ance with him in the Virginia Convention, we feel no hesitation in expressing the opinion that his appointment would be peculiarly fortunate for the public interests.

Respectfully &c

| | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|
| Jeremiah Morton | Robert H. Turner | B. Wilson |
| R. B. Borst | C. R. Slaughter | L. D. Isbell |
| George Wm. Brent | Jas. M. Speed | W. M. Ambler |
| John Q. Marr | W. C. Scott | F. Gregory, Jr. |
| G. W. Randolph | G. W. Richardson | A. S. Gray |
| W. P. Cecil | Ro. L. Montague | Jas. Lawson |
| Thos. G. Fleming | R. E. Scott | Edm'd T. Morris |
| Lewis E. Harris | J. R. Chambliss | J. M. Strange |
| Jno. Goode, Jr. | Alfred M. Barbour | W. D. Leake |
| Samuel G. Staples | Sam M. Garland | Jas. G. Holladay |
| John T. Seawell | F. M. Cabell | John T. Thornton |
| Wm. L. Goggin | Thomas F. Goode | John Tyler |
| Wm. H. Macfarland | Jno. Echols | A. R. Blakey |
| Saml A. Coffman | Geo. P. Taylor | Sam'l Woods |
| Henry Deskins | Jno. M. Forbes | Wm. Ballard Preston." |

Mr. Castle, in a subsequent letter, told me that in reading the catalogue of an autograph dealer he was attracted by an item listed as an autograph of President Tyler. From reading further, he found that the item was the petition to Governor Letcher, and purchased the same for us.

EPPA HUNTON, IV.

Fauquier, commanded respectively by Captains R. H. Carter and R. Taylor Scott; and one from Fairfax commanded by Captain James Thrift.

Captain Thrift did not join my regiment with his company until the 23rd of July, and Captain Scott about ten days afterwards, so that at the Battle of Manassas I had only eight companies in my regiment.

On May 24th, the evening of the day after the Ordinance of Secession was ratified, a regiment of United States troops marched into Alexandria. The Marshall House, one of the hotels of that city, was kept by James Jackson, who was a violent secessionist, and had a secession flag flying from the top of his hotel. He had pledged himself that he would kill any man who cut that flag down. When this regiment of United States soldiers marched into town and were informed that this secession flag was flying, the Colonel of the regiment, Elmer E. Ellsworth, of the First Zouave Regiment, New York Militia, detailed three men and at their head marched up to the top of the Marshall House and cut the flag down. As he returned down-stairs Jackson killed him, and his squad immediately killed Jackson. This was the first blood of the war in Virginia.

Besides my own regiment I had in my command at Leesburg the Loudoun Cavalry, commanded first by Captain Shreve, and afterward by Captain Meade; and a Loudoun battery commanded by Captain Rodgers.

A little later a Maryland company commanded by Captain George Gaither, reported to me at Leesburg, and became temporarily a part of my command. This was a very fine company of soldiers, but its commander was absolutely worthless as a military man, being excitable, emotional and unreliable in his reports.

I devoted myself with great assiduity to arming, equipping

and drilling my regiment, and soon found that I had under my command a body of as good men as could be picked in the State.

Not a great while after I went to Leesburg and formed my regiment, the United States forces appeared on the opposite side of the river, under the command of General C. P. Stone, of Washington City. This increased my labor in guarding the approaches to the county. I had to keep a guard at all the fords and ferries of the Potomac River within the County of Loudoun.

General Stone was a very superior man—a man of fine intelligence and military attainments. He was a gentleman, and conducted the war in the most gentlemanly manner. He would not allow his soldiers to cross the river surreptitiously and steal property from the people of Loudoun, and if he found out any such case he made them return the property. This did not suit the excited indignation of the Northern people and those in high command in the army. General Stone became unpopular.

Sometime early in June there was a fight gotten up between my men and Stone's men across the river, neither party attempting to cross. This was some distance up the river from Leesburg, and as soon as I heard the firing I mounted my horse and went to it. There were no casualties, and I soon discovered it was nothing but a desultory firing across the river, and returned to Leesburg. I was a little tired. My general health was very poor. I laid down upon the lounge in my office and had a very severe hemorrhage of the throat. This was followed by many others, some of them quite copious.

When the Federal Army took possession of Alexandria it captured all the cars and locomotives on the railroad from Alexandria to Leesburg, except one train. This consisted of a very fine locomotive and a large number of freight cars, and

was at the Leesburg Depot. General Lee, who was then on duty in Richmond, directed me to burn these cars and destroy the locomotive, so that the Union forces could not use them in case they got possession of that country.* I took the liberty of separating the freight cars from the locomotive and arranging them so that they could be fired and burned, at a moment's notice, and instead of destroying the locomotive I dismantled it, and sent some of its important pieces into the mountains. I reported to General Lee what I had done and he approved it. Before the Union Army took possession of that country, this locomotive was hauled across the country and put upon the Manassas Gap Railroad at Piedmont (now Deleplane). It took twelve yoke of oxen to move it, and it was used by the Confederates all during the war. I felt gratified that I had not destroyed it.

Captain Gaither, with his fine Maryland company, was stationed at Edwards' Ferry to prevent any crossing from the other side on the part of the Union soldiers. One night in June about 12 o'clock I received a dispatch from Gaither that the enemy was preparing to cross the river at Edwards' Ferry in large force. I instructed him to keep a sharp lookout and advise me if there was any real effort made to cross the river. I received a sensational dispatch from him every half hour, in which he said that the force was very large and was prepared to embark across the river. At last he reported that the force was crossing the river in large numbers, and he was about to be surrounded and captured.

I could not conceive that all this was untrue, and I prepared my command to fight or retire, according to circumstances; set fire to the freight cars, according to General Lee's orders, and

*O. R., vol. 2, p. 917.

marched to the edge of the town, towards Edwards' Ferry. This was not long before day-break.

I heard nothing further from the enemy; Captain Gaither presently appeared with his company unhurt. I concluded these reports were untrue; sent to the river and found there had not been a single effort to cross; no preparation to cross, and evidently no idea on the part of General Stone of crossing the river. I was very much provoked and deeply indignant and mortified. I sent Gaither with his company away, and he reported to General Joseph E. Johnston at Harpers Ferry. I went back into camp and resumed my regular duties.

I was criticized for this, especially by the "Fire-side Generals," who said that I had become panic-stricken in Leesburg and burnt up the cars. I never heard that any military man criticized me. Every officer, however small his command may be, is obliged to rely upon reports from those who occupy the position of pickets. I had no reason to doubt Captain Gaither in any particular and up to this time had thought very highly of him.

About the 1st of July the 4th South Carolina Regiment was sent to Leesburg, and with it came Col. N. G. Evans, of South Carolina. The regiment was commanded by Col. Sloane. Evans was sent along to take command of all the forces in Loudoun. The South Carolinians boasted very strongly of what they were going to do. They said they had come there to fight the war and to conquer a peace. They did not want the Virginians to do any of the fighting, but just to stand back and look on and furnish them with bread and meat. They would win the independence of the Confederacy.

This talk was very captivating to the outsiders—especially to the young ladies who had up to that time been very attentive to the young men of my regiment, but they deserted us and went over to the South Carolina boys bodily. They went so far as to

call mine the "Cornstalk Regiment." Our boys were "cast down, but not dismayed." They pursued the even tenor of their way, became very efficient in drill, and anxious to do their duty as soldiers of the Confederacy.

About the 15th of July Col. Evans was ordered to take the South Carolina Regiment back to Manassas, and I was left again in command of the forces in Loudoun.

CHAPTER III.

THE command of the Union forces organizing to make war on the Confederacy in Virginia, was given to General Winfield Scott, a renegade Virginian. He was old, about 75, and infirm, and could not take the field. He designated General Irvin McDowell to take command of the army that was being collected south of the river, opposite Washington, in order to commence the war.

While McDowell was collecting his army near Washington, the Confederate Army was gathering at Manassas under the command of General P. G. T. Beauregard. It was very apparent when McDowell made his movement the objective point would be Richmond, and that he would strive to reach Richmond by going along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad (now the Southern) to Gordonsville, and thence by the Central (now the Chesapeake and Ohio) Railroad, to Richmond.

This was very obvious, because otherwise they could not have gotten their supplies. Manassas, therefore, became a strategic point, and it was apparent that the first struggle would be for the possession of Manassas Junction. At that point the Manassas Gap Railroad left the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and went through the Manassas Gap into the Valley of Virginia. It was, therefore, an important point, and as fast as our troops reached Richmond they were sent to Manassas.

While McDowell was preparing his army of invasion near Washington, Gen. Robert Patterson was put in command of the Union forces in the extreme lower valley; and General Joseph E. Johnston was in command of the Confederates at Winchester, with some 8,000 or 9,000 men to meet Patterson.

Johnston sought to bring Patterson to a fight, and in the meantime McDowell got ready to move.

McDowell reached Fairfax Courthouse about the 10th or 12th of July. Our forces had occupied that point, and on the approach of McDowell fell back to Manassas. In a few days McDowell moved his whole force to Centreville. The strength of his army was estimated by Beauregard in his report of the Battle of Manassas, at over 50,000 men.

McDowell was an accomplished soldier and a brave man, and had under him such men as General Tyler, General Hunter, General Miles and General Heintzelmann. All of these reached distinction in the subsequent years of the war. This was a formidable force, commanded by superior military men, almost every one of whom was a graduate of West Point.

To meet this force Beauregard had at Manassas from 12,000 to 15,000 men. General Johnston had under his command at Winchester about 8,000 men. It was arranged that Johnston was to deceive Patterson in the Valley and bring his forces to Manassas and unite with those of Beauregard. This would give Beauregard a force of upwards of 20,000 men.

Beauregard was a fine soldier and in the Battle of Manassas he had under him General Ewell, General "Jeb" Stuart, General Early, General Longstreet and General Kirby Smith. All of these attained to high rank in the succeeding years of the war. I was ordered to take my regiment and cavalry and artillery down to Manassas. We left Leesburg on the 18th of July. One of my companies in passing through the town put corn-stalks in their muskets to remind the girls that they called us "The Corn-stalk Regiment." Everybody knew that we were going down to fight, and the girls were very sorry for what they had said and wept sorrowfully about it. We reached Orris Buckner's house on the evening of the 18th, and spent the night there.

The next morning we heard of the fight that had taken place at McLean's Ford.

I had been a resident of Prince William County for eighteen years preceding the war, and knew of the blind-road that led from Centreville to Sudley, and concluded that McDowell might use that road in a flank movement on Beauregard's left. I sent a picket of five mounted men some distance on this road. On the morning of the 21st this picket was driven in, and reported to me the advance of McDowell's army by this blind-road. I immediately reported it to General Beauregard; and I believe that this was the first information he had of McDowell's flank movement.

General McDowell's first plan was to flank Beauregard on his right. Examination of the broken ground on Beauregard's right about Union Mills, satisfied McDowell that this was impracticable. He then formed a plan of battle of a most admirable character, as follows:

A large force under the command of General Tyler was to march up the turnpike from Alexandria to Warrenton to the Stone Bridge across Bull Run, without attempting at that time to pass.

General Heintzelmann was to march to the Farmers' Ford two miles above, without attempting to pass.

McDowell, with Hunter in command, marched on this blind-road that led from Centreville to Sudley through a dense forest known only to the people of the immediate neighborhood. His plan was to march to Sudley and then down Bull Run, uncover the force at Farmers' Ford, join McDowell's main body, drive the Confederates from the Stone Bridge and allow General Tyler to cross and unite with McDowell, and then with his whole force march on Beauregard at Manassas. A comparatively small portion of his force was left at Centreville.

Nobody can doubt that this was a most admirable plan of battle. Beauregard divined McDowell's first plan to attack him on the right, and most of his force was upon that part of the line. Early was down there; Ewell was there; Longstreet was there—only a small portion of his command was up in the neighborhood of the Stone Bridge, and none further to his left than the Stone Bridge.

Beauregard did not divine the change of the plan of attack on the part of McDowell until advised by me of the latter's advance in that direction, but still looked for him to attack his right.

McDowell's orders to his subordinates were to move at 2 o'clock in the morning, and to reach Sudley and the Stone Bridge by daylight. There was great delay in the movement of McDowell's troops. Tyler did not get to the Stone Bridge until half-past 9 o'clock. McDowell did not get to Sudley until about 10.

Early in the morning Beauregard discovered this change on the part of McDowell and made his arrangements to meet it. I was stationed near the Lewis House, where I at once lost my cavalry and artillery, which were placed in other portions of Beauregard's army.

I bivouaced near the Lewis Ford of Bull Run on the Lewis farm, with the 49th Regiment, commanded by Colonel William Smith. It was a great pleasure to be near this gallant, heroic man. He was well stricken in years, but was always ready for a fight. He was afterwards made Governor of Virginia for the second time and Major-General in the Confederate Army, and always was a man of great distinction in whatever position he was placed.

On the morning of the 21st, finding that McDowell had

changed his plan, Beauregard determined that he would cross the run on his right and attack McDowell's left and rear at Centreville. He sent an order to General Ewell, the ranking officer, to make the movement at once. By some means never yet accounted for, the order did not reach General Ewell. Beauregard waited for the movement to take place, until he finally heard that no order had reached Ewell, and that it was too late then to make the move. He had to meet McDowell's flank movement on his left. He hurried up his forces as best he could. Colonel Evans, with Sloane's South Carolina regiment and Wheat's Louisiana Tigers, was placed at the Stone Bridge and successfully defended that place against the passage of General Tyler.

General Johnston had gotten to Manassas on the night of the 20th, and ranking Beauregard was entitled to the command, but with great generosity he told Beauregard that as he had formed the plans for the fight he might execute them. He assisted Beauregard throughout the day and gave him very efficient aid. Some of his forces from Winchester also reached Manassas on the night of the 20th. Quite a number of them—more than half—did not get there until the next day, on account of an accident on the railroad.

I will not undertake to describe in detail this Battle of Manassas. Suffice it to say that it was conducted throughout most of the day with varying fortunes. The Union force outnumbered the Confederates more than two to one. The heaviest fighting was around the Henry and the Robinson houses, made famous in the history of the fights. These houses were taken and retaken twice or three times during the day.

My regiment was stationed behind a piece of woods, in reserve, with Colonel Wade Hampton and his South Carolina regiment

near-by. The object of this was that we might be carried to any point that was most threatened, especially to defend the Lewis ford and the Stone Bridge.

When I reached Manassas I was put into the brigade commanded by General Philip St. George Cocke. This brigade consisted of my regiment, the 8th; the 18th under Colonel Withers; the 19th under Lieutenant-Colonel Strange; the 28th under Colonel Robert Preston; but although we were brigaded we fought entirely separately during the whole of the battle.

General Cocke ordered me to take a position in reserve. I felt that I was no manner of use, and was deeply mortified that I was held in sound of the fighting and not allowed to take part. I sent word to General Cocke three times to let me go to the front. He replied that I must hold my position at all hazards; that it was a very important one. I could not see the importance of it at the time. Colonel Smith, of the 49th Regiment, rode by and when he saw me said: "What on earth are you doing here?" I replied, "Nothing in the world, and I'm exceedingly anxious to go to the front, but General Cocke won't allow me. He ordered me to stay here and hold this position at every hazard." "Well," said Colonel Smith, "General Beauregard wants you at the front." I replied, "I want to go and will be a thousand times obliged if you will report me to General Beauregard and get him to give me orders to go to the front." He said he would do it, and off he went.

At that time the Federal forces had been reinforced and had made a desperate charge to recover the plateau on which the Henry and Robinson houses stood, and were successful.

The Henry House after it was first taken by the Federal forces was defended by Rickett's Battery and Griffin's, and other guns besides. Rickett's Battery was probably the finest in the United States, and it was taken and retaken two or three times during

the day, but when our people first took it they disabled the guns and killed the horses and it was of no use to the Federal soldiers when they recovered possession of it; but they had captured the Henry House plateau for the second or third time. Just at that time General Beauregard sent a staff officer to me and ordered me to the front at the Henry House. When I got there the Federal soldiers were in possession of the plateau in large force, but with Harper and Hampton, and a large number of others, we charged upon the Federal forces, carried the place, drove them entirely from the field, and held possession there for the balance of the day. This was my first experience under fire.

Beauregard was very much aided by Kirby Smith, who had been delayed in his passage from Winchester to Manassas by this railroad accident, but when he reached Gainesville on the 21st—which was on the same 'pike leading from Centreville to Warrenton, and through the battlefield of Manassas, he heard the guns and instead of going on to Manassas he made a forced march down the turnpike, and struck McDowell in his right flank, and aided very materially in winning the victory of the day.

McDowell's men never rallied after this last repulse from the Henry House. A panic spread upon them, and such a scene of confusion has never been witnessed on a battlefield. They threw down their guns, refused to obey the orders of their officers, and ran pell-mell, each man going the same route by which he came.

After I had united in this charge at the Henry House and had repulsed the enemy, I drew my men back into a ravine to protect them from stray bullets that were still flying over the battlefield, and rode up on the hill where Beauregard and several of his officers were discussing the movement of the enemy over at the Pittsylvania House, some distance from us to the north.

The question they were discussing was whether it was a retreat or a movement on our right. The enemy at that point was moving in beautiful style. It was that portion of the Federal Army which had the regulars in it. They had not broken at that moment and were marching in very fine order. After discussing whether it was a movement on our right or a retreat, Beauregard said "It is a movement on our right and I must form my lines back to the rear of my present line." He turned to me and ordered me to take my regiment at a double-quick and interpose between him and this approaching force of the enemy, and to hold it in check as long as possible until he could form his line in the rear.

It was a very ugly order for one regiment of eight companies to hold that force, but I put my men at a double-quick and found the best position I could; formed my line of battle, and went to a higher point still to see what had become of this marching column. To my infinite delight I found it had broken all to pieces and was running, like the balance of McDowell's army.

I had up to that time passed with my soldiers for an exceedingly pious man, but I lost my reputation as such, then and there. After I discovered that this force that I thought I would have to fight, had broken into pieces, I was extremely relieved and galloped back to my regiment, only a hundred yards off; and they said, and proved, that I proclaimed with a hearty oath that the Yankees were running like dogs. I was utterly unconscious of using an oath, but have no doubt I did. They proved it on me conclusively, and I never recovered my reputation for piety during the war.

The retreat of McDowell exceeded anything I have ever seen or read of. His men threw down their guns, broke ranks, wagons were in full speed going towards Centreville and the

Stone Bridge was crowded with fugitives. A wagon broke down on the bridge and it became blocked. This increased the confusion. Our cavalry came to the front then and pursued the enemy almost to Centreville, rendering very effective and valiant service.

No army ever fought more valiantly. No soldiers ever showed more heroism than the Confederates under Beauregard at Manassas. We had no regular troops. They were all raw. None of them had ever participated in, or witnessed a battle, and yet no regular soldiers ever performed such feats of valor as Beauregard's men on that occasion. There is no instance that ever reached me of any one, whether he was officer or private, who did not fight as if his very existence depended upon success. They were fighting for their homes; they were fighting for their firesides; they were fighting for their rights, their wives and their children.

I was very proud of the conduct of my regiment. When I received the order of Beauregard to go to the front, every man sprang to his feet with alacrity. We went at "double-quick," and every man in the regiment fought like a hero.

In an account of the battle, written by T. B. Warder and James Catlett, soon after it took place, they said:

"The 8th Virginia, Colonel Hunton, bivouaced on the Lewis Farm on the preceding night, and took position on the morning of the 21st by a strip of woods skirting a small branch running along the west side of the Lewis hill and emptying into Bull Run above the Lewis ford, and within a thousand yards of the mouth of Young's Branch. From this position it was held in readiness to march at a moment's notice to the support of the regiment stationed at Beale's, or Lewis' ford, should the enemy undertake to cross at either of these points. The enemy having withdrawn from those fords, Col. Hunton marched his regiment

directly into the fight, drew them up into line immediately in front of the enemy occupying the Henry hill, and charged with other regiments engaged, directly towards the Henry House, driving the enemy from its position on the hill back into the road, continuing the charge, passing on either side of the Henry House, until the enemy were completely routed and fled in all directions.

"The coolness, courage and bravery evinced by these men is worthy of all praise, and is a sure guarantee that in all future conflicts with the enemy they will secure fresh laurels, and an increased portion of their country's gratitude."

General Beauregard, in his admirable report of the battle*, says:

"Colonels Harper, Hunton and Hampton, commanding regiments of the reserve, attracted my notice by their soldierly ability, as with their gallant commands. They restored the fortunes of the day, at a time when the enemy by a last desperate onset, with heavy odds, had driven our forces from the fiercely contested ground around the Henry and Robinson houses. Veterans could not have behaved better than these well led regiments."

I felt very proud of my dear boys, and believe they felt proud of me. I hope so.

While the cavalry was pursuing the enemy and bringing in prisoners and horses, guns and artillery, the alarm was started that an advance was being made upon our right at the town of Manassas. I was ordered immediately to march with my regiment to Manassas to meet this new movement. It was a false alarm, and when I arrived everything was quiet. There was no more fighting that night.

Beauregard's victory on the 21st of July demoralized the

*O. R., vol. 2, p. 500.

Federal Army absolutely and entirely, and the question arose, and has never been satisfactorily answered, why Beauregard did not pursue the enemy and take Washington City? There was scarcely an organized command in the retreat. Those that had the spirit to fight were broken down. It is said that General McDowell was in the saddle thirty-two hours consecutively and when he reached Fairfax and attempted to write a dispatch to Washington he fell asleep while writing it. I mention this to show that there was nobody left that could fight, and it was apparent to my mind that if they had been pursued with anything like diligence and push we would have gone into Washington City without the loss of many men.

The streets of Alexandria were thronged with stragglers, without officers and without organization, and it was said, I don't know how truly, that the administration was packing up its archives and getting ready to leave in case of attack made by Beauregard.

It was said that our commanding officers, Generals Johnston and Beauregard, did not make the pursuit because they did not have the transportation; but that was a wholly insufficient reason. I judge the balance of the army very much by my own regiment. We would have marched to Washington without a mouthful to eat, and without a wagon to carry anything for us, and the temper of the army was like the temper of my regiment. They would have gone without a whisper of objection, and without the slightest hesitation. I know a good portion of Beauregard's army was more broken down than my regiment, because they had fought longer during the day, but still they could have gotten a little sleep and followed us in time to have appeared before Washington the next morning. But it was not to be.

Our boys who had fought so valiantly and won such a glorious victory, concluded that the war was over, and every man of

them wanted to go home. A victory is demoralizing, as well as a defeat, and it was sometime before we could reduce the Confederate Army at Manassas to order and discipline. The soldiers did not believe that there would be any more fighting.

When the State of Virginia seceded from the Union we believed that we had a perfect right to withdraw, and had no intention in the world of disturbing the Union forces, or interfering with the United States Government in any way; and if they had remained on the north side of the Potomac, we would have kept our place on the south side, and there would have been no shedding of blood. All that Virginia asked was to be let alone, to pursue her course under the new order of things brought about by secession.

When the Federal Government invaded the State of Virginia without provocation, and undertook to drive our people away by violence and force, and opened their guns upon us, to slaughter them by wholesale, there is no wonder that our people fought with desperation.

I wished to embrace this opportunity to pay a visit, however short, to my wife and son at Brentsville, only five miles away. When I applied to Beauregard he refused positively to let me go. I said I wanted to see my wife. He said "There are no such things as wives now; you are wedded to the Confederate cause." I applied again the next day, and he gave me four hours. I made the quickest time on record, on my splendid war horse "Morgan," and spent two hours and a half with my wife and son.

My wife's health had been very poor. She had suffered very much from disease, and still more from anxiety for her husband and her country. She was in sound of the fighting of the 21st, and laid down and put a feather pillow over her head to keep out the sound, but she heard the firing—not only the artillery but the musketry—all day long, and knew that I was in the fight. Her anxiety can be better imagined than described.

When we went down from Leesburg to the fight at Manassas Major Norborne Berkley, afterwards Colonel of the Regiment, insisted upon taking a daguerrean saloon, an old-time photograph gallery on wheels, as my headquarters. I reluctantly agreed to it, and with four horses we got the saloon down to Manassas. After the fight was over and I moved my regiment to the little town of Manassas, I occupied the saloon as my headquarters. It rained heavily the next day after the fight, and the old saloon leaked dreadfully. It was supposed by the victorious army of Beauregard to be an enterprise of some daguerrean artist, and hundreds of soldiers came to my headquarters to have their pictures taken to be sent home to their wives, their sisters, their mothers or their sweethearts. I was very much annoyed by it, and on our return to Leesburg the old saloon gave out and broke down about every five miles, and we had to incur a delay to repair it; but we finally got it back, to my very great relief. I never fooled with a daguerrean saloon as headquarters during the balance of the war.

There is a romance connected with the Battle of Manassas. When General Beauregard had his army at Fairfax Courthouse there were there four noted rebel girls. They were very beautiful, attractive and violent in their declarations of loyalty to the Confederacy. They could not tolerate the bare mention of a Yankee soldier. When Beauregard retired and was succeeded by the Federal army these four girls became, strange to tell, as great belles with the Yankee officers as they had been with the Confederate officers. They were Antonia Ford; Florence Brent; Dollie Waters and Miss Zimmerman of Alexandria. Before the war ended all four had married Yankee officers. They had not only forgotten to hate, but learned to love a "Yankee."

The most noted of the four was Antonia Ford. She was so much admired by the Yankee officers and had so much influence over at least one of them, that she obtained their military

secrets—learned their plans and when they meant to attack Beauregard at Manassas. She was then still a “stout Rebel.” She made her way through the lines and met General J. E. B. Stuart with his gallant cavalry, and disclosed to that valiant soldier the Yankee plans. General Stuart, with the gallantry that distinguished him, appointed her on his staff.

Shortly after the battle she became homesick. In attempting to pass the Federal lines she was captured and sent to the old Capitol prison as a spy. Major J. E. Willard, of the Commissary Department, saw her; fell violently in love with her, procured her release, and married her. He was rich then, and became afterward enormously wealthy. She died early, leaving one son, Joseph E. Willard, who was raised by his mother’s family. He has always resided in Virginia—has become one of its best citizens, is now Lieutenant-Governor, and a candidate for Governor. He has inherited his father’s immense wealth and fills with ability all the positions assigned to him.

We made our march to Leesburg, the citizens all along the road greeting the victorious soldiers with tumultuous joy, and welcoming their safe return to the County of Loudoun.

We stopped on the south side of Goose Creek, at Ball’s Mill. I named my camp “Camp Berkeley.” This was in compliment to four brothers: Norborne Berkeley, who was the Major of the regiment; Captain Edmund and Captain William Berkeley, and Lieutenant Charles F. Berkeley. They were four of the bravest, noblest, most patriotic and unselfish men I met in the war. They were always ready for any duty they were called upon to perform, and always did it with alacrity, courage and efficiency. I have always been thankful that the four brothers survived the war. One of them, Charles F. Berkeley, died soon after the war ended, with consumption.

After remaining at Camp Berkeley a while I moved my regi-

ment to Claggett's field, near the town of Leesburg. We were all perfectly delighted to get back to dear old Loudoun, and the people were all delighted to see us. They were amongst the best people I ever saw. A portion of them were disloyal to the Confederacy, but these were Germans and Quakers. Their religious belief put them in opposition to the war, and finally put them on the other side in hostility to the Confederate forces. With the exception of these the people of Loudoun were a unit in support of the Confederate cause, and sent as many troops, in proportion to the population, as any other part of the State.

I was then again in command of that portion of the country embracing Loudoun County and the Potomac River from Harper's Ferry to Drainesville. Not long afterward General Beauregard sent to Leesburg, under the command of General N. G. Evans (who behaved so gallantly as Colonel, in the Battle of Manassas, and for which he was promoted), the 13th, 17th and 18th Mississippi Regiments. These regiments had recently arrived at Manassas, and very many of the soldiers were laid up with the measles. They were sent to Leesburg to increase the force there, and to give the sick soldiers a chance to get well in that fine country. Evans, now General, was then in command of these Mississippi Regiments, my own regiment, a portion of cavalry, and one battery of the Richmond Howitzers.

Soon after this I was taken with a violent attack of fistula. I suffered from this trouble during the entire war, and, although I was operated on several times, it never healed until after the war. I suffered intensely, and was laid up in Leesburg for some time while my regiment was six or eight miles to the west of the town. I was attended by Dr. Armistead Mott, of Leesburg. Under his advice, about the 10th of October I borrowed a spring wagon from Mrs. George Carter, of Oatlands, hitched my war horse, old "Morgan," to it, and went down to my brother's,

Silas B. Hunton, at "Mt. Hope." I had to put my camp bed into this wagon, and was carried there on the bed. I found my dear wife and son, my dear mother, and my youngest sister, Mary Brent, with my brother and his wife. I was attended while there by Dr. Edgar Moss, who married my cousin Mildred Hunton and lived two miles away, at the old Hunton residence—the residence of the first Hunton that ever located in that county.

I did not get any better. I suffered very severely the whole time. It was a satisfaction to be with my wife and son, and mother, brother and sisters. About the 17th or 18th of October I became satisfied that there was a movement on foot in the army, and a fight impending. I announced my determination to return to my regiment. It was violently opposed, but I felt it to be my duty to make an effort to go with the brave boys who had stood so nobly by me at Manassas. I put my bed in my wagon and took leave of them all, and lying down made my trip to Leesburg. General Evans had become afraid of a flank movement up the Aldie Turnpike, which ran from Alexandria, by Fairfax Courthouse and Aldie, to the Snickersville Gap of the Blue Ridge Mountains. To avoid the danger, as he believed, arising from this flank movement, he retreated to Carter's Mill, about five miles from Leesburg. As soon as he reported this movement to General Beauregard, Beauregard wrote him a strong letter in which he told Evans that Leesburg must be held at all hazards, and that he must return to Leesburg or send force enough there to hold the place.

It was evident to Beauregard at that time that General Stone, who was still in command across the river, wanted to force or maneuver Evans from Leesburg, join a force sent up the Aldie Turnpike, and flank Johnston and Beauregard at Centreville and Manassas; and for this reason Beauregard was exceedingly anxious that Evans should hold Leesburg. Upon receiving

this letter from Beauregard, General Evans moved his force back to Leesburg. He put the three Mississippi regiments down between the Burnt Bridge, which was a bridge over Goose Creek, on the Little River Turnpike, and Edwards' Ferry.

On the evening of the 19th when I reached Leesburg, I found my regiment camped in Claggett's field where I had left it. I can hardly describe the joy of my soldiers at my return. At that time they didn't feel like they could fight under anybody but myself, but they soon learned to fight willingly and gallantly under any leader. Lieutenant-Colonel Tebbs, who had been assigned to the regiment sometime before the Battle of Manassas, was considered by them too excitable for a safe commander. They had trusted and tried me at First Manassas; I had managed them well, and taken care of them, and under my guidance they had been highly complimented by Beauregard in his report.

The next morning, on the 20th, we were ordered to the Burnt Bridge over Goose Creek. This was intended by General Evans to meet the movement of General McCall, who was reported to be advancing with a large force of the enemy up the Little River Turnpike, and whose heavy cannon we could hear at intervals.

It turned out that this movement of McCall's was a mere reconnaissance in force.

In the meantime, Stone sent across the river at Edwards' Ferry a regiment, or brigade, under the command of Colonel Gorman. The three Mississippi Regiments were placed to meet this force.

It developed that Stone's plan was to make this demonstration at Edwards' Ferry, while he crossed a larger force at Harrison's Island, where he expected to find but little opposition, and when he had overcome the small force at Harrison's landing, or Ball's Bluff (as the place on the Virginia side was called), he would march down the river, attack the Confederates in the

left flank, at Edwards' Ferry, while Gorman took them in front, and drive Evans and his command away from that country.*

Early on the morning of the 21st a portion of Colonel Devens' 15th Massachusetts Regiment crossed the river at Harrison's Island and undertook to find out what force General Evans had around Leesburg. They encountered Duff's company of the 17th Mississippi, and were badly used by Captain Duff. Lieutenant-Colonel Jennifer, with four companies of infantry—one from the 13th, one from the 17th and two from the 18th Mississippi Regiments, and three companies of cavalry, went to the support of Captain Duff. He then had a force of about 325 men under him. Colonel Devens had also been reinforced, and his command amounted to about 800 men.

There was heavy skirmishing between the two opposing parties for about an hour, when Colonel Devens retired. The Federal force was then increased by the 20th Massachusetts under Colonel Lee; the 42nd New York under Colonel Cogswell (called the Tammany Regiment); the 1st Rhode Island Artillery, consisting of two smooth bore and one rifle cannon—all under the command of General Baker. This swelled General Baker's force to about 2,000 men. They were posted in a strong position on the further side of a small clearing in a large body of woods. I was ordered to leave one company—Capt. Wampler's—at Burnt Bridge and meet this force. I ordered my gallant regiment to advance in line of battle through the woods; found there were no Confederates in my front, and threw out a line of skirmishers. This line of skirmishers soon struck the enemy. I pushed my regiment on as vigorously as possible, and struck Baker in line of battle at the further end of the woods.

*See Appendix I, p. 237.

This was a strong position. It was at the crest of a hill. The ground ascended up to the edge of the woods, and descended from it across a small open field of about ten acres.

I charged this line of battle with the Confederate yell, and although nearly four times as strong in numbers as my command, after a hard fight we drove them from this strong position and occupied it myself. General Baker retired his command to the farther part of this little cleared field. His men fought very gallantly, and his three pieces of artillery played upon us, though with but little effect, during the whole of the fight for this position.

I was assailed repeatedly during the day and had to fight hard to maintain this position, but it was a very strong one and a very well protected one in the edge of the woods, and when we would fight and drive them back I would retire my line of battle some twenty yards, and obtain the protection not only of the woods, but of the crest of the hill.

The fight kept up between Baker and my regiment for several hours. Lieutenant-Colonel Jennifer with his cavalry occupied a position on my left and made me feel safe against any flank movement in that direction. He did little or no fighting after I reached the ground. A Company of the Richmond Howitzers, as gallant and skillful a body of men as ever met the enemy, were of no use because we were fighting in the woods and there was no position which they could take to reach the enemy, so I had to receive the artillery fire of the enemy, without any return artillery fire from us.

E. V. White, a private in Captain Mason's company of cavalry, then on the river near Harper's Ferry, soon reported to me for any duty he could perform. I found him most valuable, intelligent, efficient and brave. He was the owner of a farm

at White's Ferry, a few miles above Ball's Bluff, and knew every foot of the country intimately. I made very much use of him during the day.

About half-past two o'clock I felt certain that the enemy was being reinforced and I sent E. V. White (known to all of us as "Lige" White) to General Evans to send me reinforcements, the three Mississippi Regiments still being in the neighborhood of Edwards' Ferry. "Lige" White came back with a message from General Evans, "Tell Hunton to fight on." I did fight on, but it soon became apparent that Gorman, at Edwards' Ferry, did not mean to join the fray. He was evidently placed there to act when Baker had carried Ball's Bluff. My ammunition was getting low, and I sent Major Berkeley twice or three times to General Evans for a supply. I got none at all, and no excuse for the failure to send it. At 3:30 I again sent "Lige" White to General Evans to inform him that my ammunition was exhausted, and unless I was reinforced and supplied with ammunition I would be unable to hold my position. General Evans replied, "Tell Hunton to hold the ground till every damn man falls."

As I have stated, when I met the enemy at the edge of the woods and repulsed them on several occasions, I retired my regiment some fifteen or twenty paces for the protection of the ground and the woods. Lieutenant-Colonel Tebbs and a portion of the regiment misunderstood one of these orders and when I ordered them to retire to this protected position they thought it was an order to retreat, and Colonel Tebbs and a large portion of the regiment left the ground. I was not apprised of it. No company retreated in full—only portions of certain companies retreated. When "Lige" White was returning to me with the message from Evans to fight until "the last man fell," and with the further information that he would send me the 17th and

18th Mississippi as reinforcements, he found Colonel Tebbs and those of the 8th Regiment that had retreated with him, some four or five hundred yards in rear of the line of battle. He asked Colonel Tebbs what was the matter—if I was whipped. Colonel Tebbs said that he didn't know, but that he understood me to order a retreat. It looks a little curious that this portion of my regiment should leave the fight, and leave more than three-fourths of it behind and believe that I had ordered a retreat; but still, Colonel Tebbs was a highly honorable man; I had no reason to doubt his courage, and I determined to accept his statement.

“Lige” White immediately galloped up to me to know what was the meaning of Colonel Tebbs and these men being out there at the rear, and if I had ordered a retreat. I said, “No, go and bring them right back to the line of battle.” “Lige” galloped back to Colonel Tebbs, and as soon as he convinced him that I was still fighting, and not retreating, Colonel Tebbs and a portion of the men with him returned to the line of battle. Some of them went home, but not many.

Colonel Burt, of the 18th Mississippi, came up on my right and formed his line of battle about three hundred yards from me. Before he reached the ground I had determined to charge the enemy. Many of my soldiers were without a cartridge. I made them divide up so as to give each man one, and determined to charge and rely on the bayonet. It was a most gallant and splendid charge. We drove the enemy before us with great gallantry, and pushed them into the woods that skirted and concealed the bluff just above the bank of the river.

I halted my regiment for the purpose of giving them a chance to breathe. They had been fighting from half-past twelve o'clock till night and were nearly exhausted. In the meantime, Colonel Featherstone, of the 17th Mississippi, had formed his

line of battle between me and the 18th Mississippi. The 18th Mississippi charged the enemy with great gallantry, led by Colonel Burt, one of the best men of the Mississippi regiments. They were met by a galling fire from a portion of the enemy behind a natural earthwork, and at the first fire the 18th Mississippi Regiment suffered very heavily—indeed suffered all of its losses in that one fire. Colonel Burt himself was mortally wounded.

When I halted my regiment I found that the 17th Mississippi had formed their line of battle in the edge of the woods, and I rode back and said, "Colonel Featherstone, for God's sake charge the enemy and drive them down the bluff." He said, "I don't know the ground." I said, "I will lead you." He said, "I don't want anybody to lead us; I want a guide." "Lige" White appeared at that moment, as he always did when he was most needed, and I said, "Lige, my boy, lead these men into the fight." He said, "With the greatest pleasure." He placed himself in front of the 17th Regiment, and Colonel Featherstone gave the order to charge, and they made an exceedingly gallant charge. The 17th and 18th together drove the enemy in front down the bluff, and the fight was over. It was then nearly dark and my regiment had been fighting from half-past twelve to nearly six o'clock, after a forced march from the Burnt Bridge.

My regiment was a small one, and under orders from General Evans I left one company under the command of the gallant Wampler, to watch the Stone Bridge in case there should be any advance up the Little River Turnpike. Wampler was dreadfully mortified at not being allowed to go with us to the fight; so that my regiment consisted of only nine companies. I thought it probable that there might be another force across the river above me on my left, and I sent Captain R. H. Carter with his company, guided by the intrepid "Lige" White, to ascertain if

there was any organized force to my left. This duty was well performed, and Captain Carter reported that there was no organized force on my left.

I detailed Lieutenant Charles Berkeley, with fifteen men, to guard the bluff; directed Lieutenant-Colonel Tebbs to retire the regiment to the open ground in rear of the woods in which we had fought, so that they might get some rations and rest. I had not laid eyes on General Evans from the time I passed him at Fort Evans, till the fight ended. He was not in sight of the line of battle during the day.

It may be very well understood that in my state of health, I was in no condition to stand the fatigues of the day. Afflicted as I was and scarcely able to ride, I was in the saddle or fighting line from half-past twelve to near six o'clock. I was nearly dead. Mr. Smart, from Leesburg, drove out to the battlefield with a little spring wagon, took me in his wagon and carried me to his house in Leesburg, where I spent the night.

The losses in this fight were remarkably small. The 13th Mississippi was kept in front of Gorman at Edwards' Ferry, and lost none on the 21st. The 17th Mississippi Regiment lost very few. The loss of the 18th Mississippi was the largest, and that was all in the one fire from the enemy from behind this natural breastwork. It lost in killed and wounded more than any other regiment engaged. My loss was very small, owing to the protection that I gave my men behind the crest of the hill, and the woods.

The enemy's loss was much larger. In the fight the heaviest loss fell upon the 1st California Regiment. In the charge made by the 17th and 18th Mississippi, quite a number of the enemy were captured. That night "Lige" White was with Charles Berkeley picketing the bluff, and they determined that they would go down to the river bank to see what was going on. They

found quite a number of men there of Baker's command, in a thoroughly disorganized condition, their transportation to and from Harrison's Island consisting of a few little boats; some of them from overcrowding had sunk, the officers deserted their men; and there was scarcely anybody but privates on the Virginia bank of the river when "Lige" White and Lieutenant Berkeley got upon the ground; but they were endeavoring to get back to Harrison's Island as fast as they could, and many of them in their efforts to return to the Island were drowned. Lieutenant Berkeley and "Lige" White concluded that a very small force could capture the whole party on that part of the river. They went back to Col. Tebbs and asked him to march his regiment down to the water's edge and capture all that were there. Col. Tebbs replied that the men had been fighting all day long, and were too much worn out to be ordered to do further duty, but that if there were any willing to volunteer he would give his consent; and thereupon fifty men volunteered. Their names ought to go down to history, and I will try to give them:

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| Captain Edmund Berkeley | Sergt. J. O. Adams |
| Captain William N. Berkeley | Sergt. P. S. Gouchnouer |
| Lieut. Robt. H. Tyler | Corp. B. West |
| Lieut. L. B. Stevenson | Corp. W. Fletcher |
| Lieut. Robert Coe | Corp. B. Hutchinson |
| Sergt. F. Wilson | Corp. William Thomas |

PRIVATES:

| | |
|---------------|---------------|
| A. S. Adams | B. L. Hixson |
| F. A. Boyer | J. F. Ist |
| G. Grill | W. C. Thomas |
| William Donch | J. M. McVeigh |
| G. R. Griffin | M. H. Lockett |

| | |
|-------------------------|------------------|
| R. O. Carter | D. Bouke |
| George Roach | T. E. Tavenner |
| Howard Trussel | F. Tinsman |
| J. R. Adams | T. K. Weil |
| J. L. Ginn | V. R. Axtell |
| B. S. Townes | William McGrath |
| G. Insor | E. Harmon |
| John George | P. Gouchnouer |
| T. W. Hutchinson | T. H. Austin |
| R. I. Smith | C. Fox |
| J. W. Tavenner | Wilmer J. Ellis |
| L. W. Lockett | J. N. McCannihan |
| A. M. O'Bannon | R. Julian |
| Rev. Chas. F. Linthicum | C. D. Lockett |
| E. Nalle | |

They promptly volunteered to follow Lieutenant Berkeley and "Lige" White. When they reached the river bank and made a demonstration, they demanded a surrender. There was but one officer among them and he wanted to know who was in command, and Captain William N. Berkeley replied General White was in command. The officer said, "General White, what terms will you give my men?" "Lige" replied, "I will give them the terms of war." "Lige" at that time was not very much up in military technicalities. After a few moments he accepted "Lige's" terms of war, and the whole party surrendered, and were sent into Leesburg. The prisoners thus captured numbered 325.

A very curious incident occurred during the fight. Charles B. Wildman, of Leesburg, was either permanently or temporarily upon General Evans' staff. He was a very gallant, fine fellow, but addicted to intemperance. He was quite under the influence

of liquor that day. In riding around he came across a body of the enemy and mistook them for Confederate soldiers. He rode up to them and pointing out a body of Confederates in the distance he ordered them in the most peremptory manner to charge. They, believing that he was a staff officer of General Baker, obeyed the order and made the charge, losing quite a number of their men in the repulse which followed. Charles Wildman escaped injury.

General Evans left Fort Evans after the fight was over and went to the hotel at Leesburg, where he was reported to be very drunk. It was said that he was drinking freely during the day. The next morning General Evans put Captain Singleton, of the 17th Mississippi, with his company, in charge of the prisoners to take them to Manassas. They were encamped at a mill below Leesburg, and next morning General Evans sent an order to Captain Singleton to tie the prisoners, and sent out three or four plow lines—not more than enough to tie a dozen. This was a very unusual and unjustifiable order, especially so far as the officers were concerned. The officers that were captured in that fight, embracing two colonels—Cogswall and Lee—were exceedingly gallant men, and were entitled to all the best usages of prisoners of war. They ought to have been paroled and marched with the other prisoners under parole as they pleased. Captain Singleton refused to obey the order to tie the prisoners, and marched them with as much humanity as he could, down to Manassas and turned them over to General Beauregard.

General Evans gave orders the next morning that we were to sleep upon the battlefield that night—that is, the night of the 22nd—and attack Gorman at Edwards' Ferry at daylight on the 23rd. I was delighted to receive this order, and I knew that the whole of Evans' force could capture with but very little loss, a force that was held up all of the 21st by one of the

Mississippi regiments. To be in place to make this attack on the morning of the 23rd at daylight, as poorly as I was I went out and slept with my men on the ground. I waited impatiently for the order to march and attack this force under Gorman, and at sunrise Evans ordered a retreat. I never was so mortified in my life. We were ordered to retreat to Carter's Mill, under the delusion that he, Evans, was being flanked up the Little River Turnpike.

I shall never forget my feelings in going through the town of Leesburg. I stopped and took breakfast with Mr. Fadely and could scarcely look the ladies of the family in the face. I felt that we were cowardly giving up the people of the good town of Leesburg to the ravages of the enemy, without any sufficient justification.

Instead of retreating to Carter's Mill, six miles from Leesburg, I stopped my regiment at the Sigolin, about two miles from Leesburg, and reported to General Evans that I had camped there. There was no effort to pursue us. A most dreadful storm set in that day. It blew down almost all my tents. I sent one of my men who was familiar with the ground, to see what had become of Gorman's force at Edwards' Ferry. He reported that the river was exceedingly rough owing to this high wind storm, and that Gorman's force was trying as hard to cross the river as ever people did in the world. Their transportation was very limited, and that was comparatively useless on account of the rough condition of the water. It was thus developed that while Evans was running away from Gorman, Gorman was trying to run away from Evans, and if we had made an attack on Gorman, with Evans' whole force, we would have captured his command with very little loss, and then the victory would have been complete. As far as it went, it was the most complete victory of the war, considering the numbers engaged in it. Evans had in his

three regiments that participated in the fight, not over 1,500 muskets, and the enemy in killed, wounded and captured, lost fully 2,000. It is almost unexampled that a body of troops kill, wound and capture more men than they themselves number. Quite a number of these Federal soldiers were drowned. One or more floated down as far as Washington City.

The death of General Baker created a good deal of consternation in Washington. He was a great favorite with Lincoln. His body was carried to Washington and laid in state at the White House for several days. It was understood to be the design of the military authorities that if Baker had succeeded in capturing Leesburg he would have been put in very high command. It would have been a great mistake. He showed little or no military genius in the fight at Ball's Bluff. He lost his first position—which was a very fine one, and from which I could not have dislodged him if he had managed the fight properly. He was a man of fine talent; stood high in the United States Senate, and I think was a brave man. I saw him during the day attempting to lead his forces to the fight.

I cannot close the account of this remarkable victory without specially mentioning E. V. White, familiarly called "Lige" White. He did not belong to any organization engaged in the fight, but happened to be there, and from early morning until late that night he was constantly occupied in carrying orders, conducting the troops and leading them in the fight. His conduct on that occasion was so fine that his friends predicted for him a brilliant career in the war. This prediction was fulfilled. He afterwards raised a Company and was made its Captain; increased it to a Battalion, and was made its Major; increased it to a Regiment, and was made its Colonel; and if the war had lasted a few months longer it is believed he would have been a Brigadier-General, and would have really been entitled to the

rank which Captain William N. Berkeley assigned to him when he demanded a surrender on the night of the 21st of October. No man in the Confederate army stood higher for bravery, dash and patriotic devotion to the cause than Colonel "Lige White."

I cannot fail to mention also, William H. F. Hummer. He was a private in the Loudoun Cavalry. On my march to First Manassas I sent him, Henry Peyton and three others as a picket on the blind road from Centreville to Sudley. When they were driven in and brought to me the report of the flank movement of General McDowell, I kept Peyton and Hummer with me during the balance of the fight. Both distinguished themselves for their courage. Peyton was taken by Beauregard on his staff, and Hummer was transferred from his company to a company in my regiment, and remained by my side until after the Battle of Gettysburg. No matter how fierce the fight—no matter how much danger surrounded me—Hummer was always by my side and ready to do any service that I called upon him to perform. After I was promoted, he remained with Colonel Berkeley to the end of the war. When Cleveland was elected President, Hummer had become poor. I went to Colonel L. Q. C. Lamar, the Secretary of the Interior, and told him of the relations between Hummer and myself, and said that I would feel disgraced if I did not get Hummer some position under the Federal Government. Lamar thought so too, and put Hummer in the Patent Office. This was in 1885 and Hummer by his good conduct in the office still holds his position and is protected by civil service rules.*

*The official report of Col. Hunton on the Battle of Ball's Bluff will be found in O. R., vol. 5, p. 367. Those of other officers, pp. 289-372.

CHAPTER IV.

SOMETIME in the month of November, General Johnston decided to brigade his troops according to the States from which they came. With this view he sent two Mississippi Regiments to Leesburg to make, with the three already there, a Mississippi Brigade under General Evans, and ordered me to join my brigade at Centreville. This brigade was commanded by Gen. Phillip St. George Cocke and was composed of the following regiments: Eighth Virginia, Col. Eppa Hunton; Eighteenth Virginia, Col. Robt. E. Withers; Nineteenth Virginia, Col. J. R. Strange; Twenty-eighth Virginia, Col. Robert T. Preston.

It was a trial to me to leave the dear old county of Loudoun. I had received nothing but kindness at the hands of its people, but I had to go. I had the finest transportation that any regiment ever had in time of war. When we got ready to march I found I had 28 wagons. Some of my Captains said it would be impossible to move if they did not have more transportation. My long line of wagons created infinite amusement at Centreville. We had a royal reception when we reached Centreville. General Cocke, with the other three regiments of his brigade, marched out to receive us with military honors, and the whole army greeted us as the heroes of Ball's Bluff. I was invited that day to dine with General Cocke. While going to his tent he was in absolute silence for some distance, he then struck his forehead two heavy blows, exclaiming, "My God! My God! My country!"

I was very much astonished, and felt that his mind was a little off, which was sadly verified by his suicide a month or two later. He was a good man, a brave man, and an earnest patriot; but he was not a military man.

I still suffered intensely with my fistula. It got worse, instead of better. My friends in the Army insisted I should go to Richmond for an operation. I obtained leave of absence for that purpose, and put myself in the hands of Dr. Gibson, Assistant Surgeon-General of the Confederate States, and underwent the usual operation for fistula. The wound did not heal. I stayed in Richmond until I satisfied myself it was not healing, and then I went to my home at Brentsville, to which my wife and son had returned. I reported twice for duty at Centreville. My surgeon declared I was unfit for duty. I felt I was. Everything was quiet. The Federal Army after its repulses at Manassas and Ball's Bluff, remained quiet until the spring, and I agreed to go back to Richmond. There my wound was cauterized regularly by Dr. Gibson, but still did not heal. I staid there sometime, and then went to my home at Brentsville. In a week or ten days I reported again for duty, at Centreville. I was again pronounced unfit for duty, and sent back to my home. I remained there until the evacuation of Centreville and Manassas, in March, 1862. This was a trying period to me. I felt that I was not fit for duty—I feared I never would be and yet I felt anxious to render further service to the Confederate cause—but it gave me an opportunity to be with my family. My wife had suffered for a long time with neuralgia of the liver—not constant suffering, but spells of intense pain. She was attended by several eminent surgeons from the army, but was not relieved. I was very unhappy about her. She was a devoted wife and bore the hardships and sufferings and separation from me incident to the war, with real heroism. My son, Eppa, who was then nearly seven years old, was a great comfort to her. He was a manly, fine fellow, and has always been the greatest comfort to his mother, in her lifetime, and to me up to the present moment.

General Winfield Scott was physically and mentally broken down, and the old, degenerate son of Virginia was forced to retire from the command of the Federal Army. General George B. McClellan was selected, and a most splendid commander he proved to be. Soon after the Battle of Manassas he addressed himself earnestly to the reorganization and the increase of his army. He was a cautious man—probably too cautious for a brilliant commander. He made no attempt to move after the Battle of Ball's Bluff until the spring of 1862, when he had a perfectly magnificent army—not only in discipline and equipment, but in its vast numbers.

The roads were so bad that McClellan was unable to move until sometime in March, 1862, and then instead of pursuing McDowell's route to Richmond he determined to go by Yorktown, and sent the bulk of his army by water down to Fortress Monroe and its vicinity.

General Johnston was apprised of this movement of McClellan, and determined to evacuate Centreville and Manassas. It was very sad to me, and to all of us from that country, to give it up to the invaders, but we had to do it. I was at home sick. I could not make preparations to give up my home, or to save any of my property. I moved my wife and son to Bristow, the nearest station—my wife on a bed in a wagon—where we stayed all night to take the early train the next morning. I left behind me my slaves, household and kitchen furniture, and a crop of wheat which I had just threshed, a pair of fine horses and a buggy. Of course all this property was soon swept by the Federal Army, and my horses carried away. The next morning we took the train—the last train that went out. My wife suffered intensely on the way. I feared at times that she might die on the train. My object was to locate my wife and son in Lynchburg for the war, but when we reached Gordonsville there was

a train blockade, and we were kept there three days. We then went to Charlottesville, where we met another blockade. I was very anxious to get back to my regiment, and I determined I would locate them in Charlottesville. I had just made arrangements to board them with a Mrs. Sinclair, just outside of the town of Charlottesville. She was the sister of Mr. Belt, who had been one of my faithful soldiers at Leesburg, in the Cavalry. She readily agreed to board them, and would have taken first rate care of them, but when I returned to Charlottesville I found that we could get to Lynchburg, and as I thought that was the safest place I determined to take them there. I located them with a Mrs. Robert Brown, who kept a female boarding school in a very large building in Lynchburg, and went back to my regiment.*

I met my regiment with the army in Orange County, near the Courthouse. I was received with great delight, but was not fit for duty, but I concluded that I was as fit for duty as I ever would be, and determined to stay with my regiment. After remaining a few days at Camp Taylor, on the plank road below Orange Courthouse, General Johnston started his army through Richmond to the Peninsula, to meet the army of General McClellan, below Yorktown.

It was a dreadful march. The roads were worse than I ever saw them, but we finally made the trip. The Confederate forces in the Peninsula had been under the command of General John Bankhead Magruder, who was a very brilliant man, but unfortunately addicted to intemperance. Of course General Johnston assumed command. Magruder's line was along a small waterway that extended almost across the peninsula at its narrowest point, its left, resting on the York River at Yorktown. This was

*She was the mother of Bishop William Cabell Brown of Virginia.

a very strong position and was not seriously assailed by McClellan. Several heavy skirmishes occurred at different points along this line, but no general engagement. General McClellan was preparing to pass his battleships up the York River, and put a large force in Johnston's flank and rear. We were not prepared to resist this movement, and General Johnston prepared to evacuate the Peninsula.

A day or two before the retreat from Yorktown the Virginia forces were reorganized under a law of Congress. All the regimental officers were elected—the field officers by the subordinate officers, and the company officers by the privates. I was elected without opposition. Major Norborne Berkeley was made Lieutenant-Colonel in place of Colonel Charles Tebbs, and Captain James Thrift was made Major.

McClellan pressed Johnston very hard on this retreat up to Williamsburg. At that historic old town Johnston was obliged to turn and give McClellan battle. I was very uneasy about the result of the fight, because of the recent reorganization of the army—so many of the old officers had been retired. The brigade was then under the command of General George E. Pickett, who was assigned to the command soon after the melancholy death of General Cocke.

General Pickett came to the brigade with a fine reputation. He was from the old army, and a graduate of West Point. Our brigade had passed through Williamsburg on the retreat. I was still suffering with my affliction and sick besides. I got permission from General Pickett to spend the night with Mrs. Tucker, in Williamsburg. She was the sister of the wife of my friend Captain William N. Berkeley. When I left I exacted a promise from General Pickett that if there was any movement in the night he was to send someone to Mrs. Tucker's and notify me, that I might take command of my regiment. Not a

great while afterwards Pickett's brigade was ordered back, and Hummer was about to obey my directions and notify me. General Pickett refused to allow him. He said I was not fit to go into the fight. I knew nothing of the fight until the next morning.

The Battle of Williamsburg was a very hard-fought battle. McClellan pressed Johnston very hard. The Confederate soldiers fought with great gallantry, and notwithstanding the recent reorganization they showed the pluck that characterized them at Manassas and Ball's Bluff. McClellan was driven back, and the next morning we leisurely pursued our retreat towards Richmond.

I was suffering very much, and was very sick, and while riding at the head of my regiment I fainted and fell off my horse. I would have been badly hurt but that soldiers walking near me caught me and broke my fall.

We continued our march until we reached a position near the Chickahominy, where we halted and General Johnston made preparations to defend Richmond from that point. I had to ask for sick furlough, and was granted an indefinite leave of absence, and went to Lynchburg where my wife and son were. At that time they were comfortably situated with Mrs. Brown, and I remained there some time.

In the meantime the Battle of Seven Pines was fought, May 31-June 1, 1862. This was a hotly-contested fight. Although we held our own and drove the enemy back some distance, no substantial results followed from our victory. General Johnston, who was always in the fiercest of a fight, was wounded about dusk on the evening of May 31. The fight lasted two days. On the second it was not very severe, but on the first it was terrific, and my regiment was hotly engaged. It was under the command of my gallant Lieutenant-Colonel

Norborne Berkeley, and all hands behaved, as usual, with gallantry. Major Thrift, the newly elected Major, was mortally wounded, and was afterwards succeeded by Captain Edmund Berkeley.

The next day because of the disability of General Johnston, that grandest of men, that noblest of patriots, that greatest of military chieftains, General Robert E. Lee, was assigned to the command of the army, then called the Army of Northern Virginia.

McClellan was drawing his immense army, like the coils of an anaconda, around the City of Richmond, and General Lee planned the boldest campaign known to military history to rid Richmond of the siege. The two armies were very unequal in numbers. General McClellan held his line of battle from the James River up to the little town of Mechanicsville, to the northeast of Richmond, with a large force of the Federal Army at Fredericksburg under General McDowell. The administration at Washington was afraid to allow this force to unite with McClellan for fear of a dash upon the Federal Capitol. This apprehension always weighed upon the administration at Washington and kept from our front often-times a large part of their army to defend the capital.

Jackson had won world-wide fame in the Valley of Virginia. He won three battles, over greatly superior numbers each time, in three days, and drove the enemy down towards Harper's Ferry. When General Lee determined to attack McClellan, he gave orders to Jackson to move secretly and swiftly across the Ridge and attack McClellan on his right. General Lee's general plan of battle was to cross the Chickahominy, leaving a small portion of his army (two divisions, Huger's and Magruder's) on the Richmond side of the river, disperse McClellan's forces under Fitz John Porter on the north side and draw the rest of

his forces from their protected position on the south side of the river. The boldness of the attack consisted in the fact that if McClellan had been equally bold when General Lee crossed the Chickahominy leaving only a small portion of his army to defend Richmond, McClellan might have marched into Richmond. But he did not.

I was still sick in Lynchburg. Dr. Taylor, my physician, came to see me on the 24th of June, 1862. I told him that I was satisfied there was a fight on hand and I was going to my regiment the next day. He laughed at the idea and said I must not think of such a thing. The next morning he came to see me, and I had gone. At Farmville the train was delayed awhile, and two or three of my friends came out and learning I was on my way to my regiment, and seeing my condition, proposed to take me by force from the train. I absolutely refused to leave, and went on.

I joined my regiment on the morning of the 26th, then camped on the Mechanicsville Turnpike. My boys, as usual, were glad to see me. The brigade had been strengthened at that time by the addition of the 56th Virginia Regiment under the command of William D. Stuart, and consisted all through the war of the 8th, 18th, 19th, 28th and 56th Regiments.

The right flank of McClellan was attacked that day at Mechanicsville by A. P. Hill's forces supported, toward the close of the action by D. H. Hill and Longstreet, and repulsed. General McClellan had taken up a very strong position at Gaines Mill—sometimes called the "Watt Farm." The first line of the enemy was in a washout made by the water in times of freshet. It was probably four feet deep and five feet wide, and made a most excellent cover for the Federal soldiers. One hundred yards back on the ground which commenced to rise from this

ravine was another line fortified by cutting down and piling up logs and trees. One hundred yards further, and still higher, the ground rising rapidly, was another line fortified in the same way, and beyond this was an open field where the artillery was located.

On the 27th of June, General Lee determined to assail McClellan at Gaines' Mill. At this point, where we fought, General Brockenbrough's brigade was put in and driven out. Then General Pryor was put in, and repulsed. General Lee called on Longstreet for a brigade that could carry that point, and Longstreet ordered Pickett up. In the Brigade it was said and insisted upon that when General Lee called on Longstreet for a brigade that would carry this formidable position, Longstreet said, "I have a brigade that will carry it, but it has been in the thickest of all the fights and has lost heavily. I don't like to send it in." Lee said, "This is no time for sentiment, I must carry the place." The 8th and 18th had been put into a little body of woods to clear it of the enemy. The other three regiments were in line of battle in the field, in front of the woods, protected by the crest of the hill. From that point to the first line of McClellan some 200 to 250 yards, the ground descended very rapidly, so that there was a descent on both sides to this ravine. To make the charge, the charging column was exposed to the fire from all three of these fortified lines. It was a fearful position, chosen with great skill by General McClellan, and was defended by General Porter with a large force.

Pickett ordered the 8th and 18th Regiments to march out from the woods and when on the line with the balance of his brigade the whole line was to charge the enemy. This was done with the rebel yell. As soon as the brigade showed themselves over the crest of this hill, the three fortified lines of Fitz

John Porter, commanding the corps of McClellan's army, on the north side of the Chickahominy River, opened up on us with the most terrific fire I ever witnessed, except at Gettysburg.

By a misunderstanding of an order of Colonel Withers, of the 18th Regiment, our brigade halted, but only for a few moments. This halt came near being fatal to us. When we started in the charge, Pryor's men, who had been repulsed, were running through our lines. All hands made efforts to arrest their retreat and take them back into the charge. Colonel Withers was particularly active in this work, and ordered them to halt. His regiment misunderstood the command and thought the order of Colonel Withers was to his own regiment to halt. This caused the halt of the 18th, and the balance of the line. Colonel Withers saw the terrible mistake his men had made, and acted with the greatest heroism to get his men off, this galling fire in the meantime cutting down our men in great numbers. We started again in the charge, Colonel Withers with great gallantry *actually leading* his regiment.

In this charge down the hill the gallant Withers was fearfully, and it was believed for a long time, mortally wounded. He had nearly reached the first line when he fell, still leading his men. General Pickett was also wounded in going down the hill, and our loss was fearful. The command of the brigade devolved on me as senior Colonel.* Our brigade then carried the three lines in the most beautiful style I ever saw. This charge was witnessed by Colonel George W. Randolph, Secretary of War, and many others. They all said it was brilliant. General Brockenbrough said it was the most beautiful sight he ever saw.

*In a sketch of my father in Vol. 3, p. 605, of "Confederate Military History," edited by General Clement N. Evans, of Georgia (written by Dr. Mason Graham Ellzey, Surgeon of 8th Virginia Regiment), it is stated: "At the battle of Gaines Mill where Pickett's brigade made a

After carrying the three lines we came upon this large body of artillery in the open field beyond the woods. Its fire had been very destructive to us. My regiment was a little in advance of the other regiments of the brigade, and I halted it a moment until they came up. We then resumed the charge, captured the artillery, and just after that, Jackson's men who had been fighting on our left, came up somewhat obliquely on our left. We were met by a charge of cavalry. I have never seen saddles emptied so fast in my life, and we soon dispersed the cavalry in our front, and the fight ended.

When the fighting was over I marched the brigade back beyond this ravine which separated the two armies, where we rested for the night. The losses on both sides were very heavy.

This was a great victory, and I think one of the hardest fights I was in, except Gettysburg. It reflected as much credit upon Pickett's Brigade as any fight of the war, except Gettysburg.

General Lee's operations against McClellan were very much aided by the march of Stuart and his cavalry around McClellan's rear. He marched entirely around McClellan, going past his right and coming out upon his left, June 12th to 15th. He destroyed immense stores of provisions at Tunstall's Station, and with the loss of but one single man (the gallant Captain Latané), returned to General Lee's lines. The information thus obtained

brilliant assault, and carried the three fortified lines of the enemy, before the assistance from Jackson came up, Pickett was wounded early in the assault and Hunton as senior Colonel carried on the successful action, which was never officially reported owing to Pickett's severe wound and General Hunton's continued ill health on account of which he was sent back to Lynchburg by General Longstreet."

An account of the battle of Gaines Mill is also given in the address of my father at the first reunion of the survivors of the 8th Virginia Regiment on the 34th anniversary of the battle of Ball's Bluff, October 21, 1861, published as an appendix to this book.

enabled General Lee to form with more accuracy his plans of attack on McClellan, and General Stuart deserves great credit for the information thus imparted to General Lee. He was an exceedingly valuable cavalry officer.

After the loss of Gaines' Mill and the destruction of his communications at White House by Stuart, McClellan determined to change his base, make for Harrison's landing on the James River and obtain the protection of the gun boats, which could ascend James River as far as Drewry's Bluff.

General McClellan determined to seek Harrison's Landing by the Long Bridge and Quaker Roads which led from the White Oak Swamp down to the James River about Harrison's Landing. This Quaker Road was crossed nearly at right angles by several roads leading from Richmond down the peninsula. General Lee gave strict orders that the movements of McClellan should be watched, that his future plans might be developed as soon as possible. McClellan really started his movement towards Harrison's Landing on the night of the 27th. It was not communicated to General Lee until the evening of the 28th. This was loss of time which would have been exceedingly valuable to General Lee. As soon as he heard that McClellan was retreating by the Quaker Road, he formed a plan for the battle of Frazier's Farm—I think the best planned battle of the war. He ordered Longstreet and A. P. Hill with their divisions to march rapidly through the southeastern outskirts of Richmond, and down one of these peninsula roads until he got on the flank of McClellan. This he accomplished at Frazier's Farm. General Huger was to march down another one of these peninsula roads, the Charles City road, and attack McClellan in the flank. General Jackson was to cross White Oak Swamp and attack General McClellan in the rear, while Holmes and Magruder attacked nearer the river.

These orders unfortunately were not carried out, or McClellan never would have reached Harrison's Landing or Malvern Hill. Longstreet reached his position in front of McClellan at Frazier's Farm. He was ordered to withhold his attack until he heard the guns of Huger. He waited from early morning to late afternoon for Huger's guns, but Huger never fired upon the enemy at all. Longstreet determined to make the attack. It was one of the most stubborn fights I was in during the war. We were reinforced by a portion of Hill's Division. We drove the enemy steadily, but slowly. We fought until nine o'clock at night, and had gained no very decided advantage except in the capture of a good deal of artillery. Huger, as I have said, never fired on the enemy at all, and Jackson for the first and only time in his life failed to do his part. He had some difficulty in crossing White Oak Swamp, and his men who had made forced marches from the Valley had been fighting for a day or two, needed, with their commander, some rest. Jackson laid down for a very short nap, his orders being to wake him at a given time. His staff, with mistaken kindness, determined to let him sleep on, and when he awoke the time for action had passed; Jackson was greatly distressed, and moved on with great rapidity, but it was too late then.

That night, which was the night of the 30th, McClellan withdrew his troops from Frazier's Farm to Malvern Hill. This was a remarkably strong position, and on the 1st of July General Lee attacked him there. The first day's fight was very destructive to our men; the enemy's artillery was splendidly posted, and did very destructive work on our advancing line. We carried McClellan's right, but it was recovered, and the battle of the day terminated then. General Lee made arrangements to renew the fight early next morning, but in the darkness McClellan withdrew, and reached Harrison's Landing, where he

was protected by the gun boats. Lee decided that it would be impolitic and hazardous to attempt to dislodge McClellan, and withdrew his army back towards Richmond for rest and reorganization.

It was a marvelous campaign. General McClellan, with a large army—much larger than General Lee's*—had marched up within a few miles of Richmond, creating the greatest alarm in that city, and causing a very decided sentiment to remove the capitol from Richmond. In seven days General Lee had routed the besieging army, driving it many miles from the city, restored the confidence of the inhabitants, and then rested his army for sometime. It is difficult to find in military history the parallel of this short campaign.

I suffered dreadfully from pain and physical exhaustion in these fights and more than once fell from exhaustion on the battlefield. General Longstreet, who was always kind and considerate of me, was apprised of my condition and voluntarily gave me sick-leave to repair to my family in Lynchburg and remain till I was fit for duty. I found my dear wife and dear son well but very unhappy about me. I remained some time in Lynchburg and returned in better physical condition to my command, then encamped at Roper's Mill, below Richmond. It was very trying to part from my wife and son. They did not know how soon I would die from disease, or fall on the battlefield.

McClellan reorganized his army and called upon the government at Washington for reinforcements that he might arrange his attack upon Richmond from Harrison's Landing. They were beginning to send them in. General Lee also strengthened his army. While these preparations were being

*The Federal forces numbered 105,000 at the beginning of the campaign; the Confederate, 80,000 to 90,000.

made on the James River, General John Pope appeared in Washington. He was a western, bragging, incompetent military leader, who made a fine impression on Mr. Lincoln. He told Mr. Lincoln, "If you will give me 100,000 men, I will not only march to Richmond, but I will go to New Orleans. I come from the western army, that is not in the habit of seeing anything but the backs of its enemies"—and said his headquarters would be in the saddle.

Pope was given 50,000 men, and started up the railroad by Manassas to Culpeper County, intending to take the same route to Richmond that McDowell determined on. General Lee dispatched Jackson with 11,000 men to Orange County, to look after Pope, who was then at Culpeper Courthouse, and was advancing to the Rapidan. Jackson determined to fight him, crossed the Rapidan, and took position on Slaughter's Mountain. Pope assailed him there with great vigor, with a large portion of his army, but was driven back in the finest style by Jackson and his small army, with very great loss.

As soon as this was known to General Lee, with his usual military acumen he decided that the best way to get rid of McClellan at Harrison's Landing and to meet Pope was to send D. H. Hill up to Orange to support Jackson, well knowing that the timidity of the administration in Washington concerning the safety of the capital would withdraw McClellan from Harrison's Landing as soon as Jackson's and Hill's presence was known on the road to Washington.

This battle of Slaughter's Mountain (or Cedar Mountain, as it was sometimes called) occurred on the 9th of August. On the 10th of August I was ordered to take my brigade to Gordonsville and report to Jackson. Jackson ordered me to bivouac at Gordonsville. General Lee's army was soon gathered in Orange County, and he at once began to press Pope back. As it turned

out, General Lee saw Pope's back, oftener then Pope saw the back of General Lee or his soldiers.

The alarm in Washington became great, and McClellan was ordered to reinforce Pope, and keep Lee out of Washington. Jackson, by a rapid movement, passed Pope's right, and the first thing Pope knew of his advance Jackson had captured Manassas and destroyed immense quantities of army supplies at that point. Pope at once determined that he would bag Jackson before Longstreet could come to his support, and ordered all of his troops to concentrate about Manassas; and to keep Longstreet away, he occupied Thoroughfare Gap with a large force. Longstreet, under General Lee's immediate supervision, followed the same route that Jackson had taken, and when he reached The Plains he halted. The next day about twelve o'clock Lee ordered Longstreet's advance to Gainesville. When we reached Thoroughfare Gap we found it was held by the enemy. Fortunately for us, the heavy forces had been withdrawn to aid in the capture of Jackson, and there was left only a brigade to defend it. General Lee not knowing the force that held the Gap directed me to take the brigade which I was still commanding, out of the line of march, and go through Lambert's Gap (the next gap south of Thoroughfare), and flank the enemy out of the gap. I was selected for this duty because I was born and raised near Lambert's Gap and knew the country. I had gotten my brigade nearly out of the line when General Lee countermanded the order and directed us to march directly upon the gap. Before I reached the gap another brigade had filed in before me, and a sharp fight ensued between the Federal forces holding the gap, and this brigade. The enemy was finally driven away. One brigade could not hold Thoroughfare Gap; it required at least a division. I slept in the gap that night, and early the next morning we resumed our march to Gainesville.

We reached Gainesville about twelve o'clock in the day. Jackson meantime had retired from Manassas to a position between Sudley and Gainesville, occupying the line of the independent Manassas Railroad from Gainesville to Alexandria (which had been commenced, but not completed). When Longstreet reached Gainesville Jackson was very hard-pressed. They had held this position against vastly overwhelming numbers, fighting from the cuts and behind the fills of this branch railroad, for several hours, and Pope with great gallantry making his attack time after time. Jackson sent to Lee for reinforcements. Longstreet then occupied a line at an angle with Jackson's line. Lee ordered Longstreet to reinforce Jackson. In galloping to the front, Longstreet got a view of the battlefield and instead of sending troops to Jackson, he moved out his whole corps and attacked Pope somewhat in the flank.

The effect of this attack upon Pope was instantaneous. The fighting occurred upon very much the same ground where the first battle of Manassas was fought, and when Longstreet ordered his charge Pickett's Brigade, under my command, was posted on the right of Hood. In our charge we repulsed the enemy in my front very promptly and were in pursuit. Hood met with more resistance on my left from the Zouaves of the Federal Army, and after I had dispersed the enemy in my front, he was still fighting in the same position. There was a most admirable place there for a change of front of my brigade, and to attack the enemy a little in the flank and a little in the rear. I had reached a ravine down which flowed a little stream of water from the Chinn House. I was thoroughly protected from the fire and the view of the enemy. I determined I would change front and make an attack to relieve Hood. I gave the command in a very loud voice, which was heard by the Colonels of the extreme regiments, right and left. To be satisfied that all knew

of my design, I sent a message to each Colonel and told him what I was going to do. Colonel R. C. Allen, of the 28th Regiment, said that "if Colonel Hunton wanted him to obey an order he must send it in writing," and refused to obey the order. Supposing that the brigade had changed its marching order I placed myself at the head of the 56th Regiment, which was the directing regiment in the change of front, and when I got to the point where we would front and charge over the hill right upon the enemy, I looked around and found that no other regiment was following. Colonel Allen, being next to the 56th, refused to follow, and the other regiments could not.

This broke up my plan of attack. I thought then, and think now, that if my orders had been carried out we would have captured most of the troops that were fighting Hood, and it would have been the most brilliant effort in my military career. I was humiliated and deeply mortified at the failure. My regimental commanders did not understand it and blamed me, but three days afterward they came to me in a body (except Allen) and said that while they had blamed me for the failure of that movement they had learned the facts and had come to apologize to me and to express their appreciation of the movement that I was trying to make.

I ought to have court-martialed Colonel Allen. It was a great mistake; but I did not do it. I was only colonel-commanding. He lost his prestige with the brigade; his regiment became dissatisfied with him, and General Garnett thought seriously of disbanding the regiment, but at Gettysburg Allen led his regiment with heroism, and was killed in that great battle.

Hood was assisted by Colonel Corse, commanding Kemper's brigade, and soon after routed the enemy in his front. A panic

seized the Federal Army, and the rout was only second to that which we witnessed at first Manassas.

The battle was fought pretty much on the same ground as the first Manassas, with the positions of the two armies reversed. Pope retired to Centreville, where he was joined by McClellan and some of his forces from Harrison's Landing rapidly coming to reinforce Pope, some of whom had gotten there and participated in the second battle of Manassas. This battle was fought on the 21st of August, 1862. General Lee did not feel that it was prudent to attack McClellan at Centreville with his reinforced army, but gave him a little brush at Chantilly, and then started into Maryland.

We passed through Loudoun. How glad I was to see the dear people of that old county, and they were just as glad to see me and the soldiers of the 8th Regiment. We crossed the Potomac at White's Ferry, and entered Maryland. At this time General Richard B. Garnett was temporarily assigned to the command of Pickett's Brigade, and I returned to the command of the 8th Virginia Regiment. General Lee pressed on to Frederick City, where he remained some days. Harper's Ferry was occupied by Colonel Miles with about 10,000 men. This was on the left and rear of General Lee. He dispatched Jackson to capture Harper's Ferry, and issued an address to the people of Maryland, in which he expressed his sympathy for their situation, his admiration for what he believed to be their patriotic desire to free themselves from the tyranny of the Federal Government, and invited them to take arms and come to help him to gain the liberties of the Southern Confederacy.

This address was very coolly received, and while we had a great many gallant Marylanders in the army, from the early period of the war, very few united with us on this occasion.

After remaining at Frederick a few days to give Jackson time to reduce Harper's Ferry, General Lee started by the National Turnpike to cross the mountain at Boonsborough Gap, and go to Chambersburg, intending to give battle to McClellan at that point, after being joined by Jackson. Unfortunately, General Lee's order to his Division Commanders detailing his plans, was allowed by one of his Major-Generals to fall into the hands of McClellan. As soon as McClellan found what the plans of General Lee were, he pressed him with great energy, and General Lee found in order to give Jackson time to reduce Harper's Ferry he would have to fight McClellan at Boonsborough Gap. Longstreet's corps had reached Chambersburg before General Lee decided upon the necessity of fighting McClellan at Boonsborough Gap. We were ordered to double-quick back to Boonsborough, and we had a most unsatisfactory fight at that point, by reason of the forced march. In this fight, Colonel J. B. Strange, commanding the 19th Virginia Regiment, was mortally wounded. That night General Lee withdrew to Sharpsburg.

The Battle of Boonsborough was on the 14th of September, 1862. At that time General Lee, including Jackson's force at Harper's Ferry had 55,000 men, and McClellan had 87,000. On the 17th of September, the great battle of Sharpsburg ensued. General Lee's small forces heroically held their position until Jackson's men arrived. Jackson in the meantime had captured Harper's Ferry and 12,500 men, and all the stores, ammunition, artillery and baggage that Colonel Miles had.

With the aid of Jackson's men, General Lee drove McClellan back at Sharpsburg. Night came on and the battle ceased. The advantage of the fight was with Lee, because McClellan made the assault and Lee repelled it. General Lee expected McClellan to attack him again the next day, and waited until nearly one

o'clock. Finding that McClellan did not intend to attack, and was being heavily reinforced, General Lee retired across the river into Virginia, unmolested by McClellan.

The only company of Marylanders that reported to General Lee during this campaign was turned over to me the night of the Battle of Sharpsburg. I told them to lie down on the ground near us, and the next morning I would arm and equip them for service. The next morning I went to look for my company of Marylanders, and the last one of them had gone home. I saw no more of them.

While at Culpeper, Colonel M. D. Corse, who was my junior in rank and had seen fewer fights than I had, was made a Brigadier General and assigned to Pickett's Brigade, Pickett having been made a Major-General. This was mortifying to me and the other Colonels of the brigade and they resented it. They came to me in a body and insisted that all of us ought to tender our resignations because of this injustice to me. I thanked them for resenting this great injustice to me, which I felt very keenly, but said to them, "I did not come into this war for military glory, but to fight honestly wherever I could for the cause that I loved so well," and declined to resign myself, and advised them to give up all idea of resigning. In consequence of this they all gave up the idea of resignation. The dissatisfaction in the brigade was so great that another brigade was formed and General Corse assigned to it.

I was again in command of the brigade. I felt mortified after having commanded the brigade as senior colonel so long, that I was not thought worthy to be promoted to be its Brigadier General. I met President Davis after the war, in Alexandria, and he apologized to me for his failure to promote me earlier. He said that the reports about my health were so alarming that

he didn't think it was proper to put me in command of a brigade; but I thought if I could command it as Colonel I was equally competent to command it as Brigadier General.

McClellan had fallen into disgrace with the Washington administration, and was relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac, at Warrenton, and Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside placed in command. Burnside was junior in rank to Sumner, Sedgwick and Meade. These three distinguished Federal Generals were very much hurt at the promotion of Burnside over them and (it was thought by some) never yielded to Burnside a very hearty support. Lincoln went to Warrenton and had a consultation with Burnside, and it was decided that instead of attacking General Lee in Culpeper that they would march directly for Richmond by way of Fredericksburg, and having the inside line, and a start of two days, they believed they would be able to pass Fredericksburg before General Lee could make any attack. General Lee, as soon as he knew of the movement of Burnside, left Culpeper on the 24th of November and made a forced march towards Fredericksburg. I never shall forget that march. Many of the soldiers were barefooted, and while at Culpeper General Lee had ordered that moccasins be made out of the hides of the beeves slaughtered for the army. These were worn with the hair next to the foot, and the naked skin of the beef-hide on the ground. I thought this a most admirable plan, and very many of the soldiers of my brigade were shod in this way, but on the march to Fredericksburg it rained and snowed, the ground became very slippery, and the moccasins caused the soldiers to slip and fall in the mud. The result was that most of them threw the moccasins away and marched barefooted to Fredericksburg.

Burnside delayed his crossing of the Rappahannock to await the arrival of his pontoon bridges, when he could readily have

crossed the river at any of the fords above Falmouth. This delay enabled General Lee to reach Fredericksburg with his whole army before Burnside attempted the passage of the river.

On the 13th of December, 1862, Lee with 60,000 men on the south side of the Rappahannock, at Fredericksburg, confronted Burnside with 100,000 on the Stafford side. The pontoon bridges having come, Burnside forced a passage across the river at two points—one at Fredericksburg and one about two miles below—the first by Sumner's corps and the second by Franklin's. Franklin's passage was not disputed. The gallant Barksdale defended the passage of Sumner at Fredericksburg for a long time. Finally the whole of Burnside's army was across the Rappahannock. Longstreet occupied Lee's left, embracing Marye's Heights, and Jackson occupied his right, along the railroad. My brigade was stationed on Longstreet's extreme right. I had a splendid position, but Pickett was ordered by General Lee not to assail the enemy unless assailed. I never was so anxious in my life to be attacked. My position was a very strong one, and I felt that I could have done great service if allowed to participate in the fight—I was not attacked. Franklin's corps attacked Jackson on my right. At first he drove Jackson's first line back, but Jackson soon recovered his ground and drove Franklin back to the river. I thought if Pickett's Division had been ordered to attack Franklin on his right flank when he was fighting Jackson, the disaster to Franklin would have been very much more serious.

In the meantime Sumner had marched through Fredericksburg and assailed Longstreet at Marye's Heights. To do this they had to pass over an open space between Fredericksburg and Marye's Heights of some three or four hundred yards. This assault was made with exceeding great gallantry. Charge after charge was made, and repulsed, with immense slaughter each

time from Marye's Heights. Finally the whole of Burnside's army was driven back to the river's edge, and that night recrossed the river into Stafford. I have never seen on any battle-field the dead lay so thick as they did in front of Marye's Heights. It was assailed with very great gallantry, and defended with great heroism. It has been said that Jackson advised Lee to make a night attack on Burnside; but this is a mistake. Jackson himself, in his lifetime, denied it. But Lee expected an attack the next day. Burnside, however, recrossed the river and Lee with his diminished force was unable to assail him.

Thus ended the Battle of Fredericksburg. It was a glorious triumph of the Confederate arms. My only regret was that I was not allowed to participate actively in bringing about this result.

Fredericksburg suffered intensely during the fight. Burnside had 300 guns on the Stafford Heights, and for twenty-four hours bombarded Fredericksburg and Lee's position. The town was dreadfully injured by this cannonade. After the fight General Lee withdrew his army some five or six miles south of Fredericksburg, and passed the winter there, Burnside making no further efforts to go to Richmond.

After the fight, General Richard B. Garnett was assigned to the command of our Brigade. General Garnett was a graduate of West Point, a member of the distinguished Garnett family of Essex County, Virginia, and while he was not a man of much mental force, he was one of the noblest and bravest men I ever knew. Although the brigade was dissatisfied that I was not promoted, we all soon became very fond of General Garnett. We loved him and followed him with implicit confidence until his lamented death at Gettysburg.

In February, 1863, General Pickett was sent into North Carolina, and Garnett's Brigade was sent down below Tarboro to get

out corn and bacon from eastern North Carolina. We had but little fighting, but great success in getting corn and bacon. We returned and joined Pickett near Suffolk. In riding with Pickett along his lines, with his staff, we came to an exposed position, and to my surprise General Pickett and his staff laid flat down on their horses' necks. I felt surprised at this, and thought his example to his soldiers was exceedingly bad, and I, probably imprudently, rode along with him bolt upright in my saddle.

In the meantime Burnside had been removed from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and General Joseph Hooker placed in command. General Hooker determined to cross the Rappahannock at the United States Ford, some twelve miles above Fredericksburg. His plans became known to General Lee and he was there to meet him.

I had not returned from North Carolina and was not present at the battle of Chancellorsville on May 2-4, 1863. This was another brilliant success for General Lee. His army was probably not as large as Hooker's by one-third. The victory was dearly bought. Jackson was mortally wounded on May 2nd, and died a week later. He was making a flank movement on Hooker and had met with brilliant success when night came and stopped the movement. In order to prosecute it intelligently the next day, Jackson that night went out in his front to reconnoitre. Coming back to his lines he was fired upon accidentally by his own men, with the disastrous result above stated.

The army could not have felt the loss of any man so severely as that of Jackson, except General Lee himself. He had won a reputation scarcely equalled by any man, by his brilliant victories in the Valley, and his great assistance to Lee in winning the fights at 1st and 2nd Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. It has been said that Jackson planned

this flank attack on Hooker, but that is a mistake. General Lee and Jackson were in consultation, and Lee said to him, "How shall we meet these people?" Jackson said, "That is for you to determine. Whatever you order me to do I am ready to try it." Then Lee ordered this flank movement.

Some put Jackson as a military man above Lee; but this is a mistake, also. I think Lee was the greatest commander to plan a campaign, and Jackson was the greatest lieutenant to execute it—that Lee and Jackson formed a combination which has never been equalled in military warfare. General Lee never failed when he had Jackson to execute his orders. He often failed after Jackson's death, for want of his presence.

After the victories of Lee at Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, he determined to go into Pennsylvania, and Garnett's Brigade, with Pickett's Division, was ordered to Culpeper about the 24th of June. Soon after reaching Culpeper we started on our march to Pennsylvania. We went through upper Fauquier and Loudoun, passed through Snicker's Gap and Berryville. We had to wade the river. Garnett's Brigade was sent back to support the cavalry on this side of the ridge and we had to wade the river three times. In marching through Clarke County, Virginia, I was in command of the brigade, Garnett having been injured in the foot by some accident and had to be carried in the ambulance. As I rode in front of the brigade General Lee rode up by my side. He was passing from the rear to the front. We had a half hour's conversation. I expressed to him my disinclination to the movement into Pennsylvania. I told him that I was afraid that if we had a disaster in Pennsylvania it would be very serious, and difficult for him to get his army back into Virginia. General Lee replied that the movement was a necessity; that our provisions and supplies of every kind were very nearly exhausted in Virginia, and that we had to go to Pennsylvania for

supplies. He believed that the invasion of Pennsylvania would be a great success, and if so, it would end the war, or we would have rest for sometime to come. General Lee was so enthusiastic about the movement that I threw away my doubts and became as enthusiastic as he was.

Our army was in splendid fighting trim, but without shoes, without clothes, and without blankets. It was right sad to see Lee's ragged soldiers marching through the abundant country in Pennsylvania. His army was 60,000 strong, and such was his confidence in it, resulting from the great victories he had achieved with it, that he believed his army could whip anything on the planet.

We crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, and marched directly to Chambersburg. Here Pickett's Division was held for a day or two to destroy the railroad and public property in the town. I was assigned to the duty of tearing up the road, destroying the turntable, and battering down the railroad houses. While I was engaged in this work, a man came out to me and asked me if I would spare his property, which was in one of the cars. I told him certainly, that we were not there to make war on private individuals. He was very grateful, and invited me and half a dozen others into his house to take a drink. While we were in the dining-room taking a drink, his wife came in, in a perfect fury, and said to him, "How dare you to bring rebels into my house to take a drink? I will see that you are punished for this." But notwithstanding her rage, we all took our drink.

I, in command of Garnett's Brigade, started on the morning of the 2nd of July for Gettysburg. Just out of the town we passed the house of Mr. Alexander K. McClure. The ladies of his family, and perhaps some of the neighbors, all came out to the gate to see the soldiers pass, and they did not taunt us with any insults, or look unkindly upon us. I was sorry to hear that later

in the war his house and all of his property was destroyed, and his farm devastated. He was a real good man, and notwithstanding the injuries he received at our hands, spent years of his time after the war, personally and through the newspaper which he edited, in trying to bring back good feeling between the North and the South. I met him more than once and was so much pleased with him that I expressed my great regret that his property had been destroyed by our soldiers.* We marched very rapidly towards Gettysburg, making twenty-three miles that day—probably one of the longest marches of the war. We soon heard of the fighting that had taken place at Gettysburg on the 1st of July. Our success had been very great. The action was brought on without General Lee's orders. His intention was to fight at Cash Town, six miles southeast of Gettysburg and on this side of South Mountain, but Ewell had accidentally encountered quite a force of the enemy at Gettysburg, the fight commenced, reinforcements on both sides were brought up, and a heavy battle ensued. This resulted entirely in our favor. We drove the enemy and captured six to seven thousand prisoners. General Gordon says that he was driving the enemy

*My father and Major Taylor Scott were on a train coming from Washington to Richmond to the unveiling of the Pickett monument in Hollywood. They were discussing the Gettysburg campaign and my father was trying to recall the name of the owner of this house near Gettysburg. The gentleman in the seat ahead of them turned and very courteously asked their pardon for listening to their conversation, but said he was so much interested he could not help it. He said that he was the owner of that house and he was Alexander K. McClure. This distinguished and influential Northern man, the editor of the *Philadelphia Times*, was going to Richmond to avail himself of this opportunity to try to diminish the intense feeling of hostility between the sections. My father spent much of his time while in Richmond with him and I have frequently heard father speak with enthusiasm of this charming and delightful gentleman, this patriotic American.

from Seminary Ridge when he was ordered by Ewell to retire. He disobeyed the first order, but had to retire when he got the second. He said that if left alone he would have driven the enemy from the ridge and occupied it himself.

The next morning—the 2nd of July—Longstreet was ordered at an early hour of the day to make an attack on the left of General George Gordon Meade, who had been put in command of the Army of the Potomac in place of Hooker. Longstreet delayed the attack until late in the day. The objective point in the attack was “Little Round Top.” Our forces drove the enemy from the Peach Orchard, and started to take possession of Round Top. This was resisted, and a violent struggle ensued for its possession. Finally the enemy prevailed and Longstreet’s troops were driven from Round Top.

This was a great calamity, which might have been avoided if Longstreet had moved early in the morning. Round Top commanded General Meade’s lines, and it would have been difficult to hold them with our army in possession of Round Top, with a proper complement of artillery.

Pickett’s Division, including Garnett’s Brigade, reached the vicinity of Gettysburg about night on the 2nd, very much worn down by the march. General Lee ordered Longstreet to take Pickett’s Division to unite with the rest of his corps on the right of our army, and as I have said, he ordered him to make this move early in the morning. Garnett’s Brigade, still under my command, marched at an early hour and gained the desired position before eight o’clock. Longstreet was ordered by General Lee to make the attack at an early hour with the whole of his corps (which embraced four divisions) and a part of Hill’s corps, and all of it, if necessary. About twelve o’clock in the day we were ordered into line of battle just behind Seminary Ridge, and were to a great extent protected from the

artillery fire of the enemy. Between twelve and one o'clock our artillery, consisting of 250 guns, opened on the enemy. It was replied to by Meade's 300 guns, the greatest artillery duel that ever occurred on the continent. It was ordered that General Alexander, who was in command of our artillery, should keep up the cannonade until the enemy were demoralized by it, and then Longstreet was to make his charge.

After a cannonading of about three hours Alexander reported that if the charge was to be made, then was the time to make it, and Pickett's Division and Pender's Division of North Carolinians started in this charge.

Pickett's Division consisted of only three small brigades—Kemper's, Garnett's and Armistead's. Corse, with his brigade, was left at Hanover Junction. Just before the order to charge was given, the heroic Garnett appeared on horse-back to take command of his gallant brigade. He was not fit for the fray, but could not be restrained. Instead of charging with his whole corps and with a part of Hill's, Longstreet charged with these two small divisions, Pickett's and Heth's.

The North Carolina Division had been engaged in a furious fight the day before, and had lost heavily, and of course was not in high feather. The annals of history will be searched in vain for a charge as heroic as that of Pickett's men. They charged from half a mile to three-quarters before they reached the enemy's line. All the way they were under a furious cannonade from the front and from Little Round Top, and soon were in reach of the musketry fire from Meade's lines. The attack was made upon Meade's left center, which General Lee believed (and correctly believed) was the weakest point in his line. After going about two-thirds of the way Kemper, who was on horse-back, was shot down, supposed to be mortally wounded. Early in the charge I was shot, through the right

leg, and my horse mortally wounded, though able to take me to the rear.* My first impulse was to get another horse and go on in the charge.† I was on horse-back because I was not physically able to make the charge on foot. I was suffering intensely with my fistula, and could not, if my life depended on it, have made that charge on foot. Garnett was on horse-back and was shot down. The division went forward heroically, its ranks being thinned every moment, but immediately supplied by those from the rear. About the time I was wounded, I looked to the left to see what was being done by the North Carolina Division. It was then disintegrating, and according to the best information never got up to the enemy's lines. Pickett's three brigades rushed gallantly forward. Garnett was killed when near the first line of the enemy, gallantly leading his men. They

*Hummer, my father's courier, who was ever at his side when there was danger, saw that Father was wounded and his horse also. He took the horse by the bridle and led him to the rear. Before he got beyond the range of the musketry, he assisted Father from the horse and shot the horse to put him out of his agony. He finally, after much difficulty, got an ambulance to take Father to the field hospital, where his wound was dressed.

Some years after the war, Dr. Clayton Coleman, Kemper's Brigade Surgeon, told me that after Father's wound had been dressed he insisted upon getting another horse and going back into the battle with his men. This is confirmed by Hummer. My father had never told me of this incident, and I asked him to give me the details. He said that because of the excitement of the battle and his suffering from his wound, he could not recall the details, but he did know that he tried to go back to his men, and that his weakness from loss of blood made it impossible for him to do so.

†General Lee issued an order that all officers should go into this charge on foot, so as to expose themselves as little as possible. I have been told that only four officers went into the charge on horseback, the three named above, of whom Garnett was killed, Kemper desperately wounded, and my father wounded and his horse killed. The fourth was a Colonel whose name I do not recall.

got up to within a few yards of the first line of the enemy, and the gallant Armistead with his hat on his sword, ordered his men to follow him, and he and the few survivors of the three Brigades captured the first line of the enemy, but Armistead was killed. At this time Federal reinforcements came up, and the few gallant men who had captured the line were themselves either killed or captured.

Thus ended the charge of the 3rd of July—a charge that will go down in history as the most gallant ever made by any army.

CHAPTER V.

IT is beyond dispute, it seems to me, that if Longstreet had made that attack earlier in the morning, even with Pickett's Division and the North Carolina Division, he must have captured Meade's position and driven him from Cemetery Ridge. It seems equally clear that if, when he did make the attack late in the day, he had supported Pickett by the rest of his corps consisting of two divisions, and by a part of Hill's corps—or all of it, if necessary—even at that late hour he would have penetrated and held the lines of Meade; and General Lee's idea was that if he could divide Meade's army by penetrating the line at the left center, he would drive him in confusion from his position, and the Confederate Cavalry on the right and left of his flanks would follow up the advantage, and he would gain a glorious victory, which as he told me on the march in Clarke County, would probably result in the independence of the Confederate Government.

It is very sad to contemplate our failure at Gettysburg. It is sad to think of the loss of so many heroes as fell at Gettysburg, even if their death accomplished a great victory; but when their death accomplished nothing, it makes the reflection still more sad.

The North Carolinians maintain that their division also reached the line of the enemy, but from the evidence on the subject that is a mistake. The North Carolinians were very brave and heroic in the war, and I would not derogate from their bravery for any consideration, but still it is a truth of history that they gave way before Pickett's men got to the enemy's lines, and left Pickett's three depleted brigades entirely without support.

Before I was wounded and left the field, I saw that the North Carolina Division under Pettigrew was disintegrating, and there is no question at all, in my mind, that these North Carolinians never reached the enemy's line.

Gettysburg was thus lost to us, and what a loss it was! The hopes of General Lee and of his gallant army, and of the Confederacy generally, were excited to a high pitch of enthusiastic expectation of the results flowing from a victory at Gettysburg. Lee and his victorious army had won all the battles that he had fought. He went into Pennsylvania with an army of 60,000 men, that he thought was the best army on the planet and could successfully meet any army that could be brought against it. His views were very clearly expressed in an interview with Rev. J. William Jones sometime after the war, which Mr. Jones gives in his "Personal Reminiscences of General R. E. Lee," at page 156:

"In speaking of Jackson one day not long before his own fatal illness, and of the irreparable loss the South sustained in his death, General Lee said, with emphasis: 'If I had had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg, we should have won a great victory. And I feel confident that a complete success there would have resulted in the establishment of our independence.'"

It is pretty well settled as a fact that a victory for Lee at Gettysburg would have resulted in recognition of the Confederate States by the European powers, and been speedily followed by a treaty of peace.

The charge of Pickett's Division was the admiration of all who saw it, and is now the wonder of the world.

Now who was to blame for the loss of Gettysburg? It is very well settled as a historical fact that General Longstreet, by his failure to execute with promptness and cordiality the orders of General Lee, was the cause of the loss of Gettysburg. On the

2nd of July General Lee ordered Longstreet to make an attack on Meade's left and capture Little Round Top. Instead of making the attack early in the morning Longstreet delayed the attack until nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, and when he marched up to take Round Top he was met by Sickel's Corps. A desperate battle ensued for its possession, and ended by leaving Little Round Top with the enemy. This was a serious loss to General Lee. It was apparent to anybody who has looked over that battlefield that Little Round Top commanded Meade's line of battle, and the possession of it by General Lee would have made Meade's lines untenable; but it was lost to us by the failure of Longstreet to take it early in the morning, which he could have accomplished probably without the loss of a man. When he attempted to take it in the afternoon he lost 4,000 men.

General Lee determined to attack Meade's left center, and gave the order to Longstreet to make the attack with his whole corps, and half of Hill's corps, or all of it if he needed it. General Gordon in his "Reminiscences of the Civil War," at page 160, says:

"It now seems certain that impartial military critics after thorough investigation will consider the following as established: That General Lee distinctly ordered Longstreet to attack early the morning of the second day, and if he had done so, half of the largest corps of Meade's army would not have been in the fight; but Longstreet delayed the attack until four o'clock in the afternoon, and thus lost his opportunity of occupying Little Round Top, the key to the position, which he might have done that morning without firing a shot or losing a man. Second, that General Lee ordered Longstreet to attack at day-break on the morning of the third day, and that he did not attack until two or three o'clock in the afternoon, the artillery opening at one. That General Lee according to the testimony

of Colonel Walter Taylor, Colonel C. S. Venable and General A. L. Long, who were present when the order was given, ordered Longstreet to make the attack on the last day with the three divisions of his corps and two divisions of A. P. Hill's corps, and that instead of doing so he sent 14,000 men to assail Meade's army in his strong position and heavily entrenched. Fourth—That the great mistake of the battle on the first day would have been repaired on the second, and even on the third day, if Lee's order had been vigorously executed; and that General Lee died believing (the testimony on this point is overwhelming) that he lost Gettysburg at last by Longstreet's disobedience of orders."

The error committed on the first day, alluded to by General Gordon above, was committed by Ewell. Our success was very great on the first day, and General Gordon was driving the enemy from Cemetery Ridge. He had gotten them almost into a panic when General Ewell ordered him to retire. General Gordon disobeyed this order and went on in pursuit. General Ewell ordered him a second time to retire. General Gordon was so impressed with the importance of his movement that at two o'clock at night he went to General Ewell and begged for permission to make a night attack and secure Cemetery Ridge. He told General Ewell that he could hear distinctly that the enemy were entrenching all night long on Seminary Heights, but Ewell declined to give him permission to make the attack.

Col. Henderson, of the British Army, who wrote the splendid "Life of Jackson," says in criticism of Longstreet's book on Gettysburg, that Longstreet went into Pennsylvania against his wishes, and did not give Lee generous support during the campaign. How sad it is to reflect that General Longstreet, who had been so honored by the Confederate Government, and was trusted by General Lee, should have dashed the hopes of the

Confederacy by his failure to execute the orders of his superior officer. It is pretty well established that President Davis wanted to court-martial Longstreet, but Lee said, "No, Longstreet has a large number of friends in the army, and if he is court-martialed and dismissed it will cause dissatisfaction among them, and we are too few in numbers to alienate the feelings of any portion of our army."

But Gettysburg was lost! It was unquestionably the high-water mark of the war. Success at Gettysburg meant independence for the Confederacy. Failure, as it was demonstrated afterwards, meant success for the Union, and death to the Confederacy. It is sad to look back and think of the lives that were sacrificed at Gettysburg by reason of the failure of General Longstreet to carry out General Lee's order. It is perfectly plain to anybody that if Pickett's Division had been supported by the other two divisions of Longstreet, and by the two divisions of Hill, that these four divisions with Pickett and the North Carolinians under Pettigrew, would have swept Meade from Cemetery Ridge, defeated and destroyed his army, and put Baltimore and Washington at the mercy of General Lee.

General Ewell, whose blunder on the first day caused the failure to take Cemetery Ridge, succeeded the immortal Jackson in command of his corps. Ewell was a very peculiar but a very gallant man. He was a very fine officer up to the second battle of Manassas, where he lost his leg. He had in early life addressed a young lady, who discarded him and married a Mr. Brown. She came to him, a widow, when he was wounded, and nursed him. He renewed his addresses. They were accepted, and they were married. He always referred to her as his wife, Mrs. Brown.

I never thought General Ewell was a valuable officer after the loss of his leg, and the acquisition of a wife. He told me

in person at Fort Warren, where both of us were in prison for three months after the surrender of General Lee, that it took a dozen blunders to lose Gettysburg, and he had committed a good many of them.*

Did Pickett go with his division in the charge? The evidence is pretty strong on both sides of that question. No man who was in that charge has ever been found, within my knowledge, who saw Pickett during the charge. One of my soldiers whom I met here at the laying of the corner-stone of the Jeff. Davis monument in Monroe Park, told me that he was detailed to carry water to Pickett and his Staff during the fight at Gettysburg. I asked him where were Pickett and his Staff? He said they were behind a lime-stone ledge of rocks, about 100 yards in the rear of the position that we held just prior to the charge. This ledge of rocks was as safe a place as if he had been 100 miles from the battlefield. I understand a Confederate surgeon says that he had his field hospital behind this ledge of rocks, and that Pickett was there during the charge of his division.†

Another strong argument on that side of the question consists in the fact that neither Pickett nor any of his Staff was killed or wounded, and not one of their horses was killed or wounded, whereas every man who was known to have gone into that charge, on horse-back, was killed or wounded, or had his horse killed. Kemper was on horse-back and was dreadfully wounded. I was on horse-back and was wounded, and my horse killed. Garnett was on horse-back and was killed; and it is, I

*My father has frequently told me that the married men in the army made as good soldiers as the unmarried men, but that his observation was that whenever a man married during the war he became a less efficient soldier.

†I was told by General L. L. Lomax, the Confederate representative on the Gettysburg Commission, that the ledge of lime-stone rock, although frequently referred to, had never been found or located.

think, impossible to find a man who went into that charge on horse-back who was not either killed or wounded; and it seems the most improbable of events that Pickett and his Staff could have gone into that charge on horse-back and all of them escape, without wounds themselves and without their horses having been killed or wounded.*

On the other hand, several of his Staff say that he did go into the charge. But how far he went, or how near he was to his division, they have not informed us; General Lee met General Pickett after the charge and said, "You and your division have covered yourselves with glory"; I leave this question to be determined according to the feelings and judgment of every man who reads what I have said.

The losses in Pickett's Division were fearful.† Every field officer was shot down, except one. Col. C. S. Peyton, of the 19th Regiment, who had lost his arm in a previous battle was the only field officer left, and he was in command of the brigade. My dear old regiment was commanded by a Lieutenant. It laid down under fire during the artillery duel 205 strong. Five of them were killed in the artillery duel, and 200 responded promptly and bravely to the order to charge. After the charge was over I had improvised a pair of crutches and hobbled out to see who was left of my faithful and gallant regiment. Only 10 of those who went in responded to the roll call—190 out of 200 were gone.

It nearly broke my heart to look over the 10 surviving members of the gallant 8th Regiment, that had stood by me in so

*Because of these statements I had the monument over my father's grave in Hollywood inscribed "Wounded in the charge of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg," rather than "Wounded in Pickett's charge."

†232 killed; 1157 wounded; 1499 missing. Vol. 29, Part II, Official Records, pp. 329-30. A total of 2,888 casualties out of 6,405 present for duty at Fredericksburg, May 20, 1863.

many battles and obeyed my orders with so much alacrity. I put back into the ranks of the 8th Regiment the detailed men (the cooks and the ambulance men), and it made the regiment about 25 strong.

I have frequently been invited to go over the battlefield of Gettysburg, but I never could summon the courage to do so. If I were to go over the line of our charge I would say, "Here fell Captain Green"; "Here fell Captain Bissell"; "Here fell Captain Grayson"; "Here fell Captain Ayres"—and a host of others. It would nearly kill me to see where so many brave men fell—all of them among the best friends I ever had.

While we were charging down towards Cemetery Ridge we passed Will Adams, a gallant soldier of my regiment, who was wounded. He looked into my face and said, "Colonel, I'm hit." I shall never forget his appealing look, and the confidence in me which it seemed to evidence. It seemed to say to me that I would see that he was properly cared for and his wound dressed. If he had died, that look would have haunted me as long as I lived. I called to a soldier and told him to take Adams from the field. I thank God he lived, and is now a prosperous merchant in Middleburg, Loudoun County.*

The Berkeleys were all wounded, and three of them captured. They were among those gallant men of my regiment who charged with Armistead to the second line of Meade's fortifica-

*My father has frequently told me that as he was going into the battle he saw Major Spessard of the 28th Regiment sitting on the ground holding a youth's head in his lap. As Father approached, Major Spessard looked up and said, "Look at my poor boy, Colonel." He must have been dead then, for in a short time Father saw him kiss him tenderly and gently lay his head on the ground. Then the Major rose to his feet, put his sword to his shoulder, and ordered "Forward, boys!" and continued in the charge. Could there be greater heroism, or a more pathetic and touching scene?

tion. Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund Berkeley was wounded, but not seriously, and made his escape.

Meade expected another charge from General Lee. Colonel Norborne Berkeley, who was captured, afterwards told me that the first inquiry made of him when he was captured, by the officers on the other side, was, "Will General Lee charge again?"

General Lee was in no condition to make another charge, but he was ready to repel any attack that Meade might make. Meade conducted the fights of the three days with great skill and judgment, and his soldiers fought well. While he repulsed Lee, his army was very much shattered by the three days' fights, and he felt in no condition to renew the fight by an attack on Lee the next day.

I sent out and "impressed" a buggy, and put my war-horse "Morgan" to it—I was not riding Morgan in the charge—and the next morning Colonel Berkeley and myself in the buggy commenced our return to Virginia with the wagon train. General Lee commenced his retreat the same day, was not pressed by General Meade, and took his army safely across the Potomac into Virginia. Although our loss was very severe, and the loss of the battle in its consequences fatal to us, General Lee brought off with him ten or twelve thousand prisoners, and some material of war captured. Colonel Berkeley and I made our way to Clarke County. He stopped with his friend John Smith, and I stopped for a few days with my brother-in-law, James V. Weir. I soon started to join my dear wife and my dear son, who were then at New Glasgow, in the County of Amherst, boarding with my friend Mr. P. D. Lipscombe and his wife.

I believed that General Kemper was dead. I heard they were making his coffin when I left Gettysburg. When I passed through Madison Courthouse (his home) I heard a rumor that he still lived, and after awhile he came back to the City of Rich-

mond, and though unable to do field duty, rendered valuable service to the Confederacy.

When I reached the station three or four miles from New Glasgow, there were several other wounded Confederates there, and no conveyance. We could not walk, and we had to wait until we could send to the town for a wagon. The news soon reached my wife and son that I was at the depot, and my little boy, then eight years old, ran with young Lipscombe almost down to the depot to meet me. My wife was soon in my arms. She had suffered all the privations of war, with a heroism equal to the soldier in the field, and up to that time, and to the end of the war, I never heard a complaint from her.

I was about six weeks absent from my regiment, by reason of my wound, but as soon as I felt able to do duty, I returned to it.

CHAPTER VI.

I HAD not been long with my regiment before I received my commission as Brigadier-General, dating from Gettysburg. I was directed to take my brigade, which had been almost annihilated in the Gettysburg campaign, down to Chaffin's Farm, about eight miles below Richmond, and rest and recuperate and reorganize it. General Henry A. Wise had occupied that position for a long time previous, and had built very comfortable log cabins for his brigade, so that my weary, gallant men of the 8th, 18th, 19th, 28th and 56th, as well as the 32nd Regiments, went right into these cabins prepared by General Wise.

I made my headquarters at the overseer's house of Mr. Chaffin. It was a small house—probably not over a story and a half high—with four or five rooms, but made very comfortable headquarters. At this time Colonel Norborne Berkeley had been made Colonel of the 8th Regiment; his brother, Edmund, Lieutenant-Colonel, and his brother William, Major, while Charlie was a Captain. It was called "The Berkeley Regiment."

The 18th Regiment was commanded by Colonel Henry Carrington, a man of great gallantry and efficiency.

The 19th was commanded by Colonel Henry Gaunt.

The 28th was commanded by Colonel William Watts, of Roanoke, a very gallant man but not much of a tactician, and one of the warmest friends of my life.

The 56th was commanded by Colonel William E. Green, of Charlotte County, who succeeded Colonel William D. Stuart, who was mortally wounded at Gettysburg.

The 32nd, which had been temporarily assigned to my Brigade, was commanded by Colonel Edgar Montague, a splendid man and officer.

These were all splendid regimental commanders.

My Staff consisted of Charles F. Linthicum, Adjutant-General; J. Simpkins Jones, Aide-de-Camp; Edward Fitzhugh, Assistant Adjutant; George Jones, Quarter-Master, and J. R. Hutchinson, Commissary.

Charles Linthicum was one of the best and bravest men I ever knew. He was a Northern Methodist preacher, and because of that I would not invite him to my house when he preached on the Brentsville Circuit prior to the war. The next year, 1861, he was sent to Middleburg, and when the militia regiment was ordered out, at some alarm at Leesburg, he took the place of one of his members who had a large family, and came with this militia regiment to Leesburg. He soon left the militia and joined the 8th Regiment. Whenever there was a call for volunteers for hazardous duty, Charlie Linthicum was the first man to step to the front.

At the first battle of Manassas, just before we went into the fight, he asked my permission to pray, which I gladly gave him. He made a very earnest prayer for our success and safety, and I do not think my boys *fought any the worse* by reason of it. He behaved gallantly in that fight, and when it was over I detailed him as Chaplain of the Regiment, and then got him a commission as such.

When Pickett was wounded at Gaines' Mill, and the command of the brigade devolved on me, I detailed Linthicum as my Adjutant-General. He was very efficient and became very fond of the duty, and after Garnett was assigned to the brigade he obtained for Linthicum his commission as Adjutant-General; when I succeeded Garnett, Linthicum was retained as my Adju-

tant-General. He was perfectly fearless. He could undergo more fatigue than most any man I ever knew. He was always ready to obey my orders. He had the confidence of every man in the brigade, and nobody ever failed in obedience to the orders because conveyed by Charlie Linthicum. He was killed at the battle of second Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, and I have never ceased to grieve for the loss of my dear friend.

At the time I was ordered to Chaffin's Farm, my wife and son were still at Mr. Lipscombe's. I found I could make them comfortable at Chaffin's Farm in my headquarters in the overseer's house and invited them down to spend the winter with me. They gladly accepted the invitation and as soon as possible came to me. My sister Mary Brent, now Mrs. Foster, came afterwards and stayed until Christmas.

This was an exceedingly pleasant winter, notwithstanding the war, to my wife and son. I appointed Eppa on my Staff. He believed the appointment was a legal one, and it was very interesting to see how he carried my commands around. I had brigade drills every few days, and on one occasion I sent an order by Eppa to Colonel Edmund Berkeley of the 8th Regiment. He started off, riding the horse that my body-servant used, in full uniform, and provided with spurs on his bare feet. He delivered the order and as soon as the soldiers saw the spurs on his bare feet they began to yell at him, "Come out of them spurs," "I see your ears sticking out," and many similar remarks. Soon his horse became very excited and restless and Eppa's legs were too short to keep the spurs out of his sides and the horse ran away, and the whole line of the brigade cheered him. I was in agony for the safety of my son, who was only eight years old; but I did not budge from my position. Eppa sat and managed his horse admirably, but he could not stop him until he ran into the stable some distance from the parade grounds. After he had been

Captain on my Staff a month, he undertook to draw his pay, but failed. For the first time he found that he was not legally a Staff officer of my brigade. His mother used to teach him in the day reading, writing and spelling, and I taught him arithmetic at night. All that I had before the war was gone, and I was afraid that if I was killed my boy would have no education, and one night I put him in long division. His mind was so thoroughly taken up with the brigade that I could not get him to think about his arithmetic, and I whipped him, and before bedtime he could do any sum in long division. But I felt very unhappy about it, and determined then and there that I never would give him another "lick" during the war. I did not want him to think of it in case I was killed. He knew more men in the brigade by name, than I did. He was riding around one day and passed the Guard House where I had just put three prisoners for some disobedience, and they saw him coming. One of them called to him, "Are you as mean a man as your father? If you are, they had better kill you now." He came to the house the maddest boy that I ever saw. I did not mind it at all, believing the poor fellow's resentment at the punishment was natural.

When Christmas Day came somebody sent me a turkey, and my wife and myself determined we would give a little dinner party. Simpkins Jones, who was the most unselfish and generous man I ever knew (except Norborne Berkeley), sat at the foot of the table. By the time dinner was announced Simpkins was drunk, and when drunk he couldn't talk. It was very amusing to see him bowing to the guests to know if they would have a piece of turkey, without being able to utter a word. I laugh over it every time I think of it. But he was a gallant, good man, and was very badly wounded at the second battle of Cold Harbor, where poor Linthicum was killed.

While I was at Chaffin's Farm there were two raids on Richmond which were very alarming, and I was ordered with my brigade to the defence of the city on both occasions. The first time my wife and son went with me to Richmond and stayed at the house of a relative of hers, Mrs. Harvey. I was two or three miles in front of the city, near the place where The Brook crosses Brook Turnpike, guarding against this raid, and my wife started Eppa with a basket of provisions for me, prepared by herself and some ladies of Richmond. He didn't know where I was—didn't know in what direction to seek me, and nobody whom he met could tell him, but notwithstanding that I got my basket of provisions and enjoyed it very much.* The next time I was ordered out to meet this raid my place at Chaffin's was taken by a brigade of home guards formed of the Department Clerks in Richmond. My wife and son were left at Chaffin's under the care of the commanding officer. The commandant soon discovered Eppa and found that he was a Captain on my Staff. He immediately gave him promotion, making him Major, with a star on his collar—a most unfortunate thing for

*When this occurred I was about eight years old. I had with me a colored boy of about the same age. We set out on foot early in the morning, carrying our basket. We finally reached a picket who refused to let us go farther to the front. I asked him to send me to the commanding officer, which he did. When I told the officer my errand, he told me I could go no farther, and that I was then too far to the front, but that if I would leave the basket with him he would send it by one of his Staff officers to Father. I evidently showed in my face my unwillingness to give up the basket and my apprehension my father would never see it. He answered my look by assuring me that my father should certainly receive it. I finally delivered the basket to him and my father did receive it, with everything in it, including the bottle of whiskey, untouched. He has frequently told me how much he enjoyed it. I regret I do not remember this officer's name. He was so nice to me and so faithful in executing the trust which I had reluctantly confided to him.

the boy, for when my brigade returned to Chaffin's Farm the men all called him a militia Major, and it nearly killed him. He wished a thousand times that the star had never been put on his coat collar.

In the spring of the year 1864 Butler made his appearance with a large army between Fortress Monroe and Richmond. Meade was superseded in chief command by General Grant.

Grant retained Meade as second in command, and the combination was a very strong one—Grant with his obstinacy in fighting, and Meade with his strategy. Meade had moved out his army into the southern part of Orange County, and General Lee met him at Mine Run. This was a pretty hard fight, without any special advantage to either side.

Then followed, between the 5th and 20th of May, the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania Courthouse. These were terrific battles. Lee had only a part of his army, most of Longstreet's forces being in North Carolina. Meade had more than three to one, and yet General Lee repulsed him, with heavy loss, in each fight.

While Grant was fighting these battles Sheridan made his famous raid on Richmond, and this was one of the raids that I was called from Chaffin's Farm to meet. Sheridan's cavalry had become a very formidable body. The Federal Cavalry for the first half of the war was of little use, but Sheridan's cavalry was composed of picked men from the whole army, and constituted a splendid body of horsemen.

"Jeb" Stuart immediately started out to intercept Sheridan, and in a very considerable fight at the Yellow Tavern he was mortally wounded, and died the next day at the home of his brother-in-law on Grace Street near Monroe, Richmond, Va.

My brigade in the meantime was in the trenches around Richmond—what was called the "outer fortifications." I was

ordered a mile or two up the Brook Turnpike to assist the cavalry in resisting this raid. I found a Colonel Wilson of North Carolina in command. I took command of the infantry and cavalry and formed my line of battle, with the cavalry on my left, and was just about to charge the enemy when General Braxton Bragg, then acting as military adviser to the President, sent a peremptory order to me to return to the fortifications. He was paralyzed with apprehension that Sheridan would get by me and into Richmond before he could be resisted. I was deeply mortified at being recalled, and felt confident that I could have captured the whole party. Indeed prisoners told me afterward that they were on the eve of surrendering, and were about to shoot their horses. When I retired Sheridan made his escape across the Chickahominy, at a ford defended by Colonel Robert Randolph, of Warrenton, who lost his life in a gallant defense of the crossing at that ford.

Poor General "Jeb" Stuart! What a magnificent man he was. He was the finest cavalry leader this continent ever saw. Forrest was his equal in fighting, and his equal in strategy, but was not his equal as an outpost commander. "Jeb" Stuart was the best "eyes and ears" that the army ever had. He has had no equal as a commander of cavalry since the field marshals of Napoleon. He was a warm, merry-hearted man, always ready to sing or dance or fight, and General Lee could not supply his place.

I returned to Chaffin's Farm. Butler was coming up the Peninsula with a large force. I was constantly called on from Richmond to report Butler's movements, and every day I had to send down my devoted and gallant Adjutant, Charlie Linthicum, to reconnoitre. It became evident that Grant would try to flank Lee and get into Richmond. This made it necessary for Lee to have all the troops which he could bring to his army. I was ordered to join him at Hanover Junction. My wife and

Eppa returned to Lynchburg. My good wife went without a murmur. She was a brave woman and well fitted for the wife of a soldier. Confederate money had depreciated to such an extent at that time that my pay would not support my wife, Eppa and myself. I had to draw rations partly in the army and partly in Lynchburg, and they lived on these rations. On one occasion they were reduced to a single beef bone. My wife put it on to boil for a pot of soup for dinner, and going out to visit a neighbor in the house left Eppa to mind the soup, with strict injunctions not to touch the pot; but boylike he thought he must stir the soup, and in doing so turned it over and spilled every drop. Their last chance for dinner was gone, and my wife did not have a mouthful, but she was able to give Eppa some bread and molasses.

CHAPTER VII.

I WENT to Hanover Junction on the 23rd of May, 1864, where I united with the balance of Pickett's Division, and joined the main army of General Lee. The 32nd Regiment had been from some cause assigned to my brigade, and the 18th to Corse's. At Hanover Junction the 32nd Regiment was returned to Corse and the 18th Regiment to me.

The 32nd was commanded by Colonel Edgar Montague, an uncle of our present Governor. He was a splendid soldier and splendid man, and while his regiment was very small it was composed of the very best material. We were sorry to part from the 32nd Regiment and its members sorry to leave us.

General Grant soon after our arrival at Hanover Junction made his appearance on the north side of the North Anna River. General Lee was prepared to meet him, but Grant made no fight at this point, but moved to Cold Harbor near our old battlefield of Gaines' Mill.

On the 3rd of June, 1864, the battle of second Cold Harbor was fought. It was one of the bloodiest and hardest fought battles of the war. The Federal loss was 13,000; General Lee's loss was 1,000. This loss of Grant's was incurred in distinct and separate charges of different corps. He became impatient and ordered a general charge along the whole line. His soldiers with one accord refused to make the charge. I have never seen dead bodies lay as thick as in front of our breast-works at second Cold Harbor. I got into a terrible place there. My brigade was ordered to send its smallest regiment to fill up a space in the line, and to hold the rest in reserve. Being held in reserve always means trouble. You are sure to be sent to the worst place along

the line. Accordingly, in a short time I was ordered down to the right, some half a mile or three-quarters. The enemy had occupied a swamp which crossed our line of entrenchments some hundred yards wide. They enfiladed our line and killed a good many of our men. I was ordered to protect that part of the line. When I reached there I found General Clingman, of North Carolina, occupying the line to the right of this swamp, but not up to it. I filled up that gap with my brigade, and the balance I formed at right angles down this swamp. My men were picked off by sharp-shooters from two directions. General Clingman sent word to General Hoke, who was in command of that part of the line, that if he did not drive the enemy from his front he would vacate the line. General Hoke sent word to me to drive the enemy from Clingman's front. I replied that I would not do it; that I would unite with Clingman in a common movement and drive the enemy from his front and mine. General Hoke then sent me word to arrange for a joint movement with Clingman, and drive the enemy away. Clingman's line was protected from sharp-shooters by *traverses*. I sent my dear friend and gallant Adjutant Charlie Linthicum, to Clingman to arrange for this joint assault on the enemy. In going around one of these *traverses* he was shot through the head and instantly killed.

How I deplored his loss! I never supplied his place. He was the best Adjutant-General in the Army of Northern Virginia. Captain Ed. Fitzhugh succeeded him.

I abandoned this joint movement with Clingman and went down to see General Hoke on my left about three hundred yards. My men were falling all around me. I never made better speed in my life. I arranged with General Hoke that he should send out a strong skirmish line and attack the enemy in this swamp, on its right flank, and that I would detail every other man of my

brigade, who would unite in this attack upon their position upon hearing his guns. This was executed splendidly and we got rid of the sharp-shooters in the swamp. That night I received orders from Hoke that upon hearing from Clingman before day the next morning, we were to vacate that line and retire to a line that had been constructed in the rear. I waited most anxiously for an hour or two before day for the message from Clingman. I at last discovered the first streaks of dawn, and hearing nothing from Clingman I sent to him to know if it was not time for him to move. To my surprise and indignation he had vacated the line and retired without notifying me, leaving our whole front open to the enemy. I retired my brigade quietly and safely back to the new line. It was reported, and I expect truly, that when General Grant's men refused to make the general charge, he reported to Lincoln that his men had refused to fight and he must treat for peace. Swinton, the army correspondent of Grant's Army, was called in to write a peace preparatory to a treaty of peace. Before this was done Lincoln determined that he would off-set Lee's victories with Johnston's defeats in Georgia. I don't know that this is true, but it was told by an army officer to General Heth not very long after the war.

General Lee expected to fight Grant at Malvern Hill and gathered his army there. He had sent most of his cavalry around to Petersburg and could not at that time get information of the movements of Grant. It was said that General Lee was in a furious passion—one of the few times during the war. When he did get mad he was mad all over. He was mad because he could not find out what Grant was doing. He was soon informed, however, that Grant had crossed the James River and was marching on Petersburg, and that Beauregard, who had been defending the line between Richmond and Petersburg

against the advance of General Butler, had abandoned his lines, and hastened to the defense of Petersburg.

On the 16th of June, 1864, General Pickett was ordered to march his division as rapidly as possible to save Drewry's Bluff. This was across the James River from Chaffin's Farm, and I was familiar with all the byroads, etc. I was ordered to take the lead and go through woods and cross the country without regard to roads, and get to Drewry's Bluff as soon as possible. I think my march on that occasion was the fastest on record. We crossed the James River on a pontoon bridge, and found Drewry's Bluff safe. We marched on down the Richmond and Petersburg Turnpike a mile or two below Drewry's Bluff where we struck the enemy.

General Butler in the meantime had taken possession of Beauregard's abandoned works and turned them on us. I was in front and when I struck the enemy, I ordered my brigade to left-face and charge. I have never seen anything done so handsomely. We drove the enemy past Beauregard's abandoned works, and in their own line, and turned our works upon them.

The other brigades of the division followed mine, and they fought on my right and left, and before night we had recaptured the whole of Beauregard's abandoned line.

General Lee was perfectly delighted at our success, and published the only undignified order that he ever issued, in the following words:

"Cult's House, 5-1/2 P. M.
17 June, 1864.

Lieutenant-General R. H. Anderson,
Commanding Longstreet's Corps.

General:

I take great pleasure in presenting to you my congratulations upon the conduct of the men of your corps. I believe that they

will carry anything they are put against. We tried very hard to stop Pickett's men from capturing the breast-works of the enemy, but could not do it. I hope his loss has been small.

I am, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General."

Major Drewry, a prominent citizen of the neighborhood, witnessed the charge of my brigade on that occasion and never ceases to speak of it wherever he sees me. He said that every man in my brigade seemed to know his duty—exactly what to do—and did it with a gallantry he had never seen equalled.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE remained in this fortified line for a long time. General Butler's troops were opposed to us. Our skirmish lines were within 35 yards of each other at one time, and dear old General Lee rode around the lines with me on one occasion, and said, "Who are those people out yonder?" I said it was the Yankee skirmish line. He said, "What are they doing there? We are in the habit of believing this country belongs to us. Drive them away, sir; drive them away." I told him, "All right." That night I made a night-attack on their skirmish line and did drive it away, some distance back.

In the meantime Grant laid siege to Petersburg, and while he was not a brilliant military man, he was the first to conceive the best mode of subjugating the South. He saw that we could not supply the loss of our men, while he could get recruits to any number. He, therefore, determined that he would wear Lee out by attrition, and if he lost ten men to Lee's one, he saw that the end was certain, and that Lee must eventually surrender. Acting on this idea, he extended his line until General Lee's line became so thin it was hardly able to resist attack. General Lee's line at this time extended from in front of Richmond beyond Petersburg—a distance of nearly 35 miles.

Three brigades of Pickett's Division, which had been relieved by Mahone, were on the south side of James River; while my brigade returned to the north side. In March, 1865, General Lee had 35,000 men, and Grant about 150,000. Pickett was ordered to Five Forks to meet the extended line of General Grant. I was ordered to report to General Lee on Hatcher's Run. General Pickett had a good force of infantry and Fitz-

hugh Lee's and William H. F. Lee's cavalry. He drove the enemy back to Dinwiddie Courthouse.

While Pickett was fighting near Dinwiddie Courthouse, on March 31, 1865, I, with two other small brigades was ordered out on the road which led to Five Forks, with the view of keeping communication with Pickett open. We had hardly formed our line of battle when a division of Warren's Fifth corps marched upon us. We had no orders to attack, and my idea was to hold our ground and receive the attack from the enemy; but a Lieutenant in the 18th Regiment named Holland who had been promoted for gallantry, rushed out in front of his company and waving his sword said, "Follow me, boys!" This was all the order that the three brigades had to charge, but they did charge, in magnificent style, and drove this division back to Gravelly Run, nearly a mile.

I think every man in my brigade acted heroically in that charge, only a short time before the surrender. As we were driving the enemy, Captain E. C. Fitzhugh, my Adjutant, who had succeeded poor Linthicum, was struck in the forehead and down he fell. Colonel Green, of the 56th Regiment, said, "Poor Fitz! Forward, Boys!" and on we went; but not long afterwards we were joined by Fitzhugh, who was only stunned, and he continued in the charge.

General Lee was delighted at our success and sent word to me to hold my position, if possible, and sent Wise's brigade to extend my line on the left.

Warren sent out another division. I ordered my men to hold their fire until they came close. The order was obeyed, and when we opened upon this fresh division, the line of the enemy gave way and one-third of them broke and ran. The other two-thirds stood under fire, reorganized their line, and

charged us with great gallantry. If we had not retired in great haste all of us would have been captured. I have rarely seen more gallantry than was displayed by Warren's division on that occasion.

We went back to the fortifications at Hatcher's Run. I had three bullet holes through my clothes in the fight. One bullet went through my flannel shirt. Its direction was changed by my sword belt which it pierced. Another struck my scabbard and bent it nearly double. When I reported to General Lee, he looked at my clothes all torn by the bullets, and said: "I wish you would sew those places up. I don't like to see them." I said, "General Lee, allow me to go back home and see my wife and I will have them sewed up." He said, "The idea of talking about going to see wives; it is perfectly ridiculous, sir"; and was rather amused at it.*

Pickett was driven back from Dinwiddie Courthouse to Five Forks. Sheridan was reinforced by Warren's corps which I had intercepted, and Pickett suffered a terrible repulse. His command was all scattered in every direction. I was ordered by General Lee to go to his support, and to cross the fields, without regard to roads. He furnished me with a guide. We made a very rapid march. When I reached the rear of Pickett's posi-

*Dr. Mason Graham Ellzey, my father's brigade surgeon, thus speaks of him on the retreat, in his unpublished book, "The Cause We Lost and the Land We Love":

"Just then our Brigade came in flushed with victory, and marching in proud array, that other grand man and war-seasoned soldier, General Eppa Hunton, riding at their head his old war steed which had borne him on so many hard fought fields; the General's coat ripped across the breast and shoulder by a fragment of shell, and the scabbard of his sword bent nearly double by a minnie ball; the joy of battle lighting his noble countenance, he too appeared, as he was, one of the noblest and grandest of men."

tion at Five Forks—I could not hear where Pickett or his men were, but I did meet with some portion of Fitz Lee's cavalry. I was joined that night by Bushrod Johnson with two brigades, and we were under his command. He was a Major General.*

The next day we heard the melancholy news that Petersburg and Richmond had been evacuated, and we began the mournful retreat towards Appomattox Courthouse. Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry was with us. It was several days before I met with and joined Pickett's Division. The enemy pressed us very hard, and once, at least, I had to form line with my brigade for the cavalry to reorganize behind it. Bushrod Johnson became demoralized, and I told Fitzhugh Lee that he must take command of the cavalry and infantry or we would all be captured. Lee did so and conducted the retreat very well.

*This interesting incident occurred during the retreat. General G. W. C. Lee was President Davis' military aide during most of the war. He was very restless in this position and anxious to be in the field, and it is said that he only remained with Mr. Davis because his father urged him to do so. However, a short time before the end he resigned his position and went into the field. During the retreat it happened that his brigade and my father's were close to each other and there were no other troops near. General Lee, who was a major general, when he learned that these two brigades were the only troops in that section, sought my father and said, "General Hunton, you and I are the only generals here, but I outrank you and am entitled to the command of these troops; but it would be absurd for me with my limited experience in the field to be your superior officer, with your experience and brilliant and splendid record during the entire war, and I insist upon your taking command of both brigades." My father of course declined to do as General Lee requested him. The incident, however, shows the inherent modesty, generosity and chivalry of this knightly gentleman and gallant soldier who bore himself superbly while in command of a brigade for a short time before the end came. It is the universal belief of General Lee's friends that if he had not yielded to his sense of duty and remained with Mr. Davis he would have made a brilliant record, a record commensurate with the promise he gave when he graduated first in his class at West Point.

We came to a very deep stream, with a bridge across it, the enemy pressing us very hard. I was ordered by General Fitzhugh Lee to hold the enemy until all the command (both infantry and cavalry) had passed over the bridge, and when I attempted to cross, I had to fight on three sides. I had flankers out on each side, and a skirmish line in the rear.

Captain Charles U. Williams, who was on General Corse's Staff, witnessed this crossing, and he never ceased to talk about it. He said that I formed a hollow square and crossed the bridge in that formation, fighting on four sides.*

We united with Pickett's Division and marched on towards Appomattox. At Sailor's Creek we were guarding a wagon train, and on the other side of the creek Colonel Huger had been attacked and lost some of his artillery. Pickett's Division was ordered across the creek to recapture this artillery. We did recapture a portion of it, and formed our line of battle to resist Custer's cavalry. Custer made very many gallant charges upon our line with his cavalry, but we had no trouble in repelling them. But every time we would face to the right and resume our retreat, Custer would charge us, and we would have to

*During this retreat an incident happened which General Mat Ransom, who for many years was U. S. Senator from North Carolina, used frequently to relate:

He, General Wise, my father and possibly others, were watering their horses at a trough and General Wise began to criticize General Lee for not ending the war, the result of which he said was inevitable, and could only result in the further sacrifice of life. He finally said that General Lee would be guilty of the murder of every soldier, who, after that time, was killed. General Ransom said my father rose in his stirrups and said, "General Wise, you are a damned traitor." General Ransom said he expected pistols to be drawn at once and the firing to begin, but that to his infinite surprise and pleasure General Wise turned to him with a smile, and said, "Ransom, all the damned fools have not been killed yet." The jesting manner in which General Wise dealt with the matter ended pleasantly what at one time promised to be serious.

turn and fight. This was done that the infantry might surround us.

My line was very thin—a single line—and the men not very near together. My dear and gallant friend General Terry rode up and asked me to lend him a regiment to extend his line. I told him I could not spare one. He said if he did not get a regiment he would be flanked. I sent him the 8th Regiment—the smallest I had—and had to increase the space between my soldiers to fill up the gap left.

While we were fighting General Custer, I reported to General Pickett and to General Anderson that the enemy were surrounding us with infantry—I caught the gleam of their bayonets through a gap in the woods. When it was too late, General Anderson issued the order to Pickett, that his men should cut their way out the best they could; but every time we attempted to move forward Custer would charge, and we would have to turn and fight.

While this was going on, some six or eight troopers of Custer's had gotten in our rear. They made a charge on our line. This charge happened to be where General Pickett and his Staff were located, on horse-back. They all ducked their heads down by their horses' necks and galloped ingloriously to the rear. Gallant General Corse, who was always ready on such an occasion, faced one of his companies to the rear and killed the last man of them.*

*General Fitz Lee, without knowing that I had heard this story from my father, told me of the incident and that he had ordered General Corse to about-face one of his companies and fire on them.

Judge Wallace of Fredericksburg, without knowing that I had heard the story before, told me again of the occurrence, and said he was one of the squad of Corse's Brigade which fired upon Custer's men and emptied every saddle.

I saw no more of Pickett until long after the war.

Very soon, the enemy's infantry appeared in our rear, and my gallant brigade, fighting front and rear, was compelled to surrender; and to show the splendid metal of my dear soldiers, most of them broke their guns rather than surrender them. I surrendered to one of Custer's Staff officers, and when he demanded my sword I threw it as far as I could into the sassafras bushes. It may be in that spot today. This Staff officer, whose name I do not recall (I wish I could), ordered me to double-quick to the rear. I told him I could not. I was too ill and exhausted to be able to double-quick. He said, "You must." I said I would not, that I could not double-quick if my life depended on it. He said, "Well, I only wanted to get you out of the range of these stray bullets that are flying over the field. I don't want you to be killed while a prisoner in my hands." I told him it was very kind of him, but I could not do it. Just then one of the Federal soldiers passed by on an old Confederate horse—the hardest looking animal you can possibly imagine—as poor as a snake—with a blind bridle on and an old saddle without a girth. The Staff officer dismounted the Federal soldier, put me on the horse, and in that condition I went to the rear. Soon afterwards Colonel Huger was brought up, and this Staff officer turned us over to two soldiers, and told them that we were not to be restrained in anything except a desire to escape.

It was a very cold night—although on the 6th of April—and Huger and myself went down to where the balance of the brigade was, to share a blanket with some of the soldiers. Soon after getting there, General Custer sent for me and for Colonel Huger. We went to his headquarters. He had heard that I was sick. I had chronic diarrhea and had been ordered by my

brigade surgeon to leave the army on sick leave. This with my fistula made my time hard indeed, and when I was captured, I took it for granted, if sent to prison, I would die. General Custer, upon hearing that I was sick, sent his physician to me with a bottle of imported French brandy, and furnished me with a hair mattress to sleep on. He was as kind as a man could be, and I shall never forget his generous treatment.*

Thus ended my military career—on the 6th day of April, 1865, three days before the end came at Appomattox. I had been in command of the 8th Regiment, and successively Pickett's Brigade, Garnett's Brigade and my brigade (named after its several commanders), and no man in the army ever had a better brigade than mine was.

At the same time, on this memorable 6th of April, 1865, Ewell's corps also was captured with, I think, seven general officers,† very many subordinate officers and a very large number of privates. The next day we were sent to Nottoway Junction—the junction of the Richmond and Danville and Norfolk and Western Roads. It was snowing, although the 7th of April. We were conducted to a big log fire at General Grant's headquarters. Grant was at the front, but quite a number of his

*My father was elected to Congress in 1872, and took his seat in 1873, and was appointed a member of the Committee on Military Affairs. Charges were brought against General Custer, the nature of which I do not recall; but I know my father thought they were inspired by the fact that Custer was a Democrat. The charges were referred to the Military Committee. He put his defense and all his papers in my father's keeping. I never saw him more deeply and earnestly interested than in Custer's defense. I think nothing came of the investigation and that the charges were never pressed.

†Lt. Gen. Richard S. Ewell, Maj. Gen. Joseph B. Kershaw, Maj. Gen. G. W. C. Lee, Brig. Gen. Eppa Hunton, Brig. Gen. Seth W. Barton, Brig. Gen. Dudley M. Du Bose, Brig. Gen. Montgomery D. Corse.

staff officers were present. We had not been there long before hot whiskey punch was handed around. At night a residence in the little village was taken by one of Grant's staff officers and all the captured general officers were sent to this house for the night. I found the house was occupied by Withers Waller, a very old and intimate friend of mine from Stafford County, who had refugeed with his family to this point.

The next day we started for City Point. The general officers were provided with ambulances, but we had very often to get out and walk and let the foot-sore soldiers and subordinate officers ride. It was a weary, doleful, mournful march. General Ewell was the ranking officer in this group of those who were captured. We had not gone very far before we were halted by a squad of Grant's army, in which Ewell met some of his West Point acquaintances of the Federal army. He seemed bent on making himself popular with them. He told the officer he was talking with, that our troops had devastated Yankee territory more than the Yankees had devastated ours. I said, "General Ewell, you know that is not true. Will you tell me what Yankee territory we devastated more than the Valley of Virginia was devastated by the Federal forces?" He turned off without a reply. The next squad we met General Ewell told them that he admitted that our government had been cruel to the Yankee prisoners. I told him that he knew that was not true; that while Yankee prisoners had fared very badly at our hands, they fared just as well as our own soldiers; that we had called upon the Federal Government over and over again to exchange them. The fact that they were prisoners on our hands was due to the refusal of the Federal Government to exchange prisoners. It was a part of Grant's policy to keep out of the Confederate army every man that he could. I was very

indignant with General Ewell. He was thoroughly whipped and seemed to be dreadfully demoralized.

While we were making our dreary march towards Petersburg, the melancholy news reached us early on the 10th of April that General Lee had surrendered on the 9th, at Appomattox.

It is impossible for me to describe my feelings. I rejoice that I was not at Appomattox and did not see dear old General Lee riding through the ranks of his soldiers after the surrender, with tears streaming down his cheeks; it would almost have killed me.

There, upon that field at Appomattox, the Star of the Confederacy set forever.

General Pickett had lost cast entirely with General Lee. I cannot tell exactly what the trouble was. It is reported that he abused and criticized General Lee on the retreat for not surrendering, and condemned him severely for continuing the war. I cannot say that this is true, or whether General Lee was visiting discipline upon Pickett for his loss of Five Forks and Sailor's Creek; but he unquestionably relieved Pickett from duty with the Army of Northern Virginia, and ordered him to report to President Davis wherever he could find him. Davis at that time, with his cabinet, was on retreat through lower Virginia, or North Carolina.

I never heard of this dismissal of Pickett for twenty-five years after the war, and when I did hear of it I did not believe it. I mentioned the matter to General Fitz Lee last year [1903] and gave him the source of my information. He had never heard of it, and said he did not believe it. I said, "General, you can find out whether it is true or not, by writing to Walter Taylor, General Lee's Adjutant-General, and tell him exactly what I

have told you, and ask him if it is true." General Lee told me he did write the letter, and that Walter Taylor replied that what I had told him was exactly true.* It is very curious that Pickett should go down in history as the hero of Gettysburg, and finally lose his reputation to such an extent as to be dismissed from the army.

Pickett was a gallant man. Up to the time he was married, I had the utmost confidence in his gallantry, but I believe that no man who married during the war was as good a soldier after, as before marriage. It was a singular fact, because those men who came into the war as married men were as good soldiers as the single ones, but marriage during the war seemed to demoralize them.

I first heard of this dismissal of Pickett from Colonel Mosby,

*Colonel Taylor, in his reply to General Lee's letter, stated that he wrote the order a few days before the surrender dismissing General Pickett from the Army of Northern Virginia and directing him to report to President Davis. Colonel Taylor also said in his letter that General R. E. Lee signed the order, but that in the confusion incident to the approaching surrender, he (Colonel Taylor) could not say with certainty that the order was ever delivered to General Pickett. General Fitz Lee brought Colonel Taylor's letter to my house and showed it to my father and my wife. Subsequently he brought it to my office and showed it to me.

Colonel Mosby, in a newspaper interview, gave an account of a visit of General Pickett to General Lee on the 8th of March, 1870. Colonel Mosby says on that date he unexpectedly met General Lee and his daughter, Miss Agnes, at the Exchange & Ballard House, and he went to General Lee's room and chatted with him for some time. After he left General Lee he met General Pickett in the Hotel and told him that he was just from General Lee's room. General Pickett said "if I would go with him, he would call and pay his respects to General Lee, but that he did not want to be alone with him." Colonel Mosby consented to go with General Pickett, although he had just come from General Lee's room. Colonel Mosby says the meeting between the two Generals "was cold and formal—both were under constraint." These statements and the quotations are from a letter of Colonel Mosby to me dated March 25th, 1911.

who had just returned from Charlottesville to Warrenton. He said Colonel Venable, one of the professors at the University and who was on General Lee's staff, told him of it, and said he saw the order of General Lee dismissing Pickett. The late Norman Randolph, of Richmond, told me that he knew it to be a fact; and this was confirmed by Walter Taylor's letter to General Fitz Lee. It seems to me that it is an indisputable fact; and yet how few people know it at this day.

I went on with the other prisoners and reached Petersburg. While there, sitting in the ambulance, a Federal officer rode up, followed by a courier with a led horse. The officer rode to the ambulance and asked if General Custis Lee was there. I said yes, and pointed to him. The officer said, "General Lee, I am directed to inform you that your mother is dying in Richmond; I have brought you your parole and you are ordered to mount this horse and go to her immediately." Custis Lee was unselfish and generous-hearted. He said he could not leave his fellow prisoners, but must share the hardships of their prison life with them. We said to him at once, "General, don't hesitate to leave us. Go to your ill mother." He finally mounted the horse and went to his mother, saying that he would join us as soon as his mother was better. It turned out that his mother was not more indisposed than usual, and that it was a generous device on the part of some of his old army friends and West Point classmates to avoid sending him to prison.

I was sick with chronic diarrhea and suffering from fistula, and also sick at heart over the failure of the dear lost cause. We reached City Point and were put on board a vessel for Washington. General Ewell had provided himself with five or six hundred dollars in gold, and had it about him at the time. He knew I was sick. I had to lie down on the floor

where the Yankee guard had spit their tobacco juice, and eat the rations, sick as I was. General Ewell went to the table and slept in a bed, and never offered to help me at all. This was the more remarkable because he and I had known each other almost from my boyhood. In the early part of the war he had been kind to me. He was a splendid soldier until he lost his leg, and married his wife. I don't think he was valuable afterwards. He seemed to be possessed with the idea that the property of his wife "Mrs. Brown," would be confiscated. It was very large.

We started for Washington. On the way up the river, a stranger came to me and said, "I understand you are sick and without money." I told him that unfortunately both were true. He pulled out three ten dollar greenbacks, gave me one, another sick man one, and kept one himself. This was Major (I regret I have forgotten his name) of Missouri. He was a Quartermaster in the Army. After the war was over I made every effort to find out where he was, that I might return the ten dollars. At the White Sulphur Springs on one occasion I related the circumstances to Dr. Carter, of Clarke County, and said I would give anything if I could find that man. He said "He lived in my neighborhood, in Clarke County." He had married at the Tuilleries, in Clarke, had settled in Clarke County after the war and was dead. I gave Dr. Carter the ten dollars and requested him to pay it over to the poorest member of the family.

When we reached Washington, we were taken to the Provost-Marshal's office. I asked permission to go out and get some medicine. The Provost called one of his guard and told him to go with me. We got the medicine and the guard wanted me to go into every drinking establishment he could find. He

wanted to exhibit a Rebel Brigadier prisoner. I returned to the office and found a very fine lunch set out for the prisoners. Mrs. Bryant, the mother of Herbert Bryant of Alexandria, who was on General Corse's staff, came in. She thought her son was captured, and had brought him clothes and money. Herbert was not captured. He had made his escape, and she divided the clothes and money among his friends. I got, I think, five dollars, and with that and the ten dollars above mentioned, I felt I was beginning to get rich.

We left Washington for Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, that night at dusk, and Lincoln was assassinated the same night at half-past nine o'clock. The news met us as we were crossing Jersey ferry. General B. F. Butler was reading a paper in mourning. I asked what it meant, and was informed that Lincoln had been assassinated the night before. The officer who had charge of the prisoners—thirteen general officers of the Confederate Army—was a first-rate man. He gave us a fine breakfast in New York. We started for Boston. At every depot an effort was made to raise a mob to hang us. One man jumped on the train, and rode sixty miles, just to jump out at every station and cry "Hang them." If it had not been for my wife and son, I would not have cared very much if they had hung me. When we were approaching Boston, the officer in charge of us, feeling apprehensive of our safety, telegraphed ahead to have hacks in readiness, and we were rushed into these hacks and driven at full speed to the wharf, where we took a boat and were landed at Fort Warren.

CHAPTER IX.

THE death of Lincoln was a further blow to the South. He was essentially a vulgar-minded man, but a man of great ability and great kindness of heart. If he had lived he would have been able to control and would have controlled to some extent the hostile sentiment of the North, and reconstruction would have been comparatively easy. He was succeeded by Andrew Johnson, the Vice-President, from Tennessee.

Johnson was suspected (improperly), of complicity in the assassination of Lincoln. In order to show that he had no sympathy with Lincoln's assassins, during the first years of his administration, he did everything in his power (to use his own words), "to make treason odious, and to punish traitors," and intensified the Northern mind in its hatred of the South.

Booth, the assassin of Lincoln, was an ardent and fanatical friend of the South. He had with great deliberation formed a plan to abduct President Lincoln and deliver him into the hands of President Davis. This plan was made abortive by the surrender of General Lee, and then it was that he formed the sudden resolve to assassinate him. He was pursued (with a broken leg) across the river into Caroline County, Virginia, and was shot and killed in a barn. Mrs. Surratt was charged with complicity in the assassination. This was wholly unjust. She had a hand in the plan to abduct him, but only to the extent of allowing the conspirators to meet in her house. She knew nothing of the plan to assassinate the President, but was tried by a court-martial, and on the flimsiest sort of evidence was condemned and executed, together with the male conspirators who had been captured. This execution of an innocent

woman will always be a blot upon the Government of the United States.

I was in prison, sick, and had abundant time to look back over the past four years. Just four years before I had gone into the Confederate Army with the highest hopes of success. We had wonderful success on the field of battle. We had won the two battles at Manassas, Ball's Bluff, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Frazier's Farm, the Wilderness, Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania Courthouse, first and second Cold Harbor, the fights below the Howlett House—down to the siege of Petersburg.

The battle of Gettysburg was a failure; the battle of Seven Pines was hardly a success; the battle of Sharpsburg was pretty much of a drawn battle. Notwithstanding these brilliant successes of the Army of Northern Virginia, the resources of the South had given out. Our soldiers were bare-footed, almost naked, and almost starved. General Grant when he found that he could not meet Lee with success in the open field, determined upon the very best course to end the war. He was a man without any brilliant military attainments, but essentially a man of hard, common, practical sense. He saw that he could lose ten men to Lee's one, and still succeed. His losses could be supplied not only from the populous North, but from the world at large. General Lee's army had exhausted the resources (both in men and supplies) of the Confederacy. We had been many times charged in northern papers with "robbing the cradle and the grave" to fill our army.

General Grant, therefore, determined upon the tactics of attrition to wear Lee out. It proved to be successful, and the Star of the Confederate States went down at Appomattox.

General Lee and Jackson, as I have said, formed the best

combination of a great commander and his right-hand that the world ever saw. He had very many other valuable officers under him. Longstreet, who ranked by seniority General Jackson, I must believe from the evidence, lost the battle of Gettysburg and the independence of the Confederacy. Before Gettysburg, and after, he rendered most valuable and brilliant service in the Army of Northern Virginia.

Soon after the war Longstreet went into the Republican party, and turned his back on all his old friends of the Confederacy. This has produced a great prejudice against him in the South, and he will not be mourned as much as other Confederate Generals.

He was always kind to me. I was in his command throughout the entire war. I never received a harsh word from him, but very many acts of kindness. I shall *strive*, therefore, to think of him with kindness. He died at the very last of the year 1903.

General John B. Gordon, in my opinion, ranked in brilliant service in the Infantry next to Jackson. He was one of the most brilliant men in battle that General Lee had in his army. He was always ready for a fight and always conducted it with great ability, and most always with success. It is unquestionable, as I have said before, that if he had been allowed by Ewell to carry on his attack on the first day at Gettysburg, he would have driven the Federal Army from Cemetery Ridge and Gettysburg would have been won.

General Ewell was a Lieutenant-General. He was a graduate of West Point, and a native of Prince William County, Virginia. He rendered valuable service to the army up to and including the second battle of Manassas, where he lost his leg. He was nursed by Mrs. Brown, of Tennessee, who had been

his early love. They renewed their courtship and were married. She was a woman of very large fortune.

I would like to speak of other officers in General Lee's army, but it would consume too much space. But there never was an army in the history of the world that was so well officered, or composed of such gallant, splendid material in the ranks.

I felt very gloomy in prison. For some time I did not hear from my wife. I believed she was in Lynchburg without a dollar except Confederate money. I felt exceedingly anxious to get out of prison and go to work to support my wife and educate and raise my son. When the war began I collected all the money I could that was due me, and invested it in Virginia State Bonds, and gave them to my wife for safe-keeping. On my last visit to her in Lynchburg the winter of 1864-65, I said to her "if the worst came we had those Virginia Bonds," and to my deep regret she said that she had traded them for Confederate Bonds. This was the last property we possessed: but I knew she had done it for the best, and did not make any comment upon it.

Major General John W. Turner, of the Federal Army, and myself had been opposite to and fighting each other for months, below the Howlett House. We knew each other, though we had never met. He was the first Federal officer to go into Lynchburg after the surrender of General Lee. As soon as he heard that my wife and son were in the town and in very destitute circumstances, he sent one of his staff officers to my wife to tender to her General Turner's purse and his services. I had then been captured and the only information my wife had of me was a statement published in some newspaper that I had been wounded, probably mortally, and captured. I was ill, but had not been wounded. She was a thoroughly loyal

Confederate, as were almost all the women of the South, and was at that time especially bitter to the Yankees, and sent General Turner a curt refusal to accept his offer, and to others said that she and her son would starve before she would accept assistance from him. I was delighted at the spirit she showed, but felt very grateful to General Turner for his magnanimity. After years of inquiry, I found out where he was and wrote him the nicest letter I could frame, to which he replied in very pleasant terms.

I could not hear from my wife for some time after reaching Fort Warren, nor did she hear from me. We wrote frequently, but the Confederate mail routes had been discontinued and those of the U. S. Government had not been established. My wife had united herself to the Episcopal Church during the war and was very much attached to her minister in Lynchburg, Mr. Kinkle. He was a most excellent man and an ardent Confederate. He soon, however, introduced into his service the prayer for the President of the United States. When this prayer was used, my wife and son always rose from their knees—they were not then and never were reconstructed.

The banks of Lynchburg on the approach of the Federal Army, after the surrender of General Lee, loaned out their gold to people of character without security, taking notes from the borrowers. My wife through Mr. James H. Reid (our faithful friend) obtained a loan of \$50.00. On this she lived until relief came.

As soon as it was practicable, my brother Silas went to Lynchburg and took my wife and son to the home of my sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Morehead, in Culpeper County. She was the wife of Lieutenant Morehead of the Confederate Cavalry, who commanded his company at the battle of Ball's Bluff. They re-

mained, with my sister and my mother and my single sister Mary Brent, until I was released from prison.*

*Our trip from Lynchburg to Culpeper was quite remarkable. Our party consisted of my Uncle Silas, my mother and myself, and two faithful slaves, one with an infant in arms. We left Lynchburg in a train and went as far as Tye River. The bridge over this stream had been destroyed. We disembarked and went down a precipitous embankment and were ferried across the river. There we found a hand car. There were two partitions put across the middle of it, forming a stall. The passengers were put in front of this stall, the baggage behind it. We had no idea what the stall was for, but we soon discovered. The baggage and passengers having been transferred across the stream, a mule was hitched to the car and we were pulled as long as we were on an upgrade. When we reached a downgrade we stopped and the mule was put into the stall in the car and we proceeded by gravity, making much better time than when the mule was pulling us. We reached North Garden (I think it was) about night-fall, and the railroad was in operation no further. My Uncle Silas arranged for us to spend the night at a farm house and hired a farm wagon to take us to Charlottesville, which we reached the next day, and, worn out with our trip, went to a hotel to rest before resuming our journey. We had hardly gotten ready to go to bed before Major George Jones, who was on my father's staff, having learned we were there, came in to see us and insisted we should go with him to his home and rest. This we did, and I shall never forget my impression of the luxury of this home. Major Jones was a hospitable and splendid man, and he and my father were devoted to each other. In a day or two we resumed our journey. The bridge over the Rivanna River was gone and Major Jones drove us across the river, which was fordable, where we found a train upon which we embarked. Its progress was very slow, and frequently it became necessary to stop the train and dig the grass out of the tracks. I have forgotten how far we went by train, but it stopped some time before we reached Culpeper Court House, and we were compelled to take a hand car again. While we were on the latter a terrific rain came up from which we had no protection and we were all drenched, but we reached Culpeper that night. We were, I think, the first after the war to attempt the trip north from Lynchburg, and I feel that a brief account of it will give an idea of the conditions of the time, and its hardships.

There was but one other party who left Lynchburg on this trip with us. It was a family who had relatives in the north whom they were going to

I soon heard in prison that my splendid war horse "Morgan," had been saved, and was carried by Captain Fitzhugh of my Staff, to my brother James, near the Warrenton Junction, in Fauquier County. He was one of the finest horses I have ever seen; was well known in the army; was stolen twice and recognized by my friends, and brought back.

Our mess at Fort Warren consisted of seven: General Ewell; General Kershaw; General Corse; General Barton; General Wilson; General DuBose and myself. Six other prisoners (among them General Cabell, of Arkansas, but a native of Virginia) were there, and had access to our room. One day I was asleep on my bed in my room, when I was aroused by an unusual commotion, and found that the twelve Confederate officers were holding a meeting. I inquired what it meant and was surprised and indignant to learn that it was a meeting called by General Ewell to declare by resolution that they had no complicity in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln and deplored the act. I was very much excited about it, and opposed to it with all my might. I asked them if they thought it becoming for thirteen gentlemen who were thought worthy to wear the stars of general officers of the Confederate Army to declare to the world that they were not assassins. By great exertions, and the efforts of several who came to my aid, the resolution was defeated. I asked General Ewell where the leg he lost at second Manassas was buried; that I wished to pay honor to

see. I either never knew or had forgotten their names. When I was at the University of Virginia a number of us had gathered in Charlie Slaughter's room, and for some reason I gave an account of this trip. In the midst of my account Charlie Slaughter jumped up and exclaimed that his father and mother and himself, and probably others, constituted the other party on this trip, and that he had frequently wondered who his traveling companions were.

that leg, for I had none to pay to the rest of his body. He replied that he didn't know where it was.

(The gallant General John B. Gordon died suddenly and unexpectedly the first of the year 1904. He was to be buried in Atlanta this very day (January 13, 1904). The whole Southland is in grief over his death. I feel deeply distressed. I loved John Gordon, and the people all loved him. He was one of the most magnetic men I ever met. He was twice elected Governor of Georgia, and twice elected to the Senate of the United States. I served with him a portion of his last term. He was a fine orator, a good friend, a true patriot, and a good man in every respect.)

To resume my narrative, I begun to improve at Fort Warren. The change of climate and of diet acted very beneficially upon my constitution. My chronic diarrhea was getting well and I begun to increase in weight. Two families in Boston were exceedingly kind to us—one of them (Clifford by name) sent us something to eat two or three times a week. I regret I have forgotten Mr. Clifford's first name. He had a daughter who frequently visited in Richmond before the war. The whole family earnestly sympathized with the South and were just as kind to us as it was possible to be. The other family was that of Dr. Salter. His wife was a sister of Colonel Joseph C. Ives, who was on Mr. Davis' Staff. Soon after getting into communication with Clifford, we received mysteriously a letter with a fictitious signature. It expressed the kindest feelings to us. We called a council to prepare a reply and to decide how it should be addressed. This reply somehow reached the Salters and they were very kind to us during our imprisonment. After being in Fort Warren for sometime, we received a letter from a little daughter of the Salter family, in which she addressed us as her "dear Rebel friends," and said, "I am going down

the Bay on Thursday, and shall look out for my Rebel friends at Fort Warren and wave my handkerchief to them; and oh, if I could only take you all aboard and carry you with me to liberty, how happy I would be." When Thursday came we spent the day upon the ramparts watching every vessel that passed down the harbor. Toward the close of the afternoon, we spied a vessel coming, and when opposite to us we saw the little handkerchief fluttering in the hands of the dear little child. We gave her as fine a "Rebel yell" as ever was heard. Each one of us took a copy of the letter.

I used to lie on my bed at Fort Warren and study law without any books. It was very curious to note how my professional knowledge came back to me. I think when I left the prison I was a better lawyer than when the war began.

Fort Warren was commanded by a Colonel Wilson (a North Carolinian) of the old army, who declined to resign and go to his State when she seceded. We never recognized him, but were on terms of very great kindness with the other officers of the Fort. The soldiers were all very kind to us. The first information we had of our release was when we heard a great noise in the soldiers' room (which was just above our casemate), when one of them exclaimed "Bully, Boys! The Rebel Generals are released."

The next morning we got a letter from Mr. Clifford, our Boston friend, in which he said that if our mess, consisting of the seven above-named, did not come to his house when we were released, he would take it almost as an insult. We accepted the invitation. When we reached the wharf to take the boat for Boston, we shook hands with everybody until we came to the Commander, Colonel Wilson, and skipped him. We were not willing to recognize a man who fought against his own State. We got to Mr. Clifford's about night, and were entertained in

the most hospitable manner. The seven Rebel Generals who went there occupied the whole house, and Clifford and his family went to a neighbor's to sleep. Several gentlemen who were sympathizers with the South, came in to see us. One in particular was very enthusiastic over us. He came in two or three times, and each time would shake hands all around, with both hands, and say "You don't look like bad men. I know you ain't bad men, and I wish to God you had succeeded, and if I could see General Lee I would be willing to lie down and die." This was strange language to hear in Boston.

The next morning our friend Clifford had two nice hacks at the door, and the seven released prisoners and Mr. Clifford filled them. He took us all around Boston and its suburbs. We went to the Elm Tree where Washington assumed command of the Continental Army. We went to Mt. Auburn, one of the handsomest cemeteries in the United States. We stopped to see our friends, the Salters. While there wine and cake were handed around, and a very handsome young lady—Miss Salter—who afterwards married the younger brother of Aleck Stevens, our Vice-President, asked me if I would drink a toast with her. I said, "Certainly." I was pretty thirsty and was willing to drink a toast with almost anybody—especially with this handsome young lady. She said, "Here's to Cousin Sally Ann." I said, "My dear Miss, I don't know your Cousin Sally Ann, but if she is a cousin of yours, here's to her." She laughed heartily and said, "You don't know Cousin Sally Ann?" I said, "No indeed." She laughed again and then said, "Don't you know 'C. S. A.'?" The whole thing dawned on me at once. "C. S. A." was the Confederate States Army. It was the plan adopted by our sympathizers in the North of drinking with safety to the Confederate States Army, and talking about the achievements of the Confederate States Army as Cousin Sally

Ann. We went into Mrs. Salter's chamber by invitation, and the walls were decorated with the photographs of Confederate Generals. This seemed strange in Boston. We returned and had a fine dinner at Mr. Clifford's, and then started for home, dear old Virginia for me!

I had transportation to Culpeper Courthouse, near which point my wife and son were staying. I shall never forget my feelings when I crossed the Long Bridge at Washington and breathed once more the air of my dear old native State. My horse "Morgan" was at my brother James' near the Warrenton Junction. I left the train at that point, went to my brother's and found that Morgan was barefooted. I had to wait until he was shod, and then started for my wife and son, against the earnest entreaty of my dear brother and his affectionate wife, who wanted me to spend the night there. The whole country was open; fences all gone, and when I approached the town of Warrenton, apprehending that I should be met by my friends and acquaintances there and prevented from reaching my wife that evening, I cut across the country and struck the Culpeper Road about half a mile beyond the town. I caught up with old Mr. Phil Johnson going to his home, which is now occupied by John Hooe. He said he believed that God, in His mysterious providence, would yet bring about in some way the independence of the Confederate States. I thought it was the sublimest exhibition of faith that I had ever known.

I pushed on to Culpeper. My brother-in-law, Lieutenant Morehead, lived in a place that was difficult to find even in the daytime, and still more so in the night, which had overtaken me. I met an acquaintance and obtained the best information I could as to the road; but soon got lost. I wandered into his farm and shouted as loud as I could to attract the attention of himself and family. A servant came out with a lighted lantern,

which was a guide to me in my efforts to reach the house. They concluded, however, that it was some drunken man who had lost his way, and that the light would bring him to the house. They put the lantern out. After a long struggle, I reached the house and was once more in the arms of my dear wife and my dear son, my dear mother, and my two dear sisters.

CHAPTER X.

IT is difficult to conceive the pleasure of meeting them after so long and so sad a separation. I reached them the last of July. The first court in Prince William—the county of my residence prior to the war—was held on the first Monday in August. I attended it. My friends all rallied around me with great kindness. I met a man from Washington, who had some litigation there and retained me. He gave me a twenty dollar gold piece as retainer. It looked to me as big as a cart wheel, and I carried it back to my wife and told her to put it away and save it, if possible, for a rainy day, if one should come. After a week or ten days I hired a wagon, and Lucy and Eppa, the two servant girls (who belonged to us and who had been in Lynchburg during the war) and myself, started up to Clarke County to visit my wife's brother, James V. Weir. I rode Morgan. I told these two girls (one of whom I bought to save her from going to the traders and being separated from her family) that they were free, and when I got to Clarke, I paid their stage and car fare to Alexandria, where their parents had gone during the war.

While there, I went to the first court in Loudoun County, and determined that that should be one of the counties in which I would practice. As six of my companies of the old 8th Regiment were Loudoun men, and the whole county looked on me with kindness during the war, I felt sure that I would get a good practice in Loudoun. I determined that I would locate at Warrenton. I went there in September and opened an office. From that time on, I attended the courts of Fauquier, Prince William and Loudoun with great regularity. My prac-

tice began to increase, and I got money enough for my wife and son and myself to live on. Twice when I was going to court I had to borrow this twenty-dollar gold piece, but was fortunate each time and returned it to my wife.

Toward the close of the year, I brought my wife and son to Warrenton. I was not able to go to housekeeping, but went to room-keeping, which was then quite fashionable with the poor Confederates. This was late in the year 1865—I rented four rooms from Mrs. Day, on Culpeper Street. My brother Silas (always affectionate and kind to me, as well as his dear wife Mag), had saved some tobacco which he bought during the war, and had sold it after the war for a very large price. I borrowed a thousand dollars from him to set up our room-keeping. We furnished our rooms comfortably. We lived there in great happiness until August, 1867.

In 1866, a gentleman from Bedford County, who had made a fortune during the war, came to Warrenton and was very much attracted by my horse "Morgan." He offered me \$500 in greenbacks for him. It was a great temptation. I thought if I could get \$500 in greenbacks my fortune was made; but I hated to part from Morgan. I told him I would give him an answer in an hour. I went to our rooms, called a council of war consisting of my wife, my son and myself. I laid the matter before them, and we voted unanimously to stand by old "Morgan" if we starved. I was always glad I did not sell him.

On my next visit to Loudoun, I found that a very rich old man had brought two suits for large amounts, and to save a fee had put them in the hands of a Yankee lawyer, at \$2.50 apiece. He was met by a plea of usury, which at that time forfeited the principal as well as the interest on a debt, and Randolph Tucker, who had located at Middleburg, and who was one of the eminent lawyers of the State, and Mathew

Harrison, were employed by the defendants to make good this plea of usury. The plaintiff was in great distress. He could not trust the trial of the cases to this Yankee lawyer, and at last was persuaded to employ me. I won the first case without much trouble. The second case was one of the hardest fights I ever had at the bar. Mr. Tucker and I stood up and fought each other over every inch of the ground. I finally secured a verdict. Mr. Tucker moved for a new trial. I resisted it, and won again. I then carried my client down to a room he selected, to receive my pay. My fee was a good retainer, and a large contingent one, and he paid me every dollar. After I started home Mr. Tucker renewed his motion for a new trial, and in my absence it was granted. The second trial was a harder fight than the first, but I won again.* This established me as a lawyer in Loudoun County, and no non-resident ever got a finer practice than I had in Loudoun.

We had a fine bar at Warrenton. General William H. Payne was a brilliant lawyer, and so was James V. Brooke; Murray Forbes; Howard Shackelford and Taylor Scott, besides others of less note.

From 1865 to 1872 I had all the business I could attend to. My income was a very fine one; and in 1867 I purchased a house

*Mr. Tucker and my father were devoted friends, and after this case, they were on the opposite side of every important case in the county. The simplicity of the life at that time is well illustrated by their manner of living. Neither of them had an office in Leesburg. When attending court they occupied the same room in a boarding-house. Once when I as a boy, rode on horseback from Warrenton to Leesburg with Father, I was put in the same room with these distinguished gentlemen. When a client desired to confer with either, the other one was asked to leave the room. Mr. Tucker was subsequently made professor of law at Washington and Lee, and was then elected to Congress, and he and my father served together, and always lived at the same boarding house in Washington, and their friendship grew and strengthened.

from William H. Gaines, and moved into it. My wife's mother and her daughters, who had lived with me since our marriage (except during the war), returned to us. My son went to school in Warrenton for several years. Then I sent him to "Bellevue," the Holcombe School, in Bedford County, Va., to be prepared for the University of Virginia. This school was conducted by Professor James P. Holcombe, formerly a professor of law at the University of Virginia, who had been a very prominent member of the Secession Convention. My plan was to give Eppa a first-class education, and to make him an A. M. of the University. I did not believe I could accumulate anything for him, and I thought his A. M. would be equal to a fortune of twenty thousand dollars. Before going to Holcombe's school, I told him if he would abstain from tobacco, whiskey and cards until he was 21, I would give him the handsomest watch and chain I could procure. He said he would not make a bargain, but he would try to do as I asked him, and if he did he would get the watch. He lived up to it for a year or two. I gave him the watch—a very handsome one—which he wears now. He was then at the University of Virginia. The next vacation, when he came home, he gave the watch up to his mother. I asked him what it meant, and found that he had been smoking. I was very much annoyed, but concluded that it was best if I could get him through the University without gambling and drinking. I took smoking out of the arrangement and returned him the watch. He lived up to his promise and after he left the University, I gave him the chain which he now wears.

In the beginning of the year 1866, my dear old mother died. She was 72 years of age; had a hard life in rearing nine children, and was one of the best mothers that ever lived. She had made up her mind that when I was settled she would spend the remainder of her days with me, and I would then have with

me my mother and my wife's mother—two of the nicest and dearest old ladies I ever met. But it was not to be.

In 1868 or '69, my wife's mother died. She was older than my mother; was very devoted to me, and died in my arms.

When I first came home from prison, I and others similarly situated, were not allowed to vote. We had no voice in the government. The darkeys were all free, but when I got home from prison, they were just as polite, and just as well behaved as when they were slaves. I have often said that there never was a race of people that behaved as well as the slaves did during that war. They knew as well as we did that if the Federal Government succeeded, they would be free. If we succeeded, they would be slaves. We had to leave our wives and daughters and sisters and mothers in the protection of these slaves, and there is not an instance on record where this trust was betrayed by violence. It is a wonderful record for the race. They were free and getting wages, but there was no other difference. Many of them in and around Warrenton called me, as they always did, "Marse Eppa." But soon after the Freedmen's Bureau sent one of its officers to Warrenton (as they did all through the South). He put enmity between the races. He vacated all the contracts of labor between the farmers and the colored people, and made them all come to Warrenton—(some of them thirty miles distant)—and enter into a contract, which he signed as witness; and very soon, under the influence of this man, there was political enmity between us and our former slaves.

We went through a terrible period of reconstruction. We were all disfranchised by the Federal Government, and Virginia was put into a military district called "Military District No. 1." Fortunately for us, the commanders of this district were good men—not disposed to oppress us—and we had for

several years a fairly good military government in Virginia. Our judges were military appointees; our sheriffs and all the officers in this State owed their appointment to the Military Governor of Virginia.

Our military judge was Lysander Hill. We had great apprehensions of him as our circuit judge when he took the place of Judge Henry W. Thomas, of Fairfax, but Hill turned out to be a first rate man and a fine judge. He was the best listener I ever addressed on the bench. His decisions were able and generally satisfactory. He certainly was not influenced in the slightest degree by politics on the bench. He held his first court in Warrenton, and the first thing that came up before him was a motion to remove the military sheriff, who was a bad man in every respect, and had given a straw bond as sheriff. He heard the case like a good judge and did not hesitate five minutes to remove him.

This Lysander Hill became a prominent lawyer in Washington after he left the bench of our circuit. He determined after a long practice in Washington to remove to Chicago. Before he left Washington, he was offered a brilliant partnership in Cincinnati, the income of which was guaranteed to him to be \$60,000 a year, the firm consisting of three members. Hill declined the offer and came to me, and said, "I will put you in that firm if you will accept the place." I was not willing to leave Virginia, and declined the offer.

We got along fairly well under Hill as our Judge, and General Schofield as our Military Governor. Schofield was really a good man. He tried in every way to mitigate the hardships of our situation, and gave us the best government that was possible under the circumstances. He afterwards became Lieutenant-General of the United States Army, and it gave me infinite pleasure as Senator from Virginia to vote for the con-

firmation of his appointment, and to speak in his praise as our Governor. I saw a good deal of him in Washington, and very often called him "Governor Schofield," which pleased him very much.*

Our chief trouble after the war was the 14th and 15th Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, which had been proposed, but not quite enough States had ratified them to make them a part of the Constitution. These amendments gave the colored people, our former slaves, the right to vote. We were forced to accept and ratify these amendments in order to get rid of the military government, and the former slaves of the seceding states all became voters.

We had to call a Constitutional Convention in order to adopt these amendments. This convention was composed largely of colored men, and was presided over by John C. Underwood, one of the meanest "scalawags" of that, or any age. The constitution, which was adopted by the convention, and sent out to the people for ratification, was dreadful. It would have been difficult for us to live under it, but through the action of General

*The rules of the Senate when a Senator moved to go into Executive Session forbade the Senator to state for what purpose the Executive Session was desired. My father has told me that when General Schofield's nomination was sent to the Senate, he immediately arose and said, "I desire particularly to have an executive session this evening for the purpose of confirming the nomination of General Schofield. He was commander of Military District No. 1, which was that in effect he was governor of Virginia and he has left behind him none but friends in my State. I desire to show my appreciation of the promotion to the high grade to which he has been nominated by confirming him at the very first moment we can." Cong. Rec. Vol. XXVII pt. III p. 1898. The Senate did go into Executive Session and General Schofield was immediately confirmed as Lieutenant-General. My father received a splendid letter from him in which he expressed his appreciation of his action and said that he had been frequently told that the Virginians thought he had been fair and just to them, but that this was the first official recognition of it.

Grant, who was then President of the United States, we were allowed to vote out from this constitution some of its worst features, and adopted the rest, and lived under it until the last Constitution, which was adopted in 1902. Under this Underwood constitution and laws of Congress, all of the white people of Virginia, and of the South generally, were disfranchised, who had any connection with the Confederacy, and who filled an office before the war which required them to take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States; and these parties, under this disability, were never allowed to vote or hold office until their disabilities were removed by a law of Congress.

Notwithstanding the terrible condition of the country during this period of reconstruction, the business of the country went on. My practice was very large. I had a fine practice in Fauquier where I lived; in Prince William, where I lived before the war, and in Loudoun County, from which came six of the ten companies of my dear 8th Regiment. My practice in the three counties was very remunerative. I had purchased a residence in Warrenton, on Rappahannock Street, and paid for it. It was a very comfortable home. I had purchased eight or ten acres of land just outside of the town, for a pasturage for my horse and cow. I was doing very well indeed, but unfortunately I went into politics.*

*While my father was attending Loudoun Court and without his knowledge and consent, he was nominated for the State Senate to represent Fauquier and Rappahannock Counties. He was, of course, still under disability, and knew that if elected he could not take his seat; but he accepted the nomination and made the canvas. I do not know the result of the election, but I am sure a very large majority of the votes were cast for him; although it was known he could not take his seat if elected. I do not know what year this was.

CHAPTER XI.

MY friends wanted me to run for Congress, and I was not unwilling. The district at that time was composed of Alexandria City and County, Fairfax, Loudoun, Fauquier, Culpeper, Orange, Rappahannock, Madison and three Valley counties, Clarke, Warren and Frederick. I was still under disability and could not take my seat in Congress unless the disability was removed, but I believed it soon would be and I became a candidate for Congress.

Opposed to me for the nomination was Samuel J. C. Moore, of Clarke County; James Barbour, of Culpeper; General (afterwards Governor) Kemper, of Madison, and James G. Field, also of Culpeper. There was a combination between Barbour, Kemper and Field to pool their strength against me, and to put up first Barbour, then Field and then Kemper. The rule in the district was that the successful nominee of the Democratic Party had to receive two-thirds of the votes of the nominating convention. When this convention assembled, I was the leading candidate from the start, but did not for sometime command two-thirds. Barbour was put up, and broke down. Field was put up and broke down. There was a very unpleasant feeling engendered between those three men. Each one believed that the others did not behave generously and fairly toward him. Owing to this unpleasant state of affairs, when Field broke down, Kemper was not put up, and I had no other competitor then but Mr. Moore, of Clarke, and after a few more ballots I obtained two-thirds of the convention over him and was nominated.

I was opposed by a Republican and northern man who had

settled in Fairfax County at "Gunston," George Mason's estate. I was elected over him by a vote of 11,782 to 9,178. My friends would not allow me to meet him in discussion, as they did not think it was becoming to enter into a discussion with a northern man, who aspired to represent our people in Congress. He turned out afterwards to be a very good man indeed; assimilated himself to our people and our customs, and finally joined the Democratic Party. His name is E. Daniels.

I was elected in November, 1872. My term commenced on the 4th of March, 1873, and I took my seat in the House of Representatives on the 1st Monday in December, 1873.

The House of Representatives in that Congress was nearly or quite two-thirds Republican. James G. Blaine, of Maine, was elected Speaker. He gave me a position on the Committee on Military Affairs, and was exceedingly nice and kind to me during the whole of that Congress.

Just before the second session of that Congress began, it became apparent that the Republican majority in the House would attempt to pass a "Force Bill," and accordingly one was introduced when the second session assembled on the first Monday in December, 1874.* This was the short session, terminating by law on the 4th of March, 1875. It was very apparent that this effort of the Republicans, if successful, would result in the ruin of the South. It would have held us down under negro rule as long as that law existed. It was, therefore, of the utmost importance, to defeat it, and when it came up in the House rather late in the session, the Democratic north and south united to filibuster against that bill. We had enough Democratic members to force a roll call, and by dilatory motions, we

*This Bill provided for the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* in certain Southern States. It will be found in full in the Congressional Record Feb. 24, 1875, p. 1748.

hoped to defeat the passage of this bill, or else postpone its passage so long that it would be impossible to get it through the Senate.

Samuel J. Randall, from the City of Philadelphia, was the leading member of the Democratic minority. He was a man of fine intellect; he had been in Congress ever since the war, and was thoroughly up in parliamentary tactics. At the preceding session of the Congress Mr. Randall was very dissipated—but when the second session met he had reformed and did not touch a drop, and there never was a minority led with more skill than the minority he led in that fight against the Force Bill. By dilatory motions, we fought off the final vote on the bill for a long period, but we had very few more votes than enough to demand the calling of the ayes and noes. It was, therefore, important that all the Democrats should be in place. We sat up two nights and two days without adjourning, the Republican majority trying to wear out the Democratic minority. Toward the last part of this period, it was arranged among the Democrats that a certain number could go to their homes in the city and get some sleep. The second night it was my time to go. My wife and I lived at the National Hotel. I went down to get this nap of sleep. I fixed up a clean shirt ready to put on at a moment's notice and went to bed. I had not gotten to sleep before a messenger from the House came in great haste to inform me that my presence was essential at the House. I partially dressed, in a great hurry, and went down the Avenue toward the Capitol Building completing my toilet as I ran, and reached the House in time.

We were advised by our friends in the Senate that if we would keep this bill in the House up to a certain day, that they could filibuster against it successfully till the session terminated on the 4th of March. By the rules of the Senate there was no

limit to the filibuster except the ability of the minority to hold out in speaking. When we had accomplished our purpose and sufficiently delayed this bill in the House, we allowed it to pass, the 4th of March being near at hand. The Republicans never attempted to take it up in the Senate.

A Democratic wave swept over the country in 1874, and sent to the House of Representatives quite a large majority of Democrats. The House, which in the previous Congress was nearly two-thirds Republican, was very largely Democratic in the 44th Congress. A caucus was held of the Democrats of the House, and Mr. Kerr, of Indiana, was nominated for Speaker. I preferred Mr. Kerr to Mr. Randall, who was his competitor, but did not feel like I could vote against the man who had led us so persistently and ably in the filibuster against the Force Bill, and I voted for Mr. Randall in the caucus. Notwithstanding my vote for Randall in the caucus, Mr. Kerr was very generous and kind to me. He made me Chairman of the Military Pension Committee; second on the Judiciary Committee, and third on the Committee to revise the laws in regard to the election of President and Vice-President of the United States. I was very much pleased with my assignments.

In the 43rd Congress Virginia had but one other Democratic Representative. In the 44th Congress we had from Virginia John Randolph Tucker; John Goode; George C. Cabell; General Terry; Gilbert C. Walker; Beverley D. Douglas; John T. Harris, and myself—I think the best delegation that Virginia ever had in the House of Representatives.

It soon became apparent that the Democrats had a big job before them in investigating the frauds and corruption of the Republicans in and out of Congress. It was not long after the session opened when I was appointed Chairman of a sub-committee of the Judiciary Committee, to investigate Mr. James G.

Blaine, the Speaker of the last Congress and several preceding ones. My relations with Blaine had been very good. He had in the County of Loudoun probably fifty relations. His grandmother, who was a Miss Gillespie, was a Loudoun lady, and I recollected (and so did most of the Democrats), gratefully, the rulings of Mr. Blaine while Speaker of the last Congress, by which we were enabled to filibuster successfully against the Force Bill. He lost cast with his party, and when he made his farewell speech to the 43rd Congress, he was more applauded by the Democratic side than the Republican, and I, with most of the Democrats, bade him a very cordial farewell. It was averred that he had been, while Speaker of the House of Representatives (but further back than the preceding session) guilty of corruption in getting some railroad bill through. A resolution to investigate him was offered and passed in the House, and referred to the Judiciary Committee, of which I was a member. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, was Chairman of that Committee. He appointed a sub-committee consisting of myself as Chairman, Mr. Thomas S. Ashe, a North Carolina Democrat, and Judge William Lawrence, an Ohio Republican, to conduct this investigation.

Before the sub-committee met, Mr. Blaine took me into his committee room to talk with me about the investigation. He said, "I presume the Democrats on the sub-committee have no feeling against me?" I made no reply. He went on, and afterwards again said, "I presume the Democrats on that sub-committee have no feeling against me?" I said, "Mr. Blaine, you have said that twice. I did not reply to it when you first said it, but I cannot let your second remark pass without a reply." I continued, "When I came to the 43rd Congress you were Speaker. You were very nice and kind to me. I appreciated it very highly. I recollect very distinctly your fair rulings in the

Chair enabled us to defeat the Force Bill. You know, as well as I do, that when the Congress adjourned the Democrats took leave of you with more cordiality and kindness than the Republicans." He said, "I know all that, and it was very gratifying to me." I said, "You know, Mr. Blaine, when you returned to the 44th Congress, when the House was Democratic, the Democrats met you with great cordiality, and among the most cordial greetings you received mine was the most cordial." He said, "I recollect it with great pleasure, sir." "But," I said, "Mr. Blaine, this session of Congress had scarcely opened when you made the most virulent, violent and uncalled for speech on the Disability Bill that I have heard from anybody. Your attack on Jeff. Davis was virulent. It raked up all the trouble between the North and South, which we wanted to see pacified. You could not expect me to feel towards you after that speech as I did before it was delivered." Mr. Blaine said, "The Democrats ought not to take exceptions to that speech of mine. By my rulings in the last Congress, which enabled you all to defeat the Force Bill, I lost cast with my party. I had to make that speech in order to regain it." I said, "That might be good politics, Mr. Blaine, but it was not statesmanship. At any rate, it was striking us in a vital point, and I could not tell you that I had no feeling against you; but I beg to assure you that the investigation before the sub-committee of which I am chairman, shall be as fair a one as has ever been given to a man in Congress." We parted, and the investigation began.

Mr. Blaine had devoted friends. He was probably the most brilliant man I ever met in public life—a splendid presiding officer, a very fine debater, and exceedingly magnetic. His colleague, Mr. Fry, from Maine, and his friend, William E. Chandler, from New Hampshire, and others, attended the meetings of the sub-committee every day, and were his close

friends and advisers. The investigation went quietly along until James Mulligan (I think of New Jersey) was put upon the stand. I had never seen Mulligan before. I had no idea what he would testify to, and was conducting him along very quietly and getting out of him everything that I could draw from him, when he said: "Mr. Chairman, I have got some letters that I desire to put in evidence before this Committee." Immediately Mr. Blaine whispered to Mr. Lawrence, the Republican member of the sub-committee, "Move an adjournment." I heard him say it. Lawrence moved the adjournment, and the Committee adjourned to meet the next morning at 10 o'clock.

The next morning at 10 o'clock the Committee met; Mr. Blaine and his friends were present, and James Mulligan took his position on the witness stand. I said, "Mr. Mulligan, proceed with your narrative." He replied, "Mr. Chairman, before I commence my narrative I have got a personal explanation to make." I said, "Proceed with it." He said, "When the Committee adjourned yesterday, I went down to my hotel—the Riggs House—and very soon after getting there received a letter from Mr. Blaine, asking me to come to his house. I replied declining to go. I got a second letter urging me to come to his house. I still declined. In a short time Mr. Blaine came to the Riggs House and told me he wanted to see me in my room. We went to my room and Mr. Blaine said, "James, I want those letters you referred to today on the stand." I said, "Mr. Blaine, I shall not give them up; I am going to file them with my evidence before that sub-committee." Mulligan said Mr. Blaine begged and entreated, and he still refused. Blaine got on his knees, shed tears and said, "James, if you don't give me those papers I'm a ruined man, and not only am I ruined, but my wife and children will be disgraced." Mulligan said that he told Blaine he must refuse to surrender the letters. After much further entreaty, Mr. Blaine said, "James, let me see those

letters. I want to look over them, and I pledge you my word of honor I will return them to you." "Under that pledge," said Mulligan, "I gave the letters to Mr. Blaine. He read them, and returned them to me." "He then said, 'James, let me look at those letters again a few minutes.' Supposing he was taking them under the same pledge to return them to me I handed them to him. As soon as he got them in his hands he put them in his pocket and said, 'Now they are mine. I don't mean to return them,' and he went off with them."

I never was so shocked and surprised in my life. I could not believe that James Mulligan was telling the truth. I waited impatiently to hear Mr. Blaine pronounce it a lie, but there he sat, and did not open his lips. Amid the dead silence that ensued, Mr. Blaine asked through his political friend, Mr. Lawrence, that the Committee adjourn. The Committee did adjourn but Blaine never returned the letters. He tried his best to save himself before the House by ruining me. He charged me with conducting a most unfair investigation, with coaching this witness, and doing a great many things which a fair-minded chairman of a committee ought not to do. Mr. William E. Chandler, his political friend whom I alluded to above, said, and maintained (I have heard him say it a dozen times, and he would say it again today, if asked) that I was the fairest chairman of a committee he had ever seen. Mr. Blaine attacked me most violently upon the floor of the House. I replied, stating all the facts as I have stated them above, and said, "Now, Mr. Speaker, this unworthy conduct of Mr. Blaine affects this House. I am only the organ of the House, as the Chairman of one of its committees"—and I made what was considered by my friends not only a good defense of myself, but a very thorough castigation of Blaine.*

*A substantially similar account is given in James Ford Rhodes' History

I was followed by Proctor Knott in a fairly good speech and his speech and mine were published in pamphlet form and circulated as a campaign document, in the next presidential election.

It came very near causing a personal difficulty between Mr. William P. Fry, Mr. Blaine's personal friend and political admirer from the State of Maine, and myself. Fry was a member of the Judiciary Committee. He and I had become very good friends. He was a manly man, and did not bear any resentment towards Southern people who participated in the Confederate war. Proctor Knott and Fry got into a violent altercation on the floor of the House. They had also been warm friends. In the course of this debate Fry said, "There is not a member of that sub-committee that has a shadow of a shade of doubt as to Blaine's innocence." He was speaking in the time of his colleague, Mr. Hale, of Maine, who had yielded the floor

of the United States, Volume VII, pages 200-206, sustained by citations to records of Congress.

Of this speech, Mr. John Goode says in his book "Recollection of a Lifetime," at page 111, the following:

"Mr. Blaine was the recognized leader on the Republican side, and was undoubtedly a man of exceptional talent and parliamentary skill. He was remarkably quick and alert, and excelled all the men I have ever heard in what is known as a running debate. While he was under investigation by the Judiciary Committee of the House he exhibited extraordinary audacity, and a stranger sitting in the galleries and observing his bearing would have supposed that the committee were the defendants and he was the prosecutor. With head aloft, eyes aflame and nostrils dilated, he left his seat on the Republican side, charged down the aisle, shook his fist at the Democratic side, and exclaimed, in stentorian terms, 'Sixty odd of you sit there by the grace and clemency of this great Government, and if you had your deserts you would all be hung as high as Haman!' It is proper to say that this assault was successfully met by Eppa Hunton of Virginia, who added very materially to his well-earned reputation as a strong, ready, and able debator."

to him. When Fry made this statement, I immediately arose and said, "Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Maine has said that there was not a member of that sub-committee who had the shadow of a shade of doubt as to Mr. Blaine's innocence"—Mr. Fry jumped up and said, "Mr. Speaker, I meant 'any honest member' of that committee."

I was very much surprised at what was a direct intimation on the part of Fry that I was not an honest member. He thought I was going to say that Blaine was guilty, in my opinion. I asked Mr. Fry if he meant to intimate by that remark, that I was not an honest man. He did not reply. I repeated the question, and he still did not reply. I then started a sentence of denunciation, saying "Then I pronounce—" when Hale, in whose time I was speaking, seeing that trouble was ahead, immediately resumed the floor, stating he had not yielded it to me for any such purpose. I struggled very hard to keep my position on the floor, but the Speaker ruled that I had to give way to Mr. Hale. I started to denounce Fry in the bitterest terms that I could employ, but before I got the floor after Hale finished, Mr. Fry apologized and said he did not mean to imply that I was not an honest man. I said, "Then I will proceed to state what I started to state when I was interrupted by the gentleman from Maine. The gentleman from Maine said that 'he did not suppose there was a member of that sub-committee who had the shadow of a shade of doubt of Blaine's innocence.' I was the chairman of that sub-committee, occupying a quasi-judicial position. I had striven hard to avoid making up an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of Mr. Blaine until all the testimony was in. It was not all in at that period, and therefore, I had not concluded as to his guilt or innocence." Fry thought I was going to say I believed him guilty. If he had known what I was going to say he would not have interrupted me.

Tucker, Goode, Cabell and myself were boarding at the same house on G Street. It was Sunday following this debate, I think, and a very warm day. I went to church—the Church of the Epiphany—and when the morning services were over, it was so warm that I determined to go to my quarters and see if I could keep cool. At the door, I met a man in great distress, who asked me if Dr. Barnes was in the church. I told him he was, and called up one of the officers of the church and asked him to get Dr. Barnes out. I asked the man what was the matter, and he said Blaine had fallen in a fit in a church a hundred yards away. Dr. Barnes came out and I went to my room.

Blaine had a very severe and protracted spell. A great many people thought it was not real, and that he affected to be sick in order to avoid this investigation. I thought he was sick. Before he was well enough to come before the Committee, he was elected to the Senate. He did not appear in the House any more, but took his seat in the Senate. This ended the investigation in the House, because Blaine was no longer a member of it.

So far as the evidence taken in that investigation went, apart from these letters there was nothing to convict Blaine of corruption, but it must be that he thought those letters would convict him, if made public through the Committee. He would not have made all this effort before James Mulligan, at the Riggs House, to get these letters—he would not have told Mulligan that these letters would disgrace not only him but his wife and children—he would not have violated an implied pledge when he took those letters and put them in his pocket—if he had thought otherwise; and so far as I know, nobody has ever seen those letters since Blaine in this improper mode got possession of them. It is true that he professed to read these letters to the House, the last time he appeared in the House before his election to the Senate. It is customary when a member has a document of that sort to be put on record in the House, to send it to the

Clerk to be read. Blaine declined to do that, but read these letters, or professed to read them, himself. Now whether they were read truly or not I cannot say. Mulligan said they were not truly read, and from the conduct of Blaine in regard to those letters, it is scarcely possible to escape the conclusion that Blaine was guilty of the corruption with which he was charged.

The Republican National Convention convened in Cincinnati soon after this, and Blaine was a candidate for nomination for President of the United States. They were afraid to nominate him after this exposure, and Hayes was nominated in his stead. But for this exposure it is almost certain that Blaine would have been the nominee.

This was the first session of that Congress, which lasted late into the year 1876—the Presidential year. The Republicans nominated, as I have just said, Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio. The Democrats nominated Samuel J. Tilden, of New York. It was a very exciting canvass, and Tilden was elected by quite a large majority. The Republican National Committee was presided over at that time by Zachary Chandler, of Michigan. A little after midnight following the day of election, this Chairman of the Committee said, “Gentlemen, Samuel J. Tilden is elected President of the United States,” and went to bed—drunk, very drunk. William E. Chandler, who was not a relative of Zack Chandler, was on the Committee, said, “I don’t give it up”; and he telegraphed Republican papers in the United States to claim in its next morning’s issue, that Rutherford B. Hayes had so many electoral votes and was elected President of the United States, and that he (Hayes) had carried the States of Florida, Louisiana and South Carolina—which States had voted for Tilden by a very large majority.



EPPA HUNTON

Taken in 1877 while a Member of the Electoral Commission.

CHAPTER XII.

THIS contention on the part of the Republicans that Hayes was elected, created great excitement throughout the country, and the Republicans set to work in the three disputed States of Florida, Louisiana and South Carolina to make the returns show that Hayes, and not Tilden, carried these States.

In each one of these States the Returning Board and the Governor were Republicans, and both parties tried earnestly to make good their claims that their respective candidates had carried these three States. Leading Republicans visited these States and the greatest frauds under their manipulation were practiced by the Returning Boards, especially of Florida and Louisiana. These frauds were fully established by the friends of Mr. Tilden. Their exposure makes it perfectly plain that Samuel J. Tilden was under the constitution and laws of Congress and of the States respectively, elected President of the United States in November, 1876. The Democrats placed this contention on the early legal returns which had been reversed by the corrupt Returning Boards. The Republicans contended that the Returning Boards had decided and the Governor certified and their decision was a finality. The whole country was in a state of greatest excitement.

In this condition of affairs, Congress met on the 1st Monday of December, 1876—less than a month after the election. The Senate was Republican, and the House Democratic. It was easy to foresee that the Senate would declare Hayes elected, and that the House would declare Tilden elected. President Grant, who was President at that time, was collecting a large body of United States troops at the capital, and apprehensions were felt by the best men of the country (in and out of Con-

gress) that unless some steps were taken, confusion and probably bloodshed would ensue. One or the other of the two parties had to recede from their claims. Neither one seemed disposed to do so, and the duty devolved upon the two houses of Congress to adopt some measure which would settle this disputed presidential election and avoid bloodshed. It was believed (and is still) that a firm stand taken by Mr. Tilden—a declaration from him that he was elected and intended to be inaugurated—would have settled the dispute. He would not make it.

Samuel J. Randall, of Philadelphia, was the Speaker of the House, and Senator Ferry, of Michigan, was the President pro tem of the Senate, the Vice-President, Mr. Wilson having died. It was very soon apparent that the two parties had sent to the President of the Senate their electoral returns—the Democrats claiming and reporting that the Democratic electors had cast the true vote of these three States for Mr. Tilden—the Republicans contending that the electors of these three States had cast the true votes of the States for Mr. Hayes.

A resolution was introduced and adopted by the House, and a similar one by the Senate to appoint a Committee of each House to consider the result of this presidential election, and to report some measure by which it might be carried into operation without bloodshed. The Committee of the House was composed of Mr. Henry B. Payne, of Ohio, as the Chairman, and four other Democrats, I being one of them. There were four Republicans upon this Committee. This Committee met and went earnestly and honestly to work to solve this dispute, and agreed *unanimously* upon a bill by which an Electoral Commission was to be appointed, which should consider the questions involved in the disputed States, decide which was the true electoral vote, and report to Congress their decision. The deci-

sion of this Commission was to settle the question, unless it was reversed by the united action of both houses of Congress. The Bill framed by this Committee of the House was a fair one. It was, and is now conceded, if passed into a law, Mr. Tilden would have been inaugurated. It was not reported to the House and can't be found and copied.

After the House Committee had acted and agreed upon this bill, it met the Senate Committee, and thereafter the two Committees held joint meetings.

The Senate Committee had adopted a most outrageous bill, by the main features of which the Presidency could be decided by chance. Mr. Payne, the Chairman of the House Committee, moved to substitute the bill prepared by the House Committee for that prepared by the Senate Committee. This motion was lost by a tie vote; and then the Democrats of the two Committees addressed themselves to the task of improving the bill of the Senate Committee. It was very much improved. Its main features are as follows:

"Section 2nd. That if more than one return, or paper purporting to be a return from a State shall have been received by the President of the Senate purporting to be certificates of Electoral votes given at the last preceding election for President and Vice-President of the United States in such State (unless they shall be duplicates of the same return) all such returns and papers shall be opened by him in the presence of the two Houses when met as aforesaid and read by the tellers; and all such returns and papers shall thereupon be submitted to the judgment and decision (as to which is the true and lawful electoral vote of such State) to an electoral commission constituted as follows:

"During the session of each House on the Tuesday next preceding the first Thursday in February, 1877, each House

shall by *viva voce* vote appoint five of its members, who with the five associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States (to be ascertained as hereafter provided) shall constitute a commission for the decision of all questions upon or in respect to such double returns named in this Section—On Tuesday next, preceding the first Thursday in February A. D. 1877, or as soon thereafter as may be, the associate Justices of Supreme Court of United States now assigned to the First, Third, Eighth and Ninth Circuits, shall select in such manner as a majority of them deem fit another of the associate Justices of said Court which five persons shall be members of said commission. * * * All the certificates and papers purporting to be certificates of the electoral vote of each State shall be opened in alphabetical order, as before provided in Section one, and where there shall be more than one such certificate or paper, as the certificates or papers from such State shall be opened, they shall be read by the Tellers and thereupon the President of the Senate shall call for objections, if any—Every objection shall be made in writing. * * *

“When all such objections so made to any certificate vote or paper from a State shall have been received and read, all such certificates, votes and papers so objected to, and all papers accompanying the same, together with such objections shall be forthwith submitted to such commission which shall proceed to consider the same with the same power, if any, now possessed for that purpose by the two Houses acting separately or together, and by a majority of votes decide,” etc.

Then it provides that the two Houses shall again meet and upon objections to the decision made, as therein provided, the two Houses shall again separate and unless both Houses acting separately shall order otherwise, the decision of the commis-

sion shall stand and the vote be counted in conformity therewith.

The Committees were acting behind closed doors and while maturing this bill, each member was pledged to secrecy. To our surprise and indignation, after the bill was nearly perfected and agreed upon, one of the New York papers published the bill almost verbatim as agreed upon. This caused the greatest excitement. Many members, especially Democrats of the House, declared they would see war in preference to the settlement under this bill. A conference of the leading Democratic members of the two Houses was called. Samuel J. Randall, Speaker, was called to the Chair and explained that the meeting was called to advise whether the Democrats should accept or reject this bill. Randall made a war speech—so did Watterson, of Kentucky; Sparks and Springer, of Illinois. They declared they were ready for war and its consequences rather than submit to the settlement of the Presidential question under that bill. Thurman and Bayard made conservative speeches advising acceptance of the bill.

I spoke last and friends said if I lived a hundred years, I would never make another speech to compare with that—I said in part, that I came to Washington at the beginning of the session convinced that Tilden was lawfully elected President of the United States. That all I had seen and heard since had deepened that conviction. That I was willing to go as far as any man to carry out the will of the people. But we must look into the condition of affairs candidly before we resolve upon a course which would probably bring the country into war. I said that it was apparent without this or some other law, the House would declare Tilden President and the Senate Hayes. That Grant, then President, was collecting the Federal army in

Washington. That on 4th March, under the declaration of the Senate, Hayes would be escorted by his political friends and Federal bayonets to the capitol—deliver his inaugural, and be similarly escorted to the White House. That on the following day, he would send his cabinet appointments to the Senate and he would be in the White House as President with a cabinet—in command of the Army and Navy—and appropriations to last till 30th of June. To remove Hayes and put Tilden in, we must fight. Are we ready for such a war? It must be understood that the South could not initiate such a fight. They could only reinforce our northern friends—who promised aid to us in our late struggle and then (many of them) fought against us. Now you gentlemen of the north must inaugurate this war and conduct it to success. If unsuccessful, the Southern States would again be reduced to Military Districts and remain so indefinitely.*

I said further—There is not a northern State that has a Democratic organization in both its executive and Legislative Departments. You cannot expect any northern State to send an army, however small, to fight for the rights of the people. Reliance must be entirely on volunteers. Then turning successively to those who had made war speeches, I asked—How many men from your State can you put in the field? Where will

*My father has told me that in addition to what he has stated above, he said in his speech that he had had some experience in war, a war upon which the South had entered with the assurance of support from Northern Democrats, a support which was never given and which if given would have changed the result of our war. He was familiar with the desolation, the horrors, the agony of an unsuccessful war, but that he was perfectly willing to go into another war in defense of his people if he had reasonable assurances from the Northern Democrats of troops and munitions sufficient to give hope of success, as the South alone and unaided was manifestly unequal to the conflict.

you obtain the money to pay them? Where will you obtain arms and ammunition? Where Commissary and Quartermaster supplies? These are important questions and I pause for a reply.

Not one of them opened his mouth. Watterson said, "Mr. Chairman, I see there is to be no fight—I retreat in good order." The others said the same in substance. From that time on the leading Democrats agreed that it was the chances under the Electoral Bill, or the certainty of Hayes. I felt sanguine if the letter and spirit of the bill were carried out Tilden must be seated. I had not much confidence in the Republicans of the Committee from either House, but I could not believe that of the three Republican Justices one could not be found to rise above party and do justice.

Senator Morton, Republican, of Indiana, of the Senate Committee, refused to sign the report. I held out against the report for several days. The Committee informed me that at the next meeting I must sign the report, or it would be made to the two Houses without my signature. I sought Mr. Pelton, the nephew of Mr. Tilden, who was in Washington representing his uncle, and asked him what his uncle's views were about this bill. He said, "His uncle wanted a better bill." I said, "So do I"; but I had exhausted all my efforts to get a better bill, and it was this bill or none, and I desired to know from him what Mr. Tilden thought about it. He replied again that "His uncle wanted a better bill." I said, "If that is all the information you can give me, I will sign the report," which I subsequently did.

This bill, reported from the joint committee of the two Houses, passed and became a law. It then devolved upon the two Houses to select their members of this Commission. My friends insisted that I should be a candidate for the caucus

nomination. Mr. Tucker's friends insisted that he should be. It was very certain that two Virginians could not go on the Commission, and that if both were candidates both would be defeated, and the friends of Mr. Tucker and myself insisted that there must not be any controversy between us for the place; that we had been warm personal friends too long to let this struggle cause an alienation. It was finally agreed between Mr. Tucker and myself that he and I would name friends, who would decide which of us would seek nomination for membership on the Commission. Our friends met and failed to agree, and then without the knowledge of Mr. Tucker or myself, they determined to decide the question by lot, and I won.* I sup-

*My father told me that the committee after many conferences had been unable to reach any agreement and were about to adjourn when some one proposed that they should draw straws to see who should be the candidate. This was agreed upon and Mr. Benjamin H. Hill held the straws. Mr. Henry Watterson represented Mr. Tucker and Mr. J. S. C. Blackburn representing my father drew the winning straw.

Mr. John Goode in his book "Recollections of a Lifetime," at page 157, gives the following account of the manner in which my father was selected as a member of the Electoral Commission.

"Before closing it may be a matter of interest to refer to an incident connected with the formation of the Electoral Commission. It having been intimated to the Virginia delegation in Congress by members of the Democratic caucus that our State might be honored with a place on the Commission, provided we could agree on a candidate to be presented, we were unable to decide between Eppa Hunton and John Randolph Tucker. Whereupon it was determined that the matter should be decided by lot. Benjamin H. Hill of Georgia, one of the most brilliant orators and statesmen whom it has ever been my good fortune to meet, held the straws, and Hunton was the winner. Mr. Tucker rendered valuable and conspicuous service as one of the Representatives of the Tilden electors before the Commission, and fully sustained his great reputation as a learned lawyer and eloquent advocate. General Hunton, as a member of the Commission, dignified and adorned the high station by his admirable judicial temper, and delivered opinions in the Florida, Louisiana, Oregon, and South

posed then that the struggle between Mr. Tucker's friends and mine was over, but when the caucus met a mode of proceeding was adopted which I had never seen practiced before, or since. There were to be no nominating speeches, but each man in the caucus was to cast his ballot for his preference. I always believed that this mode was adopted in obedience to the wishes of Mr. Tucker's friends, that though he was ruled out by our agreement, yet he might be voted for in this manner in the House caucus. Accordingly, when the caucus met and this mode was adopted, quite a number voted for Mr. Tucker. It was also urged against me that it would not do to elect a Confederate Brigadier to settle this contested presidential election, and this too probably lost me some votes. I was largely in the majority over Mr. Tucker, but did not have a majority of the caucus by reason of the votes given to Mr. Tucker.

Mr. Payne was selected on the first ballot. A second ballot was had and I was selected. On the third ballot Josiah G. Aboott, of Boston, was selected. The Republicans in the caucus nominated George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Mr. James Garfield, of Ohio. In the Senate, which was Republican, they had three Republicans: George F. Edmunds, of Massachusetts; Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana, and Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey; and two Democrats: Thurman, of Ohio, and Bayard, of Delaware. The Judges were Clifford, Field, Bradley, Strong and Miller. Mr. Justice Clifford was the President of the Commission, by reason of his seniority over the other Justices.

At the appointed time the two Houses proceeded to count

Carolina cases which will long stand as monuments to his wisdom, learning and patriotism.

"It will thus be seen that in this as in every great crisis of the country's history the sons of the Old Dominion proved themselves in every respect worthy of her hereditary renown and her pristine glory."

the presidential vote and determine and declare whether Tilden or Hayes was elected President of the United States. No controversy arose until the State of Florida was reached—the States being called alphabetically. When that State was reached, the President of the Senate laid before the two Houses three certificates of electoral vote—two of them declaring that the State had voted for Tilden, and one declaring that it had voted for Hayes. The Republicans had to have every vote from those three disputed States, and the one disputed vote from Oregon, in order to elect Hayes by one single vote.

These certificates of the electors from the State of Florida, and the accompanying papers, were referred to this Commission. The two Houses separated and adjourned, and the Commission met. It appeared that the State of Florida by a small majority had cast its electoral vote for Samuel J. Tilden. The returns sent in from the different precincts and counties showed this beyond controversy. The Returning Board met and declared that the vote of the State had been cast for Tilden's electors by a small majority. One member of that board, who did not attend the meeting, organized another returning board, and in the night time went to the Clerk's Office, procured the papers of the first Board, and without the slightest evidence or excuse discarded enough Democratic votes to give the State to Hayes by a small majority. When asked if they had any evidence upon which they based this action, a member of the Board replied, No, but they had an *impression* that there was fraud and intimidation at some of the precincts, and fraud in others.

Stearns was the Governor of the State of Florida at the time, a violent Republican, who at the same election was candidate for re-election as Governor; and the same Returning Board which gave the certificate to the Hayes electors certified that

Stearns was elected Governor. The Board which first met declared Drew (Democrat) elected.

This action of the second returning board caused intense excitement and indignation throughout the State of Florida. An effort was set on foot at once to right the wrong that was being perpetrated. The Tilden electors sued out a writ of *quo warranto* to test before the courts which set of electors had been chosen in Florida. This was before the electors met. The case was very vigorously fought on both sides, and the Court without hesitation decided that the Tilden electors were the true electors of the State of Florida. There was an appeal from this decision, which was never tried. Drew, the Democratic candidate for Governor, against Stearns, sued out a writ of *quo warranto* to settle the question as to who was Governor of the State. The Court decided that Drew was elected Governor, and on the 1st day of January, he took his seat as Governor. The Legislature of Florida assembled at the same time, and was Democratic. They passed a law authorizing another canvass of the vote of Florida by a new canvassing Board. This Board met, canvassed the vote, and certified that the Tilden electors had been duly elected, and this was certified by the Governor, and was one of the papers laid before the Electoral Commission. The Legislature also passed a law declaring that the Tilden electors were the true electors of the State of Florida. Thus the State through its Legislative, Executive and Judicial Departments, declared that it had voted for Tilden as President of the United States.

When these three certificates were laid before the Commission, the Democratic managers and counsel offered to prove these facts as stated above, and after a very hard fight, lasting through many days, the Electoral Commission by a vote of 8 Republicans to 7 Democrats decided that the certificate which

Stearns as Governor issued to the Hayes electors, was conclusive evidence of their election, and that the Commission would not receive any evidence to meet that conclusion. The Democrats contended it was only *prima facie* and might be shown to be false.

This decision of the Commission was reported to both Houses of Congress. The House by quite a good majority declared that the decision of the Commission should not stand, and that the vote of the State should be counted for Tilden. The Senate in its session declared that this decision of the Commission should stand, and that the vote of the Hayes electors should be counted for Hayes.

The two Houses having disagreed, under the provision of the bill the decision of the Commission stood as the law governing the count, and the four electoral votes of Florida were counted for Hayes.

This was a thorough outrage upon the rights of the State of Florida. There was no man of intelligence who had looked into the case, who did not recognize the fact that the State of Florida had voted for Tilden, and there was no evidence at all to show that there was any fraud, intimidation or force used to carry this majority for Mr. Tilden. Indeed the election machinery was in the hands of the Republicans—Republican Governor, Republican Returning Board, and a majority of the Republican Judges of Election throughout the State; and yet notwithstanding these circumstances the State voted for Tilden and it was so declared by the first meeting of the Returning Board.

The decision of the Commission giving the vote of Florida to Hayes was a surprise to the Democrats of the Commission. It was not expected that the Republicans of the House and Senate would, under any circumstances, vote to seat Tilden.

It was hoped the Republican Justices of Supreme Court would act as judges and rise above partisan politics. It was confidently believed this was true of Justice Bradley. He was selected by the other four Justices who were designated by their circuits and in this selection of the fifth Justice they should have regard to his "impartiality and freedom from bias." It was understood and conceded that Justice David Davis would be the fifth Justice. He was an independent Republican without partisan prejudices; had been frequently spoken of as the candidate of the Democratic party for President. His appointment, it was believed, would have seated Tilden. The Republicans (always shrewd and shifty) determined to keep Davis from the commission. He was elected United States Senator from Illinois by a Republican legislature and persuaded if he would steer clear of this commission, he would be President. He declined to serve and was never mentioned for President afterwards. It was agreed that Bradley more nearly approached "impartiality and freedom from bias" than any other associate Justice after Davis. The Democrats of the commission firmly believed that he was with us until he voted against receiving any evidence to right the wrong of Governor Stearns' certificate. During the progress of this case before the Commission, Bradley had associated with the Democrats. He had told Justice Field on the Sunday before the commission first sat that his opinions agreed with Field's. The case had been so thoroughly discussed in the newspapers that every phase of it was well known before the commission was appointed. Republican pressure was too strong and he yielded. We knew nothing of this change in his opinion until he voted to exclude all evidence *aliunde* and consider as exclusive and binding the certificate of Stearns, the governor, of the election of Hayes electors. Mr. Justice Field was so indignant at this conduct of Bradley's, he refused to speak to

him for eighteen months. I have stated here what Justice Field told me and probably many others. How utterly untenable was the position of Bradley and the seven who voted with him! They maintained the commission could do nothing but inspect and count the votes as cast by the electors certified by the Governor to be elected. Then why this commission? The President of the Senate could have done the same and saved the debauching of Justices of the Supreme Court.

The mode of counting and declaring the votes for President, etc., under the Constitution was always a vexed question when it involved who would be President and the power to count by the Vice-President was denied. If the two Houses have no rights in this counting of electoral votes, they have on many occasions been guilty of gross usurpation of power. By reference to House Doc. 13 of 45th Congress (page 46) it will be seen that doubts arose in 1817 about the right of electors to cast the vote of Indiana. In 1821 of Missouri (page 51) and in 1837 of Michigan (page 72). In each of these cases the votes were counted in alternative.

In 1865 the votes of the seceded States were rejected by both Houses in the count (page 229). In 1869 the vote of Louisiana was objected to *on the ground of fraud*. It was considered and counted (page 238). In 1873 there were two certificates and seven objections to the vote of Louisiana. The vote was not counted (page 301). Other precedents might be cited, but these will suffice to show when the Electoral Bill of 1877 was enacted these precedents existed and showed that this power was claimed and exercised when it was necessary. That no power resided in the Vice-President to count a vote when disputed. This law of 1877 was passed to create a tribunal whose duty was to do what the two Houses had power to do in counting the vote. It cannot be successfully maintained on precedent

and authority that the law of 1877 created this commission merely to add up and report the votes of electors having the Governor's certificates. If so, then by a conspiracy between the Governor of a State and his party, a forged certificate of votes could be sent to the Vice-President with the Governor's certificate, and under the contention of the eight commissioners, these votes must be counted. This actually happened, as I will show when the vote of Louisiana is reached.

In addition to the above offers of proof, it was offered to prove that one of the so-called Hayes electors—Mr. Humphreys—held an office of trust and profit under the United States Government at the time of his alleged appointment. The constitution of the United States says (Article 2—Sect. 1) "Each State shall appoint electors . . . but no Senator or Representative or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States shall be appointed an elector."

The right to appoint electors is not an original State right. None such existed till conferred by the constitution forming the union. Being a right conferred, it must be exercised according to the terms by which it was conferred. If Humphreys was ever appointed an elector (which was denied) he was appointed on the day of election. Proof was offered to show on that day he held an office of trust and profit under the United States, and it was maintained that all such votes cast for him were void and he was not and could not be elected. The Republican managers contended that no such proof was admissable and that Humphreys had resigned his office of trust before the electoral college met and was appointed one of its members by the other members of the college. What a shallow pretension. The law gave the college the right to fill vacancies, but if the election of Humphreys was void, there was no vacancy. There was the appointment of three electors. The right of the State to the

fourth was not exercised. In the Presidential count of 1837 this question was raised. Rhode Island had voted for a Postmaster as elector. The question was referred to a committee of which Felix Grundy, Silas Wright and Henry Clay were members. This committee in its report fully sustained the contention of the Democratic managers, but the vote of Rhode Island was not necessary to a decision of the question, and no action was had on the report. The question came up again in Rhode Island in 1876 when a centennial commissioner claimed to be appointed as elector. The Government referred this question to the Supreme Court of the State. The opinion of the court fully sustained the position of the Democrats. This case will be found in 16th American Law Register N. S. page 15.

Suppose the State of Florida had attempted to appoint her two Senators, and two Representatives, her four electors; it will hardly be contended that this action would be sustained even if their election was certified by the Governor of Florida.

Upon reason and authority, it was the duty of the Commission to receive, consider and act on such proof as was offered. Like the other offers of proof and for like reason, this offer of proof was rejected by the same vote—8 to 7.

The action of Bradley in this Florida case foreshadowed his course in other States, and we felt very much discouraged after this decision. I received a telegram from Loudoun County signed "Chas. H. Lee and 100 others" demanding that I should leave the commission and break it up. I felt obliged in honor to refuse obedience to this request of my honored constituents of dear old Loudoun. I felt I would dishonor myself and them if I repudiated this mode of settlement which we had adopted after finding we should lose. My Loudoun friends were mad with me till I spoke to them and explained the situation and said, "Now, my fellow citizens, if I had acted as you desired

and war had come, defeat would have been our portion, the Southern States, including dear old Virginia, would have been reduced to Military Districts and no one before me could hope to live to see them States again, and you ought to have hanged me to the first tree this side the Long Bridge." When I concluded, a resolution approving my course was offered and unanimously adopted by the meeting.

We still hoped to make a case in Louisiana (our strongest case) that would *compel* some one of the eight to see the error of his way.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE two houses of Congress proceeded with the votes of the States, alphabetically, until the State of Louisiana was reached. From that State there had been three returns made—two giving the vote of the State to Hayes, and one giving it to Tilden. According to the returns that came into New Orleans from the various precincts in the State, Louisiana gave 8,000 majority for Tilden, and the Democratic candidate for Governor, and these returns all went into the hands of the returning board. Under the laws of Louisiana, this board had no authority to look into and correct returns, unless these returns were accompanied by a statement signed by three witnesses under oath that there was fraud, intimidation and violence at the polls, sufficient to deter a number of people from voting on the day of election. No such certificates had accompanied the returns from any precinct in this State, and the board was therefore, *without jurisdiction* to look into the question of votes in the State. Their sole duty was to tabulate the votes and count them, and decide for whom the State had voted.

When this case came before the Commission, the counsel managing the Tilden side of the case offered to show that these returns thus made to the returning board, were without the accompanying evidence necessary to authorize the returning board to inquire into the returns. They offered to prove, also, that this returning board which by law should consist of five members, one of which at least must belong to the minority party in the State, had only four members, all belonging to the Republican party, who refused to fill the vacancy by the appointment of a Democrat to act with them. They offered to prove that this board was corrupt and offered to sell the vote of the State

to the Tilden electors. They also offered to prove that this board usurped jurisdiction to look into the returns from the different counties of the State, and by a system of fraud, corruption and perjury threw out from the returns ten thousand votes that were cast for the Tilden electors, thus giving the State to Hayes by two thousand majority. They offered to prove also that two of the electors on the Hayes ticket were ineligible by reason of the fact that they held offices of trust and profit under the United States Government. This returning board certified to Kellogg, the acting Governor, that the Hayes electors were duly chosen, and he gave them the usual certificate. The counsel offered also to prove that Kellogg, the acting Governor, was one of the electors, and maintained that he could not certify his own election.

There was another certificate from the State of Louisiana, which certified that the Tilden electors were chosen. This certificate was signed by McEnery, who in the same election was elected Governor, by the same majority cast for the Tilden electors. These certificates were forwarded to the acting President of the Senate.

There were two certificates certifying the election of the Hayes electors. They were numbered 1 and 3. It was developed in the next Congress, by means of the Potter Committee which was appointed by the House of Representatives to investigate the frauds of the Presidential Election of 1876, that the second certificate of the election of the Hayes electors, No. 3, was forged. The first certificate of the election of the Hayes electors, No. 1, was sent by the Electoral College to Washington by one of the smartest fellows I have ever met, and one of the biggest scoundrels and liars. After delivering the certificate to the Vice-President, they talked over the action of the Electoral Board in Louisiana, and it was developed in this conversation that the

Hayes electors had signed but one certificate, that is, a certificate in which the vote was certified both for Hayes as President, and for Wheeler as Vice-President.

The Constitution of the United States expressly requires that there shall be separate certificates—one for the President and one for the Vice-President. A consultation was had between the acting Vice-President, Ferry, and the leaders of the Republican Party, upon this state of affairs, and it was decided that they would send this man back to reconvene the Republican Electoral College and conform to the Constitution by making two separate certificates. This man repaired promptly and hastily to New Orleans, and when he got there he found that the Hayes electors were scattered and could not be convened in time to make the two separate certificates. This scoundrel, therefore, drew the certificates according to the constitutional requirements, obtained the signatures of several of the electors to each one of them, and *forged the names of the other electors*. He brought these certificates back and put them into the hands of the Vice-President; and it was upon this certificate, thus forged with certificate No. 1 which was unconstitutional, that the Commission, refusing to hear any evidence or any objection, declared that the State of Louisiana had voted for Hayes, by a vote of 8 Republicans against 7 Democrats.

This vote of the State of Louisiana was reported by the majority of the Commission to the two Houses of Congress, was rejected in the House and received in the Senate and under the provision of the law became the vote of Louisiana. The count proceeded, counting the votes of Louisiana for Hayes and Wheeler. This action of the Commission was the crowning outrage of its brief existence. By it the right of the State of Louisiana to cast its vote as its people had declared was denied and her vote was cast for Hayes under the certificate of a Repub-

lican Board and of Governor Kellogg procured by conspiracy, fraud, forgery and perjury unexampled in this or any other country. The Democratic managers offered to prove this conspiracy. They offered to show under the laws of Louisiana that this Board had no jurisdiction to do more than tabulate and count the returns, and that this Board without jurisdiction procured fraudulent evidence and perjured affidavits upon which to found their action and in many of their high-handed acts without even such evidence as this. Affidavits of the conduct of election in distant parishes were received, made by men in New Orleans who were not present at the election and had never been in the parishes. There was a conspiracy regularly entered into before the election by Carpet-bag Republicans in New Orleans to certify the vote of the State for Hayes without regard to the vote cast. This Board which usurped authority was not even a legal Board. The law of Louisiana prescribed it should consist of five members, with one of its members from the minority party. It consisted of only four, all Republicans, who persistently refused to appoint a Democrat to fill the vacancy. They were urged to fill this vacancy, but refused on the ground *they did not want a Democratic witness to their proceedings*. The authorities established that where the law requires an act of a public nature to be done by a certain number, that number must be present or have the opportunity to be present. This is especially true when the Board is to consist of representatives of different parties. This doctrine is well sustained in *Wentworth vs. Farmington*, 49 New Hamp. p. 129, and many other cases. Its most elaborate endorsement was by Mr. Justice Miller (a Republican member of this commission) in an able opinion delivered in *Schenck vs. Peay* found in 1st Woolworth's Circuit Court Reports p. 175. Other authorities might be quoted, but these were enough to satisfy the mind of any fair man—espe-

cially of Judge Miller of the Commission. Miller on the bench was put against Miller on the Commission. The Democratic managers also offered to prove that two of the pretended Hayes electors, A. B. Levissee and O. B. Brewster, held offices of trust and profit under the United States at the time of their election and that the votes cast for them were absolutely void and of no effect. I refer to my remarks on this subject in the Florida case and only wish to add that the provision of the constitution prohibiting their election in its application to this case means that the State of Louisiana may appoint eight electors but Levissee and Brewster shall not be appointed. Any attempt to appoint them is unconstitutional and void and that the State appointed only six electors. No vacancy was created by this failure to elect because the places were never filled. Congress provided for just such cases in the Act of 1808, which authorized the State to provide for filling the vacancy by a subsequent popular election. In no event could more than six votes from Louisiana be counted for Hayes. By this count Tilden was elected.

It would exceed the limits of this biography to dwell longer upon this action of the eight Republicans of the Commission. The certificates Nos. 1 and 3 on which they declared the eight votes for Hayes were procured and upheld by a system of fraud, perjury and forgery unexampled in this or any other country and makes true the assertion that although Tilden was fairly and legally elected, the Republican party determined *per fas aut per ne fas* to inaugurate Hayes.

The vote of the Returning Board in Louisiana was offered to the friends of Tilden for \$200,000. The offer was declined. If it had been accepted the Republicans would have given a larger sum. But it is further evidence of the damnable corruption of that Board. Long after this General Grant said to

George W. Childs and Anthony J. Drexel that he always supposed from the beginning of the controversy that the vote of Louisiana would be counted for Tilden.

In an article in *McClure's Magazine* for May, 1904, contributed by Joseph M. Rogers, he embodies a statement of Hon. George F. Hoar which I think does gross injustice to our Democratic members of this Commission. Mr. Hoar is made to say (page 84): "So of the eight Democrats who sat on the commission (though there were but seven Democrats at any one time), four were of the opinion that the majority were right." The four Democrats named by Mr. Hoar are Thurman and Bayard, Abbott and Kernan. Kernan took Mr. Thurman's place (who was taken very sick). He did not become a member of the Commission till the last disputed State (South Carolina) was before the Commission. I have no recollection of any views he expressed on the point of going behind the Governor's certificate. When the motion of Commissioner Morton to declare the Commission had no power to receive evidence *aliunde* was offered, Justice Field offered a substitute declaring that evidence was admissible to sustain the Tilden contentions. Commissioner Kernan voted for Field's substitute with the other six Democrats. He also voted against Morton's resolution.

Commissioners Thurman, Bayard and Abbott were during the many sessions of the Commission pronounced advocates for the right and duty of the Commission to hear evidence to correct the illegality and fraud by which Hayes electors were declared and certified to be elected. They not only voted consistently to carry out this Democratic contention, but by their motions and speeches emphasized their convictions. I was very much surprised at this statement and am satisfied Mr. Hoar has done injustice to these gentlemen. They were among the highest gentlemen of this country—honorable and high-toned. It is

not possible that they held the opinion that the Commission had no power to go behind the Governor's certificate and persistently voted to do that very thing. They spoke and voted according to their convictions. They are all dead. I hardly think Mr. Hoar would have made this statement if they were alive.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next State reached, whose vote was disputed, was Oregon. This State had given a small majority for the Hayes electors. One of them named Watts was a postmaster, and by the terms of the Constitution he was prohibited from being made an elector. When the votes were returned to the Secretary of State, who with the Governor constituted the returning board of Oregon, they decided that Watts, being ineligible, the votes for him could not be counted, *but the next highest man*, Mr. Cronin, was the duly appointed third elector. On the day appointed by law, Cronin met and invited the other two Republican electors to act with him and form an electoral board. They declined to act with him, and he filled the vacancy by appointing two other Republicans, and this board, thus constituted, gave two votes to Hayes and Wheeler and one vote to Tilden. The other two electors who had received a majority, met as an electoral board, and Watts, the ineligible candidate, resigned his place as elector and his position as postmaster, and was appointed by the other two as one of the electoral college, and they cast the three votes of Oregon for Hayes and Wheeler. The Governor certified the election of Cronin and the two Republicans, which certificate was attested by the Secretary of State who attached the seal of the State.

Now in the case of Florida and Louisiana, the majority of the Commission had decided that they would not go behind the Governor's certificate, and we urged strenuously that the doctrine they applied to Louisiana and Florida should be applied to Oregon, and that one of the votes of Oregon ought to be counted for Tilden. I took the ground that the State of Oregon had voted Republican, and that we had no right to cast either

one of its electoral votes for Mr. Tilden, but that there were only two Republican electors elected and that, therefore, there ought only to be two votes from the State of Oregon counted for Mr. Hayes. The Republican electoral board cast its three votes for Hayes and Wheeler, and they were certified by the Secretary of State; but notwithstanding the action of the majority of the Commission in the States of Florida and Louisiana, those same members of the Commission decided in the case of Oregon that the certificate of the Secretary of State was conclusive, and would not stand up to their doctrine theretofore proclaimed, that the certificate of the Governor only was conclusive; and counted the three votes of that State for Hayes and Wheeler. The decision of the Commission was reported to the two Houses of Congress; the vote of Oregon was counted for Hayes and Wheeler, and the count proceeded.

I wish to be a little more specific about the State of Oregon. By its laws the vote cast for electors in each county was to be forwarded to the Secretary of State, who was, in the presence of the Governor, required to canvass the vote and then make duplicate lists of all persons chosen as electors and put the State seal thereto. Such lists shall be signed by the Governor and Secretary.

The Governor and Secretary of State decided that Watts was ineligible and certified to the election of Cronin the next highest candidate for elector. Afterward the Secretary of State alone certified the election of the three Republican electors including Watts. The very consistent eight members of the Commission who had (in spite of fraud, perjury and usurpation) declared in the cases of Florida and Louisiana that the Governor's certificate was conclusive, now claimed and decided that the certificate of the Secretary of State was conclusive even against the certificate of the Governor and the Secretary of State.

It only demonstrates what I have before declared to be my opinion that the eight Republican members of the Commission were carrying out their plan to seat Hayes without regard to fraud, perjury, forgery and without regard to their own consistency.

The next State reached, about which there was a dispute, was South Carolina. The returns in South Carolina gave the State by a small majority to Hayes and Wheeler. The Democratic counsel offered to prove before the Commission that the Constitution of South Carolina provided that there should be a registration of all the voters of the State, as the first qualification to vote. The legislature of South Carolina made no provision for this registration, and there was none in the State, and therefore, no legal voter in the State of South Carolina. This was one of the grounds upon which it was sought to exclude the State of South Carolina from the count.

Another ground was that there was no republican government in South Carolina. In the month of October preceding the election, the President of the United States had sent General Reuger to South Carolina with a portion of the Federal army, with instructions to call for more troops if more were necessary. General Reuger reported to the President that everything was quiet in the State, and that no more troops were necessary; but notwithstanding this, just before the election, quite a large portion of the Federal army was sent down to South Carolina. Federal soldiers surrounded the polls; the State militia surrounded the polls; there were thousands of deputy-sheriffs appointed—all of the Republican party. There were thousands of deputy-marshals appointed—all of the Republican party. The Federal and State troops, the deputy-sheriffs and the deputy-marshals were guilty of the greatest outrages all through the State, so that the election in that State became a farce—or a tragedy, whichever you may

choose to call it. People were shot down, driven from the polls, and the negroes emboldened by the presence of the troops and the marshals, committed all sorts of outrages upon the people; and the election in that State, as I have said, became a farce, or a tragedy.

For these reasons the Democratic managers moved to exclude the State of South Carolina from the count; but the majority of the Commission—the same eight Republicans—voted that the election was all right, decided that the votes should be counted for Hayes and Wheeler, reported this decision to the two Houses of Congress, and the vote was counted for the Republican candidates for President and Vice-President.

The House of Representatives was Democratic; the Senate was Republican, and when either of these four States was reported the House sided with the minority of the Commission and the Senate with the majority. Under the terms of the bill, unless both Houses decided against the majority of the Commission, the report should rule; and although in every instance the House voted to sustain the minority of the Commission, the vote of the majority of the Commission was sustained, because both Houses did not concur in reversing it.

When the case from Louisiana was before the Commission, it was very well understood that Roscoe B. Conkling, Senator from the State of New York, would vote with the Democrats to reverse the decision of the Commission in that case, and that enough Republican Senators from the Southern States would follow Conkling to convert the Democratic minority into a majority of the Senate. All this was thoroughly understood. The Republican Senators who would follow Conkling were known and named, and it looked as if in the State of Louisiana we would reverse the action of the Commission.

The greatest efforts were made to induce Conkling to stand

by his party friends in the Senate. He was very determined, and no effort was made that was successful until they brought the influence of Mrs. Sprague to bear upon him. She was the daughter of Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, and the wife of Governor Sprague of Rhode Island and a very beautiful woman. It was said, and believed, that she induced Conkling—after failing to get him to vote with the Republicans—to leave the Senate Chamber when the Louisiana count came up. These Southern Senators, who were to follow Conkling, having lost their leader, went back to their party, and the majority of the Senate voted to sustain the action of the Commission.

The count of the electoral vote proceeded by the two houses of Congress, and by counting Florida, Louisiana, the one vote from Oregon, and the State of South Carolina, Hayes and Wheeler were declared elected by one majority.

This action of the Commission was the most thorough outrage. There was not a man of them on that Commission who did not know that according to the forms of the Constitution and the law, Tilden was elected President of the United States. It is rare now that you meet a candid Republican who will not agree that Tilden was elected President.

This Electoral Commission ought never to have been a necessity, and if Mr. Tilden had been a man of nerve (after the order of Andrew Jackson), it never would have been necessary. It was very apparent that if the Democrats had stood up and maintained their rights in the premises, with a bold front, the Republicans would have backed down.

But the result was dreadful. It required all the votes from Florida; all the votes from Louisiana and South Carolina, and all the votes from Oregon, to elect Hayes, and that gave him but one majority. There could be no doubt about it that the States of Florida and Louisiana had voted for Tilden. There

could be no doubt that the State of South Carolina ought not to have been counted at all. And yet, in the face of this plain election of Tilden, Hayes became President of the United States. The day after the election Hayes declared that Tilden was elected. He said, "I don't care so much for myself, but I am sorry for the poor negro"; and yet in the face of this declaration of Hayes, in the face of fraud and perjury that were resorted to to carry these States for Hayes, and although Tilden was unquestionably elected President of the United States, he was not seated.

Bad as it was, it was better than war, as the country had just emerged from a four years' war. My portion of the country had been devastated and ruined. The people were just beginning to recover from the effects of that war. It would have been more than the Southern country could stand to go through another, and although we lost, I never regretted the course that I pursued in favoring an electoral commission as the means of settling, in peace, the disputed presidential election, and which I believed would result, and certainly ought to have resulted, in declaring Tilden President.

Mr. Hoar says in Roger's article, before referred to, that his course as a member of the Electoral Commission has been endorsed by many Democrats and that he would be willing to submit his vindication to the Democratic party. This statement deserves as much consideration as his statement about Thurman, Bayard, Kernan and Abbott and no more. I think candid Republicans all over the country agree that Tilden was fairly and lawfully elected and should have been inaugurated.

It was very curious after the Electoral Commission counted the vote of Louisiana for Mr. Hayes, that Mr. Hayes himself recognized the Democratic Governor of Louisiana. Mr. Tilden and the Democratic candidate for Governor received exactly

the same vote, and if the State voted for the Democratic Governor, it as certainly voted for Mr. Tilden as President, and yet the Electoral Commission gave the State to Hayes by 8,000, and the Democratic candidate for Governor was elected by 8,000. But it was a great relief to those people to get rid of the scalawag government in Louisiana, and it was one of the advantages growing out of the Electoral Commission. Soon after this, Governor Hampton was recognized as the Governor of South Carolina. In the State of Florida, which was reported to be 2,000 for Mr. Hayes, by the fraudulent certificate of Governor Stearns, the same majority was given for Drew, the Democratic candidate for Governor. When the Democratic Electors sued out their *quo warranto* to determine whether they or the Hayes electors were the true electors of the State, the Governor sued out his *quo warranto* to test whether he or his competitor, Mr. Stearns, was the Governor of Florida.

Stearns was the acting Governor, and a candidate for re-election, and he helped to get up the devilment about the Hayes electors. The Court of Florida decided that Mr. Drew, the Democratic candidate, was elected Governor. He was inaugurated as such, and served his term, and Florida presented the curious spectacle of electing a Democratic Governor by a majority of 2,000, and according to the decision of the commission giving the same majority, or about the same, to the Hayes electors. Although we lost Mr. Tilden for our President, the three States of Florida, Louisiana and South Carolina were rid forever of carpet-bag, scalawag governments.

CHAPTER XV.

IN the meantime I had been nominated and elected to Congress for the second time. My competitor for the nomination in 1874 was James Barbour, of Culpeper. He made a very hard fight for the delegates, and at two or three of the precincts his friends withdrew from the meeting and sent contesting delegations to the district convention.

When this convention met, there was quite a majority of uncontested delegates for my nomination. A committee was appointed to pass upon the contested delegations. My friends were admitted as the true delegates, and this gave me two-thirds of the convention, and the nomination.

Before the nomination was made, Mr. James Barbour's friends by preconcert (as I learned afterward), withdrew from the convention, and Mr. Barbour declared himself an independent candidate against me. The contest between us was very warm and somewhat close. He was warmly supported by Colonel John S. Mosby, who was in harmony with the Federal administration of President Grant, and through Colonel Mosby hundreds of people throughout the district (especially in the County of Fauquier) were promised office if they would vote for Barbour. The Republican party and the negro vote were almost solid for Barbour. Mr. Barbour's brother, John S. Barbour, was president of the railroad which passed through the district. This road and its Manassas branch passed through Alexandria, Alexandria County, Fairfax, Loudoun, Fauquier, Culpeper, Orange and Warren. By the influence of John S. Barbour, as president of this road, almost all the employes of the road voted for his brother, James. Barbour men were given free passes to ride on

the railroad all over the district and electioneer and hurrah for Barbour.

We met in discussion in every county of the district. Mr. Barbour was a poor stump speaker, and made no capital on the stump. In his own County of Culpeper there was almost a reign of terror, and persons were afraid to vote for me; their business was threatened, their official position was endangered, and the County of Culpeper gave an overwhelming majority to Mr. Barbour *according to the returns*.

Under these circumstances it is very wonderful that I was elected. My own County of Fauquier, under the influences that I have just mentioned, became very close, and I carried it by a small majority. Loudoun County gave me a large majority of some 1,300 or 1,400. The three Valley counties—Clark, Warren and Frederick—gave me over 2,000 majority, and the vote in the district summed up a majority of 518 for me—9,809 to 9,291.

Mr. Barbour talked for some time about contesting my election. But for the trouble and expense, I would have been very glad to have had a contest. I have always felt satisfied that the large majority reported for him in the County of Culpeper was not correct, and I wanted to ventilate it, but he finally abandoned all idea of a contest.

I was again elected in 1876 over J. C. O'Neal, a Republican, by a vote of 16,660 to 10,175.

A majority of Democrats were elected to the 45th Congress. As I said before, Samuel J. Randall was the Speaker of the House in the preceding Congress, and was a candidate for election in the 45th Congress. He had managed the House so well during the preceding Congress in the contested election between Tilden and Hayes that I felt anxious to see him re-elected. There was

quite a number of members of the House elected to this Congress, and who were in the preceding Congress, that opposed Mr. Randall because of his tariff views. Mr. Randall was not a thorough tariff reformer. He was very much opposed to the Republican tariff, but he was not as much of a reformer as I was, or as very many members of the House of Representatives were. Most of these opponents of Mr. Randall, on account of his tariff views, were anxious to defeat him for the Speakership. They applied to John Goode, of Virginia, to run against him. Mr. Goode hesitated to run, and finally wrote a circular letter to his colleagues from Virginia, Mr. Tucker, Colonel Cabell and myself among the number. In this circular letter he asked our opinion as to whether he should run or not, and stated that he would not run unless it met the approbation of his colleagues. It developed that we all replied to the same effect, that we thought it was impossible that he could be elected, and advised against his running, but each one of us told him that if he ran we would vote for him. John T. Harris, the member of Congress from the Valley District, was for Sam Randall over Goode.

After these letters to Mr. Goode, I took it for granted we should hear no more of his candidacy for the Speakership. I was in the City of Washington some two or three weeks before Congress met, and met Mr. Randall in the House of Representatives, no one being on the floor of the House except him and myself. We had a long and a full conversation. We went over the proceedings of the last session, which was made famous by the Presidential contest. He told me that he had submitted all difficult questions (and some of them were perplexing ones) to me for solution; that although Proctor Knott was the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee he preferred to be guided by me, the second man on that Committee, and said he, "in look-

ing over the fight I am perfectly satisfied with the advice you gave me on all occasions. I cannot recall an instance in which I was led astray by your advice."

This was a very high compliment, and I was very much flattered by it. I said to Mr. Randall that Mr. Goode had talked about running for Speaker, and told him about the letters we had written to him. I said, "I suppose that Mr. Goode will not now be a candidate, but if he is a candidate, Mr. Randall, being a colleague and a life-long friend, I will feel obliged to vote for him; but I hope he will not be a candidate, and I think you deserve a re-election."

Mr. Randall expressed himself as entirely satisfied with my position. He said he did not see how I could vote against my own colleague. He said what troubled him most about the speakership was what to do with John T. Harris, of Virginia. John T. Harris, as I have said before, was for Mr. Randall over Mr. Goode. He said, "Mr. Harris wants to go on the Judiciary Committee. He was Chairman of the Election Committee in the last House, and I hardly think he is fit for that place; but I don't feel like I could give him a position on the Judiciary Committee." He expressed himself as very much embarrassed, and seemed to wish me to give my views on the matter. I said to him, "Mr. Randall, I feel that you are in a delicate position with regard to Mr. Harris. He has declared for you over his own colleague, and is the only one from Virginia who has so declared. I agree with you that he is not fit for the position he has held as Chairman of the Committee on Elections. I certainly don't think he ought to be put upon the Judiciary Committee, and I should regret very much to see Mr. Harris put upon that Committee, to the exclusion of myself."

I told Mr. Randall that I thought the best way out of his difficulty with Mr. Harris was to keep him where he was, and

to make him again Chairman of the Committee on Elections. He acquiesced in this view, and we parted. I went home, and about a week before the meeting of the House, John Goode, to the surprise of his friends, opened headquarters in Washington as a candidate for Speaker. I was satisfied he could not be elected, but I felt bound to vote for him. I went down to Washington a day or two before Congress met. Mr. Randall had his headquarters at the National Hotel. I called to see him and again explained my position to him; he said it was entirely satisfactory. The caucus nominated Randall by a large majority.

Congress met on the first Monday in December. Randall was elected Speaker, and after the usual time taken to make up the Committees they were announced to the House. To my surprise, and the equal surprise of all my friends, I was taken from the Judiciary Committee, and John T. Harris put in my place. I was made third on the District of Columbia Committee, and second on the Committee to revise the laws in regard to the election of President of the United States. I was very much shocked and mortified at my treatment. Mr. Goode as a competitor of the successful candidate for Speaker, under the usage of the House, was given a good Chairmanship, and while he gained by his candidacy, he hurt his friends, and especially hurt me. I thought very hard of Mr. Goode for his course. So did my friends. I felt that he had pursued a course which helped him and hurt his friends who supported him against their judgment.

A good many of my friends came to me the next day after the Committees were announced, and asked me what was the trouble between me and Mr. Randall, and why he had treated me so. I told them that there was no trouble between us that I knew of, and recited a good deal of what I have written above. I never fully forgave Mr. Randall for this treatment. He and

I had been exceedingly intimate. He had confided in me to the fullest extent, and made me his adviser instead of Proctor Knott, the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and I had always supported him for the Speakership. He visited me in Warrenton. I broke off friendly relations with him. Soon after the session began, he gave a dinner and invited me as one of his guests. I declined to accept the invitation, and told him why. Although I was thus subordinated in the Committee assignments, I went to work on the Committees to which I had been assigned, and worked as diligently to promote the business of those Committees as if they had been the Committees of my choice. My work was mainly devoted to the Committee on the District of Columbia. I had no wish to be a member of that Committee. It was a very troublesome committee of very hard work, but still a very important committee to the people of Washington City. The Chairman of the Committee, whose name I do not now recall, soon died, and Joseph S. C. Blackburn, of Kentucky, the second on the Committee, became its Chairman.

The government of the District of Columbia was an uncertain one. It was at that time in the hands of a governor and council elected by the people. The appropriations for the benefit of the District of Columbia were sporadic. Occasionally a good appropriation would be made, and then for several years very small appropriations. The City was languishing for a better government, and more constant and equal appropriations. Colonel Blackburn and myself determined we would make an effort to change the government of the District, and after a great deal of labor we formulated the present government. There were three Commissioners, two of whom were appointed by the President from civil life, and one detailed from the Engineering Department of the Army, and they were to be divided between

the two political parties of the country. It provided that these Commissioners should annually make out a list of appropriations needed for Washington City. This was to be submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury, and as far as approved by him reported to Congress, and the appropriation was to be equally borne by the people of the District and by the Federal Government. We made this distribution of the appropriation because the Federal government owned about as much property in the City of Washington as the citizens of the District. The three commissioners were to be the Governors of the District of Columbia.

The Committee on the District adopted our plan, and we reported it to the House. After a long and fierce fight, we carried our scheme through the House with slight modifications. It afterwards passed the Senate, was signed by the President, and became a law.

Under this system of government the City of Washington has improved year by year, until it has now become the handsomest city of the continent. Liberal appropriations are made every year, and only one-half paid by the people of the District. I felt then, and have felt ever since, that it was the best government that could be organized for the District, and it has proved to be so; and I have always felt that Colonel Blackburn and myself did more in Congress for the people of the District of Columbia than any two men ever did since the war.

The city at the time we inaugurated this change of government, was filled with negroes, most of whom were voters, and the government of the city was practically in the hands of the negro voters. Under our system of government the people had no voice in the government at all. The Constitution of the United States provided that that portion of the country ceded to the Government for its capital should be governed by Con-

gress, and we successfully maintained that Congress, under that constitutional provision, had a right to govern the District of Columbia, through these Commissioners. The people of the District seem to be thoroughly satisfied with their government, and well they may be, and I hope that it will never be changed.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN March, 1877, my sister-in-law, the widow of my brother James, died leaving four sons and one daughter, without any means of support. Before her death she exacted a promise from my good wife to take and raise her daughter Bessie Marye Hunton, named after my dear mother. The sons sought and obtained employment mainly from my brother-in-law, Major Thomas R. Foster, who had married my sister Mary Brent for his second wife. He was one of the best of men. On the death of my sister-in-law, Bessie came to us. My wife and I raised her as our own daughter. We gave her a fine education. She completed her education at the Episcopal Institute in Staunton, presided over by the widow of that splendid and heroic General of Cavalry, General J. E. B. Stuart. When her education was completed, Bessie became assistant in the school and formed a friendship for Mrs. Stuart which will endure as long as they live. Bessie afterward married Charles Catlett of Staunton, one of the best of men and husbands. They have two living children—the best I ever saw. The youngest died. She was one of the sweetest children I ever knew. Bessie developed into a first-rate woman and has amply repaid us for the care and expense of her maintenance and education. Mr. Catlett is doing very well in his business as mineralogist. They live comfortably and happily in their own house in Staunton.

In March, 1877, I purchased from Colonel John S. Mosby for eight thousand dollars a very fine residence on Main Street in Warrenton, some distance from the Courthouse. I built a fine woodhouse with two lumber rooms above it, also a barn, stable, cowhouse and carriage-house all in one building. I owned four acres in the lot on which this house stood and afterwards added

thirteen acres adjoining. It made a charming home and we lived for many years there in happiness.

In the summer of 1877 my dear son finished his course at the the University of Virginia. He graduated in law and other studies. After he was rested, I took him into co-partnership under the firm name of Hunton & Son. I paid him for some time fifty dollars a month. My service in Congress had ruined my fine practice. Eppa kept together a portion of it, and soon became a good and popular lawyer.

CHAPTER XVII.

I WAS a candidate for re-election to the 46th Congress. My nomination was opposed with great vigor by S. Chapman Neale, of Alexandria. He was a young man of a good deal of sprightliness, but very little talent. He had command of a large amount of money, and he spent this money with great freedom in trying to secure the nomination. It was a hard fight, but when the convention assembled I had such a decided majority over Neale that he withdrew from the contest, and I was nominated by acclamation.

This was the fourth time I was nominated for Congress and I made up my mind that I would not be a candidate again. I had not disclosed my intention to anybody—not even to my wife and son—and when I was sent for to accept the nomination, I commenced my speech by saying, “For the fourth and the last time I appear before you to accept your nomination for Congress.” It took the convention by surprise, and I was importuned all over the district to withdraw my declaration. I declined to do it. My service in Congress, including the term for which I was just nominated, would be eight years. I had saved very little money; part of what I had saved I spent in politics; I felt that the time would come when I would have to leave politics and go back to my profession, and if I was ever to go back to my profession, it was time to go.

I had two competitors in the canvass. One was Mr. Cochran, a Republican in Culpeper. The other was John R. Carter, a Greenback Democrat in the County of Loudoun, who had been one of my Captains in the 8th Virginia Regiment during the war. I carried every precinct in Culpeper against Mr. Cochran.

I carried every precinct in Loudoun against Captain Carter. I only lost three precincts in the whole district. I would not have lost any, except for the universal belief that my election was assured, and that there was no necessity for my friends to turn out. My vote was 5,772 as against 1,119 for Carter and 506 for Cochran.

I felt very much gratified that I had gotten to such a stopping place in politics: elected four times by the best constituency in the world—three times by overwhelming majorities—and winding up by carrying every precinct in the district except three. I felt that I never again could reach a place so suitable for retirement.*

When Congress convened Samuel J. Randall was again elected Speaker, and I was made Chairman of the Committee on the District of Columbia. I worked very hard for the people of the

*Dr. Mason Graham Ellzey, my father's brigade surgeon, in his unpublished book, "The Cause We Lost and the Land We Love," gives the following account of him in a political campaign:

"Soon after this, General Eppa Hunton was brought out there to canvass that District (the 9th), and proved to be the most effective man, and best vote getter who had yet spoken there. He held no joint debates, but spoke to his own meetings, and the effect of his canvass was long felt there. He was particularly effective with the popular masses, the voters who were not office holders nor office seekers.

"The man who has the ear of those people is always the most successful of vote getters. Virginia had at that time more showy and brilliant men, but she had no sounder, no truer citizen, nor braver, nor better man, in all relations of human life. The writer knows well how high an estimate this is, but he feels that he has had every opportunity to know whereof he speaks. He has considered well what he is saying, and believes it is perfectly just and true. He is the author of the sketch of the life and services of General Hunton, published in General Clement A. Evans' Encyclopedia war records, at the request of General Evans, and collected from authentic sources all the facts of his life work, upon which such an estimate is based."

District. I found that there were very many people in the District of Columbia, and very many corporations, that were not paying their taxes. I took the ground in the Committee (and the Committee sustained me), that no one should come before the Committee for any purpose, who had not paid his taxes. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad owed over \$100,000. The Baltimore and Potomac owed a large sum. Other corporations were very much in arrears. Mr. Corcoran (as good a man as he was), was not paying his taxes. Judge Wiley did not pay his. As soon as the position of the Committee was known, these corporations commenced paying up, and all paid except the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The District government sued the Baltimore and Ohio and finally made that corporation pay. I wrote a letter to Judge Wiley, in which I told him that I was surprised to find that he was not paying his taxes; that he, who was daily in the habit of enforcing the law upon others, was daily in the habit of violating it himself by a failure to pay his taxes.

It was rather an impudent letter to write to a Judge. I knew him very well. In antebellum days he was at Prince William Court at a time when there was the first candidate for President on the Abolition ticket. It was rumored at Prince William Court that Wiley was a supporter of the candidate for the Abolition Party, and serious talk was indulged in on the court green of lynching him. I took him down to my house in Brentsville, and put him on my horse at my back door and started him to the depot and saved all trouble. He was very grateful to me for it ever afterward, and always treated me with the utmost politeness. The morning after he received my letter as Chairman of the District Committee, he came down to see me before breakfast at the Arlington Hotel, where I was boarding. He was as mad as he well could be. I expected to have

trouble with him. He was unquestionably a brave man. He said, "Why did you write me that letter?" I said, "Because I thought you deserved it, sir." Then I told him that I felt mortified to think there was a Judge in the District of Columbia, who was put there to enforce the law, and who was daily in the habit of violating it. We talked on for a considerable time. His anger cooled, and he finally said, "I know I am not doing right, but the truth of it is, I am not able to pay my taxes here without depriving my family of some of the comforts of life. I have large property in Chicago, but I cannot sell it. I will try to sell that property, and as soon as I can sell it I will pay my taxes in the District of Columbia." I told him that was entirely satisfactory; and in the course of four or five months he did pay his taxes. All the people of the District who had declined to pay their taxes from that time on became regular tax-payers; and I felt that I had done a big work for the District government.*

*Subsequently my Father supported an assessment-enforcement bill, which facilitated the District of Columbia in the collection of its taxes. During his canvass for renomination to Congress in 1878, a man named Columbus Alexander published a card in which he stated that he found in *Baltimore Sun*, *Alexandria Gazette*, *Washington Star* and several other papers a report of a speech made by my father in which he says that my father made statements about this bill which were untrue, and which he believes he knew were false when he made them. My father wrote to Alexander and sent the letter by a friend, and told him he could not find in the *Alexandria Gazette* anything like the statements attributed to him by Alexander in his card, but that his statements were exactly in accord with the debate as quoted by Alexander from the *Congressional Record*, and demanded of Alexander a withdrawal of the offensive language of his card.

Instead of complying with this demand, Alexander published another equally offensive card. By the law of the District of Columbia, it was a penitentiary offense to carry a challenge. My father wrote him a letter telling him this and as Alexander had stated he was a Virginian requested him to "indicate some place beyond the reach of the District police, where a demand for reparation which Virginians accord in such cases can be made

The Engineer Commissioner of the District of Columbia was a very good man, and he and I planned the filling of the flats in the Potomac River. It will be recollected that in the middle of the river under the Long Bridge, and above and below it, there was a very large marsh which breded noxious vapors and injured the health of the City. He and I planned to fill up this marsh by dredging the bottom of the river, and leaving a narrow channel on the Washington side, and a wider and deeper channel on the Virginia side. This great work was not undertaken while I was in Congress, but it was agitated from that time until it was finally accomplished some few years ago, and now that marsh is solid ground. This also is recognized to be a wonderful improvement for the City of Washington.

I served out that term and retired from politics. During the whole of my Congressional career my wife had spent each winter in Washington with me, and was a great comfort to me then, as at all times during our married life. She was very popular, especially with the younger people. A right funny incident occurred on one occasion when she went to Washington to remain the balance of the winter with me. I had

upon you." This was sent to him by registered mail and he was wired to call at the post office for a registered letter. Alexander published this letter and another offensive card. My father published the entire correspondence in a handbill addressed "To the Public" and they were sent broadcast over the District. This handbill concluded as follows:

"I have given this individual the opportunity to show that he is a gentleman and a man of courage, but he has not done me the justice of the one or been willing to accord me the redress of the other. He refuses to come from the protection of the police he affects to despise and I can not reach him without exposing friends to the penitentiary. I therefore proclaim him a malicious liar, a vulgar blackguard and an irresponsible coward. The public is assured I shall take no further notice of Columbus Alexander or any publication from him."

This handbill is reprinted herein in full as Appendix II, p. 253.

gone down the first of December, and she was to join me after the Christmas holidays. I had more room in my trunk than I could fill with my wardrobe, and she put a good many of her own clothes in, especially some underclothes. The morning after she reached Washington, as I was going to the House she asked me for the key to my trunk. When I got back from the House she laughed and told me that she had been very mad. She said she went into the trunk and the first thing that met her vision was a woman's underclothes. She had forgotten entirely that she had put her own there, and she said she was mad to find a woman's underclothes in my trunk, but before I got back she had worked it out and found they were hers.

After I had served my term out, the question was where I should open an office. I felt satisfied there was not business enough for my son and myself in Warrenton, and that one of us must look for business elsewhere.

After careful deliberation and consultation with my wife and son, I decided that he was to be the lawyer in Virginia and I would open a law office in Washington. I got a very good practice, and after the first year formed a partnership with Jeff Chandler, a very fine lawyer, one of the finest jury lawyers in the city. Before I formed this partnership, a friend of mine came to me and asked me if I was willing to become the attorney for Wm. McGarahan. He had a claim before Congress—a very large claim—and it had been a good deal talked about. There was an intimation that it was not a fair claim. I told this friend I must look into the matter before I gave him an answer whether I would take the claim or not. I went to Jerry Wilson, a very prominent lawyer in Washington, who had served one term in the House with me, from one of the western States. I told him that I was asked the question whether I would take the case or not, and that I had hesitated because I was afraid that it was

not a just claim. I knew he had been counsel for it, and I wanted him to say whether it was a just claim, and why he gave it up. He said, "You need not hesitate a moment to go into that case. It is a perfectly just claim, and I gave it up because I had not the time to attend to it."

William McGarahan was a merchant in San Francisco, and he bought a large tract of land in California with a quicksilver mine on it. It was taken possession of by a company who, though mere squatters, claimed to have gotten title to it. Their title was not worth a cent, and McGarahan's title was as good in equity as any man ever had to a foot of his land. I agreed to take the case. His claim, if paid by the Government, would amount to millions, and he agreed to pay me \$250,000 if I was successful with his claim. I worked very hard for it, until I went to the United States Senate. I got it through the Senate once, and through the House once, but not during the same Congress. It passed in an omnibus bill, through both Houses, and Mr. Cleveland vetoed it, not so much on account of this claim as for the French Spoilation Claims that were in the same bill. When I went into the Senate I knew that I would have to take the "laboring oar" in pushing this claim. I did not want to have it said by any Senator on the floor that I was speaking for my own benefit, so I surrendered my contract.

I got it through the Senate twice. The first time it was vetoed by Mr. Cleveland, as I have said, and the last time it passed the Senate and was about to be taken up in the House when the poor old man died. He had no near relatives who would take the case up. I had no further interest in it, and the claim died. He was one of the worst treated claimants I have ever known who had a claim before Congress. He never lost his character as an honest upright man. He died at the Providence Hospital. He had sent for me two or three times. I had just returned from

home and as soon as I heard he was ill, I went to the hospital to see him. He told me, "Next week my claim will be up in the House, and it will certainly pass." I said, "Mr. McGarahan, I presume you want me to do some writing for you." He said, "Yes, that is what I want with you." I meant to write his will. I said, "I am ready to do it"; and he called on one of the nurses to bring him pen, ink and paper, but before I started to write for him he lost consciousness, and died in thirty minutes.

Senator Teller was also his warm friend, and before I left the hospital Senator Teller came in. We sent for an undertaker and told him to give Mr. McGarahan a decent burial and we would be responsible for the pay. Before the day of burial came, his acquaintances and friends in the District of Columbia, and especially in the two Houses of Congress, came forward and volunteered to contribute to his burial expenses. Before he was buried I had enough money in my hands to give him an exceedingly genteel burial and erect a monument over his grave. I thought it was the finest tribute to the old man's character I had ever known.

The practice of Chandler and myself became very large and we were doing a very fine business, which promised to increase rather than diminish. He was a very peculiar man, but as high a gentleman as ever lived. During our partnership of three years or more there never was a cross word between us: there was never any difference of opinion as to questions, and he deferred to my legal opinions with great generosity. Our partnership has never been legally dissolved. In his peculiar style of doing business he took himself off to St. Louis, without telling me he was going, or that he was going to break up the partnership. We parted on the most friendly terms, and our relations have been very kindly and intimate ever since.

On the 28th of May, 1892, P. W. McKinney, Governor of Vir-

ginia, appointed me a Senator to represent, with John W. Daniel, the State of Virginia in the United States Senate. This was to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Honorable John S. Barbour.*

*The following newspaper article was written by "Savoyard", which was the *nom de plume* of Henry Watterson, Editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. He was a member of Congress during the Tilden and Hayes contested presidential election and came in close contact with my Father and pays him this glowing tribute upon his appointment to the United States Senate:

"There is nobody in Washington who does not hail with delight the appointment of Gen. Eppa Hunton to the vacancy in the Federal Senate occasioned by the death of the late Mr. Barbour. Gen. Hunton is a typical Virginian of the old school. And what a race was that! The Old Dominion gave to the world Washington and Jefferson and Lee. For seventy years Virginia ideas maintained in the councils of the Nation. The Virginia gentleman is the gentlest, the bravest, the simplest of human creatures.

"Honest and credulous himself, he suspects no guile in others. The back-bone of the rebellion of seventy-six, the back-bone of the rebellion of sixty-one, more luster clusters about the name Virginia than any other name pronounced by Americans. The grand Old Dominion splendidly illustrates all that her brilliant sons conceived in the couplet:

'The glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.'

Forty years ago Eppa Hunton was the humblest and most modest struggling young lawyer at the bar of Eastern Virginia. As a boy he had killed squirrels and trapped rabbits on the ground that was afterward to become historic as Bull Run's bank and Manassas' Cross Road. He loved Virginia as the chivalry that fell at Pavia loved France; he loved her sterile sands as the peasant of Aisne loves the soil of France. When Virginia cast her fortunes with the South Hunton entered her armies a private, and, four years later, at Appomattox, he surrendered a Brigadier-General's commission. In all those four years of blood and iron, whether in the ranks, or in the field, he was always where duty called him, illustrating the courage, the fortitude, the heroism of Virginia chivalry, as steadfast as the most fanatic Puritanism. After all was over he returned to his law office and began life anew. Soon he was sent to Congress, and that body he illumined by his splendid intellect and his profound knowledge of the

When I retired from the House of Representatives, John S. Barbour succeeded me. When he died I succeeded him in the United States Senate. At the meeting of the legislature of Virginia following my appointment to the Senate, I was elected to

law. So conspicuous was he for legal attainments that the Democrats chose him as one of the Electoral Commission; but his sound opinions fell on deaf ears, organized as the tribunal was to find a fraudulent judgment. Of that commission, composed of eight Republicans and seven Democrats six Democrats survive and five Republicans are dead.

"It must be consoling to every Republican that the ground of the opinion declaring Hayes elected was the 'Right' of the States, and it carried the doctrine of 'States Rights' to a length that would have made swim the head of John C. Calhoun and the Breckinridge that drafted the Resolutions of 'Ninety-eight.'

"In the Forty-fourth Congress General Hunton was a member of the Judiciary Committee and had charge of the investigation of those interesting epistles of Jim the Penman, known as the Mulligan letters. A few months before Blaine had gained all Southern hearts by defeating the Force bill, evolved out of the boundless malignity of Ben Butler; but a few weeks before Blaine had cancelled the obligation by waving the bloody shirt as no one ever waived it before or since. When the Mulligan letters came out and Congress set about construing them, Blaine, with an effrontery that might well have extorted applause from the devil himself, threw off the role of the culprit and assumed that of the prosecutor, and in John Gilpin style he played it. Congress sat staring like a stuck pig while Blaine read it and its Judiciary Committee a lecture on honesty, morality and decency. This was the scene or one of the scenes, Bob Ingersoll had in his fancy when he spoke of plumed Knights and shining lances and things in the Cincinnati convention of 1876 just before the lights went out. But there was one calm, sedate, imperturbable lawyer on the Judiciary Committee that Blaine's bluster and bullying operated on as a sprinkle on a duck's back. He rose as soon as Blaine concluded and in a few plain, blunt, simple sentences gave the House a piece of his mind that convinced it there was something rotten in Denmark and made it necessary for Blaine to have a sunstroke next day. That grim old lawyer was Eppa Hunton, and he has raised the standard of the United States Senate in both manhood and intellectuality. May he be in the councils of the nation many years to come.

SAVOYARD."

fill out the unexpired term of Mr. Barbour. This legislature also elected the Senator for the long term. I was unanimously elected to fill out Mr. Barbour's term, which expired March 3, 1895, and Thomas S. Martin was nominated and elected to succeed me.

I was not a candidate for the long term when the caucus met. I had been a candidate with General Fitzhugh Lee and Thomas S. Martin. My son was in the legislature and conducted my canvass. Of course it was conducted upon the highest plane. He became satisfied that I would not be nominated, and with my approbation withdrew me from the contest, believing at that time that General Lee would be nominated.

It was a curious condition of affairs which exhibited so much strength for Thomas S. Martin in the legislature of Virginia. He was absolutely unknown to the people at large. He had been a railroad lobbyist in Richmond every winter for many years, and in that way became very well known to, and popular with members of the legislature. I heard a gentleman say that he was discussing Tom Martin's popularity with a friend of Mr. Martin's, in one of the towns of the State, and he said: "Tom Martin isn't known. The representative from this city voted for him and he hasn't five constituents who know who Tom Martin is." Martin's friend denied it, and they agreed to take a position on the most frequented thoroughfare of the city, and test which was right—as to that city. Large numbers of the citizens passed by, and they asked each one, "What do you think of the nomination of Thomas S. Martin for the Senate"—and the reply was unvarying, "Who is Tom Martin? I never heard of him."

Martin was running for the Senate against General Fitzhugh Lee, the nephew of General Robert E. Lee, who had been Governor of Virginia, and a very popular one, and was one of the

most popular of the Major-Generals of the Confederate Army in the cavalry arm. It was very curious that Thomas S. Martin should be selected for the United States Senate over Fitzhugh Lee. I believe he was nominated in caucus by a majority of only one. T. C. Pilcher, of my own County of Fauquier, was very warmly for me, until my withdrawal. After I was withdrawn, my friends continued their separate organization, every one of them being supposed to be for Fitzhugh Lee after I retired. Among them was this T. C. Pilcher. He created the impression with all of them that after my withdrawal he was for Fitzhugh Lee; and carried messages to different parties about the canvass of Fitz Lee. To the amazement and indignation of my friends, Pilcher voted for the nomination of Martin. He was at once denounced as a traitor by General William H. Payne and Colonel Thomas Smith, of the County of Fauquier, who were in Richmond primarily in my interest, but after my withdrawal were earnest advocates of the election of Fitzhugh Lee.

Colonel J. C. Gibson, who represented the County of Culpeper, was instructed to vote for me, and did support me up to the time of my withdrawal. It was thoroughly understood by the friends of Fitzhugh Lee and myself that after my withdrawal Colonel Gibson was for General Lee. To the surprise of the friends of General Lee, Colonel Gibson, when his name was called in caucus, refused to vote.

I might give other and stronger reasons to show how it was that Tom Martin beat Fitz Lee; but I forbear.

Soon after my appointment to the Senate, in May, 1892, Grover Cleveland was nominated as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. He had been elected in 1884; was defeated in 1888, and again nominated in 1892. Harrison was the Republican President, and nominee for re-election. It was a very earnest party conflict between these two men. Cleveland

was elected and inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1893. At that time the Democrats had the Presidency and a majority in both Houses of Congress. This was the first time it had happened since the war. In the first administration of Cleveland the Senate was Republican.

When the Democratic Congress met in December, 1893, there existed a most villainous tariff law; protective duties ranged from fifty to one hundred per cent. Mr. Cleveland was a good tariff reformer, and his message to the two Houses of Congress took very strong ground in favor of tariff reform. The bill had to originate in the House, as all revenue measures do, and William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means of the House, had charge of the tariff bill in that House.

William L. Wilson was one of the best men I ever met in public life—pure, upright and able. He was not fitted for party leadership. He was more on the order of a professor and obtained the right position for himself after he left Congress, to-wit, President of Washington and Lee University, which he filled until his death.

He, as Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, reported to the House of Representatives a very good tariff bill and after a very protracted fight the House passed the Wilson tariff law very much as reported from the Committee. The House had a large majority of Democrats, and they were all good tariff reformers.

When this bill came over to the Senate and was referred to the Finance Committee of that body, it very soon became apparent that we could not unite the Democratic majority of the Senate for that bill. It was soon made to appear that if that bill was not changed, it could not pass the Senate. Very soon after the bill came to the Senate, John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, formerly

Speaker of the House, afterwards United States Senator, and then Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Cleveland, wrote to the Chairman of the Committee on Finance (Mr. Vorhees of Indiana) stating that the Wilson Bill as it had passed the House would not support the Government, and changes in the bill must be made. The Committee of the Senate went to work upon it and finally reported the bill with a great many amendments to the Senate. It was not a very good tariff bill as reported by the Senate Committee. It did not suit real tariff reformers. It did not suit me, who learned my tariff views from James K. Polk, and Robert J. Walker. It was found that the Democrats were not a unit for this bill, as reported by the Senate Committee, and without amendments it could not go through the Senate. I felt in deep distress over it. I thought if the Democrats could not pass a tariff bill when they had both Houses of Congress and the Presidency, that there was very little use in working for a Democratic victory. I felt that we could not go before the country and ask for a Democratic victory in the face of a failure to pass a tariff reform bill.

In this condition of affairs in the Senate, Arthur P. Gorman, Senator from Maryland, the leader of the Democratic majority on the floor of the Senate, and Chairman of the Democratic Caucus, called a meeting of the Democrats of the Senate in caucus. When this caucus met Mr. Gorman called someone to the Chair and addressed the Democrats of the Senate. He was, like myself, very much distressed at the idea of a failure to pass a tariff reform bill. He was not as good a tariff reformer as I, but still he was very earnestly in favor of reforming the existing tariff law. He deplored, as I did, the divisions in the Democratic party, and he said there was but one way to pass a tariff reform bill, and that way he had embodied in a resolution, which he read. This resolution pledged each member of

the caucus to support any amendment that the Democrats of the Finance Committee might offer, and to vote against any amendments which that majority opposed. In this way, if the Democrats would unite, we would get a tariff bill—probably not such as all of us would like, but very much better than the one in existence.

This resolution was adopted by the Democratic caucus. I voted for it with pleasure, because I could follow the Democrats on the Finance Committee, who were pretty near as good tariff reformers as I claimed to be. They were Jones, of Arkansas; Harris, of Tennessee, and Vorhees, of Indiana, last named Chairman.

While we were fighting hard for union upon the tariff in the Senate, I was amazed one morning to find in the papers a letter from Grover Cleveland, the President, to William L. Wilson, Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means of the House. In this letter he denounced the Democrats of the Senate as guilty of treachery to the Democratic Party because they would not pass the Wilson tariff bill without amendment. I was very indignant when I read this letter. Most of the Democrats of the Senate were as good tariff reformers as Grover Cleveland. I was a tariff reformer when Grover Cleveland hardly knew what a tariff was. I considered his letter to Wilson the greatest outrage that ever was perpetrated by a Democratic President upon his Party in a co-ordinate branch of the government. This letter denounced the Democrats of the Senate because they did not pass the Wilson bill without amendment, when his own Secretary of the Treasury had informed the Finance Committee that it must be changed or there would not be revenue enough to support the government. Notwithstanding the indignation that followed the publication of Cleveland's letter to Wilson, the Democrats labored very hard to get through a tariff bill at least

fairly good. The Democrats of the Senate lived up to the Gorman resolution in the caucus. They followed these well-known tariff reformers of the Finance Committee, and after a fight lasting for months the Senate passed the bill loaded down with amendments adopted by the Senate. These amendments had to be adopted in order to get the bill through the Senate. It then went back to the House of Representatives. The House refused to concur in the amendments of the Senate; conference committees were appointed by the two Houses, and after a conference between these two committees lasting for a month, a tariff bill was agreed upon and adopted by both Houses of Congress and signed by the President.

This tariff law, as I have said before, was not what I would like to have had it, but it was the very best that could be passed at the time. It went into operation and proved to be a first-rate tariff law. The revenues under it proved to be sufficient for the government, and the protection of American manufacturers at the expense of the people was very much diminished. It remained in operation until the Republicans obtained control of the government and was replaced by what is known as the "Dingley Tariff Bill"—which, with some modifications, is in operation now (1904).

The only other question of very great interest that came up in the Senate during my time of service was the currency. Under the law in existence then (known as the Sherman law) Congress had to purchase and coin a certain quantity of silver every year. The question came up in the Senate of repealing the purchasing clause of that bill. I was at that time, always had been, and am now, a free silver man. I was opposed to repealing this clause in the Sherman Bill, but was assured by Vorhees, from the Finance Committee, that if that was repealed there would be at once introduced from that Committee into the Senate a

bill for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. Under this assurance I voted to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman law; but the free silver bill promised by Vorhees was not reported, and was of course never acted on.

This brought about the fight for free silver in the next Democratic Convention to nominate a candidate for the Presidency. The convention was apparently controlled by the old leaders who were opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. William J. Bryan, who had been a member of the House of Representatives from Nebraska, and made the leading speech in the House in favor of the Wilson tariff bill, was a member of the Democratic convention that assembled in 1896. He was an ardent, earnest and honest advocate for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. He took the floor in behalf of his doctrine as a part of the platform of his party; carried the convention with him almost like a whirlwind, and free silver became the leading feature of the Democratic platform.

But this was after I left the Senate. My term of service in the Senate expired on the 4th of March, 1895. Cleveland continued to make himself very disagreeable to his Party, and divided it. John G. Carlisle, who had been the most thorough-going advocate for free silver in all the land, was made, as a member of Cleveland's Cabinet, to take violent ground against free silver. Cleveland took ground against it. Almost all of his Cabinet took ground against it. The Democratic Party of the country seemed to be for it, but by reason of the division created by the conduct of Cleveland and his Cabinet the Democratic prospect in the country did not seem to be as bright as we had hoped it would be.

Mr. Cleveland was a man of very great ability. I think he was a thoroughly honest man. But he was the most obstinate man

I ever encountered. A man had to go his way, or part company. There was no compromise in his spirit. His policy was "Rule or Ruin." This had not developed fully until his second administration, but it was woeful during his second term, and caused such a division in the Democratic Party that Bryan, who seemed to be the idol of the people, was defeated for the Presidency, and McKinley, of Ohio, was elected.*

*The following glowing and splendid tribute to my father, published in Virginia newspapers when his term in the Senate ended, was written by his life-long friend General William H. Payne, my father-in-law:

GENERAL EPPA HUNTON

"The Old Order Changeth, Yielding Place to the New."

Editor Times: By the retirement of General Eppa Hunton today the country, by the concurrent testimony of his colleagues, loses the services of one of its most useful Senators, and the State of Virginia parts with one of her truest, bravest, wisest sons. From his advent into public life, now more than twenty years ago, General Hunton has been a commanding figure. On entering Congress when Grant was on the throne and Blaine was in the Speaker's chair, his practical wisdom, rugged force and dominating will, his iron tenacity and dauntless courage won the confidence of his associates and impressed his strong personality upon all who were thrown in contact with him. Soon after his entrance into the lower house, he a Confederate soldier, with the blood of battle hardly dry upon his garments, was placed upon the Military Committee, composed of officers against whom he had been but recently fighting. It is authentic tradition in Washington that before the first session had passed the chairman of that committee pronounced him the fairest, the frankest, the most industrious and useful member upon it. When the country was brought to the verge of civil, not sectional, war, when the crisis was so imminent and the prospect of conflict so appalling that stump orators, "Leading editors," political traders and all the vermin that infest peaceful politics, either covered from sight or were impatiently swept by an alarmed nation into obscurity, this man, this Confederate soldier, was selected as one in whose hands could be trusted the peace of a continent, the honor of a party and the disposition of a crown.

"His rise to the Senate was not less honorable, and his career there has

been not less creditable and useful than it was in the lower house. The same stainless integrity, sound judgment, blunt honesty and veracity of character won from his new associates the same respect which had been bestowed by his old colleagues of the House. In Virginia we have all looked upon this gentleman as a 'man to tie to.' He never failed a friend or shrunk from a foe. No unclean money has ever been suspected of clinging to his hands. The vile spectre, calumny, which haunts so many lives, has never soiled his name. He never traded in politics or sought office by devious paths.

"Whatever he would highly
that he would holily."

"Place my candidacy on the highest plane and keep it there," was his message to his son when, for the first time in Virginia's history, a shadow hung over a senatorial election. The retirement of such a man from public life is an event to be *felt* and should be noticed. When Cornelia counts her jewels, one of her purest should not be omitted from the shining circle. He is one of her sons who has never brought a blush to the cheek nor a pang to the heart of the mother he loved and served so well. The gray-haired veterans who toiled and fought and suffered for Virginia are well aware that—

"Some perter age
Has come tittering on to shove
them from the stage."

May we when we come to "bow and walk beyond the stars" leave this theatre as Hunton does, with all

"That should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops
of friends."

A FRIEND AND COMRADE.

(March 4, 1895) (W. H. Payne.)

The telegram from my father to me is not quoted by General Payne in full. It was as follows:

"Place my candidacy on the highest plane and keep it there. Do nothing which can ever bring a blush of shame to your cheek."

On April 30th, 1898, when my father was 76 years old, he wrote to President McKinley, his friend and whose counsel he had been before a

Democratic House when his seat was contested, the following letter tendering his services to his country in the pending war with Spain:

“37 Corcoran Building,
Washington, D. C., April 30, 1898.

His Excellency,
William McKinley,
President of the United States.

Dear Sir:

I am anxious to render service to my country in the pending war with Spain. My age probably unfits me for duty in the field, but I may be able to render other service equally valuable. You know me well and can determine if my services are needed. They are cordially tendered.

Yours very respectfully,

EPPA HUNTON.”

To which he received the following reply:

“Executive Mansion

Washington,
May 2, 1898.

My dear Sir:

Your favor of the 30th ultimo has been received and the President has read it with pleasure.

Permit me to assure you that the President appreciates highly your cordial and patriotic tender of services and will be very glad to bear it in mind.

With respect and esteem, believe me,
Very truly yours,

JOHN ADDISON PORTER,
Secretary to the President.

Hon. Eppa Hunton,
37 Corcoran Building,
Washington, D. C.”



EPPA HUNTON

Taken at the time this Autobiography was being written. Age 82.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MY son continued to grow in his profession, and in 1884 he felt able to support a wife. In November of that year he married Erva Winston Payne, the oldest daughter of General William H. Payne. This was an exceedingly agreeable marriage on both sides. General Payne and myself had always been the most intimate friends, and this connection between our families was most agreeable to each of us. They lived with me almost all of their married life. I loved her dearly as my daughter, and so did my wife, and she was as affectionate to both of us as if she were our own child. She was one of the most brilliant women of her day. She was splendidly educated at Hochelaga Convent, Montreal, Canada; spoke French very fluently, was a beautiful musician, and had a lovely voice. She played on the harp and the piano, and sang beautifully. Unfortunately her health was poor. She scarcely saw a well month from the time she was married. She and Eppa were devoted to each other, and he was the most attentive husband to a sick wife I ever saw. He never tired in his attentions to her; never failed to do anything that could be suggested to restore her health; he took her to all the Springs in Virginia; to a hospital in Baltimore, and to Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island. She made friends wherever she went. At Narragansett for one or two years she met Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who became devoted to her.

They went to housekeeping after living with us for ten or twelve years, and fitted up a beautiful little establishment next to General Payne's; but Erva's health became worse. She went to Narragansett and there her health failed very perceptibly. Eppa was scarcely able to get her home where she lingered awhile and died October 9, 1897.

I never saw such attention as was paid to her while living, or so much respect to the dead. The largest concourse attended her funeral that had been seen in Warrenton since the war. The flowers sent had to be transported to the cemetery in wagons. Eppa was almost heart-broken by her death, and for months could hardly be aroused. I was afraid at one time that he could not be gotten back to his professional work. My wife and myself were perfectly devoted to Erva, and she to us, and we felt the loss as if she had been our own child. Our Episcopal rector, Rev. George W. Nelson, one of the best and noblest of men, was thoroughly devoted to her. He wrote her obituary, and I beg to speak of her by an extract from that obituary, which I very fully and cordially endorse:

“Beautiful in person; beautiful in mind; beautiful in heart; Heavenly ‘treasure in an earthen vessel’—but the vessel was beautifully moulded and polished. She had faithfully cultivated her extraordinary talents, so that she was as a rare gem in an exquisite setting. Her voice was one of the sweetest ever heard; her conversation always had the charm of music, and her pure, rich soprano was the finest I ever heard in song. It was a delight to listen to her in our little church, where (whenever able), she loved to sing the songs of Zion. Mrs. Jefferson Davis, upon hearing of her death, wrote, ‘It seems to me that even the music of Heaven must be sweeter for Erva’s voice.’

“When twenty-three years old she married the man of her choice—choice of her heart and of her mind—thirteen years have passed, making and closing a record of wedded life for which this poor world of ours is surely richer.

“Her health soon became poor; to the day of her death she was a great sufferer, with intervals of comparative ease and health; in these intervals she shone out marvelously, charming all she was thrown with; and to those who knew her intimately,

disclosing unmistakably the higher work of the divine hand, the Father perfecting through suffering His gifted and beloved child. It is natural in sickness and in pain to be absorbed in self, but she seemed to become more and more unselfish; always thinking of others and for others; striving to give pleasure and to help; her smile and gracious word, and helping hand were ready for all."

Her death seemed to create a void in our family. My son broke up housekeeping and came back to us, but he seemed unable to rally, and still staggered under his great loss.

The health of my wife had been failing for some time. Her efforts to discharge her duties as a Senator's wife were too onerous for her. She undertook to entertain in Washington, and it was more than she could endure. I procured the best medical advice in Washington City, and the best in Fauquier. The doctors did not seem to know what was the exact trouble in her case. They persuaded me to take her to the seashore, and in 1896 I took her to Cape May. The trip was as much as she could stand. The stay at Cape May did not improve her perceptibly. I determined that I would stop (on my return) in Philadelphia, and get the best medical advice I could, and I consulted Dr. Weir Mitchell and Dr. DaCosta. They gave her the most careful examination for two successive days. I do not think they formed a decided opinion as to her disease, and she received no decided benefit from their treatment.

The next year, 1897, I took her to the Hot Springs, in Virginia, and there I met Dr. DaCosta, who practiced on her there. In the winter of 1898 I persuaded her to go to Washington and spend the winter there, and we were made very comfortable at the Ebbitt House. Her physician in Washington was Dr. Z. T. Sowers. In February, 1899, while we were at the Ebbitt House, we had the terrific blizzard, but we were very comfortable. The

Ebbitt House was warm, and the landlord and the servants as kind and good to us as it was possible for them to be.

Dr. Sowers became very uneasy about my wife, and very anxious that she should get home; and early in the spring I procured a private car and with great difficulty got her into it and took her to Warrenton. After getting her home she rallied considerably, and I felt hopeful that she might get well.

She was very much gratified that I joined the church in 1899. I was baptized by our rector, dear Mr. George Washington Nelson, and confirmed by Bishop Gibson. I was anxious to have my adopted daughter Bessie, and my son, and my wife, as witnesses at my baptism. Bessie came over a day or two before, but Eppa was engaged in the trial of two important will cases in Harrisonburg. I was satisfied that he would not be able to get home, and was very much concerned at not having him there, but Saturday night he finished the argument of his cases, won them both, and at nine o'clock jumped into a buggy and drove to Staunton, twenty-odd miles; took the cars in Staunton at one o'clock A. M., reached Warrenton Junction about sun-rise, hired a buggy, and was home to breakfast, and my wife and my two children witnessed my baptism, and were present at my confirmation.

I was a little surprised that my wife was able to go through the service, but she did. She, however, remained quite delicate until the fall of the year, when it became evident that I would have to give up my wife, and on the 4th day of September, 1899, she left her happy home in Warrenton, for a happier home in Heaven.

No man ever had a better, more faithful and affectionate wife. She had a right hard life of it, especially during the war. I felt very much gratified at a conversation we had not long before her death. I said to her that I did not recall that she had ever

expressed a wish that I did not gratify, except during the war. She thought a moment, and said, "You need not except the war"—and that speech of hers has afforded me great comfort ever since her death. But during the war her life was a very hard one. I was all the time at the front and in all the fights. Our home was in the enemy's territory the second year of the war, and was destroyed, and she and my son were moved about from place to place during the three remaining years of the war—toward the last of the war dependent upon rations for a living.

She and I were both very anxious for Eppa to marry again. She did not want him to marry for two years after the death of Erva. It looked very much for a long time as if he would never marry again, but in 1901 he married his present wife, Virginia Semmes Payne, a sister of Erva.

This was a most agreeable match to me. His mother was gone, and Eppa and myself lived together in our home at Warrenton, my sister, Mrs. Foster, being with us most of the time. I was perfectly delighted when he told me that he was going to be married to Virginia Payne. Of course I had known her most intimately as the sister of my daughter Erva, and knew her to be one of the sweetest girls in the country, and it was altogether a most agreeable announcement. The year Eppa was married to Virginia Payne, April 24, 1901, he was a candidate for the Consitutional Convention. He had a very stiff fight for the nomination with James P. Jeffress, but wound up with a triumphant majority, and soon after his marriage he came to Richmond to attend the Convention.

He stood very high in the Convention; was given the best position on committees by Mr. John Goode, the President of the Convention, and made a great deal of reputation as the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. While he was a member of the Convention Mr. E. Randolph Williams and Mr. Henry W.

Anderson came to him and proposed a partnership in the practice of law in Richmond, of which Mr. B. B. Munford was also to be a member. Eppa would not give them an answer until he had consulted with me. He came home and laid the matter before me, and I said to him, "Have you given up all idea of politics?" He said, "Yes, absolutely." "Then," I said, "you may form a law partnership in Richmond; but if you mean to go into politics, Warrenton is a better place for you than Richmond." He said he had no idea of going into politics. Then he said, "Will you go with me to Richmond?" I said that was another matter. He said, "Well, unless you go with me to Richmond, I will not consider the proposition."

It was a right sore thing to me to give up my home in Warrenton, where I had lived in happy married life for twenty-five or thirty years. It was still harder for me to break up what I considered a brilliant partnership for my son. The practice in Fauquier and the surrounding country was very small, very few large cases, and although Eppa made a right large income every year, it was by going some distance from home into the surrounding country. I felt that it would be to his interest to go to the City of Richmond, and I agreed to go with him. I sold my property in Warrenton for \$10,000, and turned the money over to Eppa to help him buy a home in Richmond. We rented at 316 East Grace Street until my son bought and fixed up the house in which we live now, No. 8 East Franklin Street.

I have been living with my son and his wife since they were married. His wife Virginia is to me a daughter as affectionate, kind and good as if she were my own flesh and blood. There is nothing she will not do to promote my comfort; no trouble she will not take that is necessary for my happiness. She has fine sense and fine taste. She has fitted up our new home very beautifully. I feel greatly blessed in having such a son and such a

daughter. I have never ceased to miss my dear wife, but if good children can atone for the loss of a wife, mine come as near to it as children can come.

July 5, 1902, my daughter presented to husband and father a beautiful daughter. My daughter was very, very ill and the dear little child after being baptized and christened Mary Winter, died. The death of the child was a great blow and caused much grief to us all, but especially to its mother. It was the only grandchild I ever had, and I was very proud to have one. God loaned the dear baby to us for a brief time then took her to Himself to be an angel in Heaven. I strive to meet her, dear Lucy and dear Erva there. I have not despaired of other grandchildren, and pray they may live to comfort their parents, as mine have comforted me.

Eppa's firm is doing a splendid business in Richmond and surrounding country. The partnership has proven even more brilliant than was anticipated. The firm gets as much business as its members can attend to and the income is large and satisfactory—Eppa stands so very high both as a lawyer and gentleman. No one in Richmond stands higher. The move to Richmond was very judicious. I fear he has more work than he can stand and that his health will fail. At present time he looks well and seems to be in good health.

My health is very good for my age. When I came to Richmond I was subject to spells of vertigo. I had them two or three times a week. If I could not sit down or lie down, I fell down. I had been to all the doctors up in my country, to Dr. Sowers, and Dr. Johnson, of Washington; Dr. Hicks and Dr. Frost, of Fauquier. They did me no good. When I came to Richmond I put myself under the care of Dr. George Ben Johnston. He gave me a most careful examination, and said, "I will either cure you of these attacks, or I will greatly modify them." I

have not had one since February, 1902, and since I have gotten rid of these attacks of vertigo my health has been remarkably good, for a man in his 82nd year.

I am doing no work now, except to give some attention to a few old cases I have in Washington. If I live, I think I will wind them up this year, and then I will have nothing to do except to prepare for, and await my summons to another world. We have a beautiful home fitted up by my dear daughter, who has developed into a splendid housekeeper. We live in great happiness and I try to be sufficiently grateful for the blessings of the best children man ever had. God bless and prosper them and save them in Heaven at last.

ADDENDUM

Made in my 83rd year, September 28, 1905.

Since my biography was closed, my dear daughter presented to her husband and me, on 31st July, 1904, a dear little "man-child." I was in Warrenton when this happy event occurred. I came at once to Richmond to see the dear little stranger and found him all I could desire. He was at once named Eppa IV, and was afterwards so christened in St. James' Church, Warrenton, by Bishop Randolph, assisted by Mr. Laird, the Rector.

In this dear old church his two grandmothers were members, his father and mother confirmed, and his grandfather baptized and confirmed. It was the proper place for baptism of Eppa IV.

When I came to Richmond to see him a few days after his birth, I presented him with my handsome gold watch which was given to me by Eppa and dear Erva. I made a most *eloquent* presentation speech, which was received without applause from him.

I hope he will grow to be a good and great man and reflect credit on the name he bears. I hope he will always love and defend the Confederate cause for which his grandfathers fought and bled. I hope he will avoid the use of profane language, gambling and intemperate use of intoxicants, and be in all respects as good a man as his father is.

God bless and prosper my dear little grandson.

EPPA HUNTON.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I.

ADDRESS OF GENERAL EPPA HUNTON AT THE FIRST REUNION OF THE 8TH VIRGINIA REGIMENT AFTER THE WAR, AT LEESBURG, THE 21ST OCTOBER, 1895, THE 34TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF:

My dear Comrades—

Survivors of the 8th Virginia Infantry—

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Thirty-four years ago, early in May, 1861, I was commissioned by His Excellency, John Letcher, Governor of Virginia, Colonel of the 8th Regiment, and ordered to Leesburg to organize it.

I entered at once on this duty, and appropriated what was then the fair grounds just north of the town, as my camp. It was composed of six companies from Loudoun, commanded by Capt. Heaton, Capt. Berkeley, Capt. Wampler, Capt. Simpson, Capt. Grayson and Capt. Hampton, two from Fauquier commanded by Capt. Carter and Capt. Scott; one from Fairfax commanded by Capt. Thrift; one from Prince William commanded by Capt. Berkeley.

All of us were more or less green in the organization of a regiment, but it was soon apparent that the 8th Regiment—rank and file—was composed of the very best material in the State.

I was warmly supported by all the officers and soon had a regiment of splendid soldiers, commanded by intelligent and gallant officers of the line—Charles B. Tebbs was Lieutenant-Colonel and Norborne Berkeley was Major, both of Loudoun.

The main duty of the regiment (aided by Capt. Shreve's company of cavalry and Capt. Rogers' battery) was to guard the Potomac, up to the first battle of Manassas. This was the bloody baptism of the regiment. Its behavior was conspicuous for gallantry, and was especially mentioned and complimented by Gen. Beauregard in his report of that glorious battle. This was the 21st of July, '61. Two days after, it was ordered back to Leesburg to guard this grand old

county from the ravages of the enemy. Soon after we were reinforced by three Mississippi regiments and several companies of cavalry—all under command of Gen. Evans.

I became disabled and was sent to my mother's home in Fauquier, on a bed in a spring wagon. After a short stay there, and before I was fit for duty, I became satisfied there was a battle impending, and against the protests of wife, son, mother and friends, I started back to my beloved regiment. I found it encamped in what was then Dr. Clagett's triangular field. They all knew a battle was at hand, and I shall never forget the joy with which I was received by officers and men, and how glad they seemed to be that I was to be with them and to lead them in the approaching fight. Their devotion to and confidence in me, brought tears to my eyes. I resolved then and there, that by the help of God I would fulfill the expectations of these heroic men.

We have met here today on the 21st of October in our first reunion to commemorate the 34th anniversary of that battle.

I was ordered first to Goose Creek Bridge to meet a body of the enemy advancing up the pike. It was soon apparent that this was a reconnoitering party and did not mean an attack. In the meantime the enemy in strong force under Gen. Baker was crossing at Harrison's Island to Ball's Bluff, opposite to and about three miles from Leesburg. I was ordered to leave one company, commanded by the gallant Capt. Wampler, to guard the bridge and go at once to meet the enemy at Ball's Bluff. The enemy's force across the river was reported by Gen. Evans to be eight thousand strong, and consisted mainly of Massachusetts men.

On our side we had the 17th and 18th Mississippi, commanded by Colonels Burt and Featherstone, and the 8th Virginia Infantry, some cavalry under Lieut. Col. Jennifer, and two batteries of artillery. The artillery was not engaged and but little fighting was done by the cavalry. So that the fight fell largely on the 8th Virginia and the two Mississippi Regiments. The 8th had 400 men engaged and the total number on our side was 1,700.

The 18th Mississippi was ambuscaded in the beginning of the fight and driven back with very heavy loss, including Col. Burt, their gallant commander.

The 8th took position in the edge of a wood. The enemy was posted across a small piece of open land also in a body of woods, with several pieces of artillery in the open field near the enemy's line. They charged us several times, but each charge was gallantly repulsed by the 8th Regiment. The fight lasted several hours. Baker fell mortally wounded. Your ammunition was about exhausted and several efforts to secure more were ineffectual. I determined to charge the enemy and by dividing up the cartridges, each man had one round. The charge, mainly with the bayonet, was as gallant as any made in the war. The 8th was a little later on reinforced by Col. Featherstone of the 17th Mississippi. This Regiment also behaved with great gallantry. The enemy was completely routed and thoroughly demoralized. They were driven from the field and down the Bluff to the banks of the Potomac. Darkness stopped the fight. I was perfectly prostrated by the day's fight and my infirmity. I had to be hauled from the field in a wagon.

After the fighting had ceased and the enemy were thought to have retired across the river, Lieut. Charles F. Berkeley was put in command of a picket of seventeen men of the 8th Virginia regiment, to picket the battlefield and E. V. White was requested to remain with him. The 17th and 18th Mississippi regiments had been sent back to their camps and the 8th Virginia regiment sent to Fort Evans. Lieuts. Berkeley and White were succouring the wounded when they discovered some 1,500 Yankees under the bluff between the bank of the river and the foot of the bluff, who were crossing back to the island by two large boats and two smaller ones. Lieut. White was dispatched to the 8th regiment for 100 men to capture this force, and on reaching Fort Evans found Lieut. Col. Tebbs in command, I having been sent to town suffering greatly. Upon preferring the request to Lieut. Col. Tebbs for 100 men, the latter refused to order the men on such an expedition, as they had been exposed to such

a terrible strain as to be completely broken down, but consented to let any go who should volunteer. Upon this forty-eight men and three officers under Capts. W. N. Berkeley and Edmund Berkeley, were conducted by E. V. White down to the Bluff, with orders at a given signal to fire their guns in the air, while the main body, led by E. V. White, should descend and mix with the enemy below and call on them to surrender. This was accordingly carried out and when some of the enemy inquired to whom they should surrender, they were told Gen. White was in command. The number of prisoners taken on this occasion was about 400 and was effected entirely by E. V. White, and the officers and men of the 8th Virginia regiment. This same E. V. White who displayed so much gallantry on this occasion, was afterwards made Captain of a cavalry company and by his heroism rose to the rank of Colonel. He was one of the heroes of the war.

We captured 710 prisoners, all their artillery, and a large supply of arms, and ammunition, with small loss to the 8th regiment. The enemy's loss was 1,300 killed, wounded and drowned, and 710 captured, as reported.

For the force engaged on each side, this was the most complete victory of the war. We had not more than 1,700 muskets in the fight. A Baltimore paper which fell into our hands a few days afterwards, placed the Federal loss in killed, wounded and captured, at 2,250. They lost more men than we had muskets, a result unexampled in war. A flank movement by the Little River Turnpike was apprehended, and I was ordered to retreat to the Sycolin.

No pen can describe the feelings of the men of the gallant 8th, mostly citizens of Loudoun, as they marched through Leesburg and abandoned it to the enemy. I felt dishonored, and was sure there was no need for this hasty retreat, but orders had to be obeyed. Fortunately, the enemy was too badly whipped to take advantage of our retreat, and Leesburg was at that time spared from the ravages of the foe.

The gallant conduct of the 8th, and the complete victory at Ball's

Bluff, gave the regiment a splendid reputation which was increased in every battle it was in during the war.

Soon after this fight the regiment was ordered to join the main army at Centreville, that it might be brigaded with other Virginia regiments. A public reception was given us when we reached Centreville, and you were everywhere recognized as the heroes of Ball's Bluff.

I shall never forget the wonder excited at Centreville by our wagon train. It consisted of twenty-five wagons, and complaint was made by you that you did not have more. When this wagon train reached Centreville it drew out a large portion of Gen. Johnson's army. No one would believe it belonged to one regiment.

The next day one-half of it was taken away. As the want of transportation became greater during the progress of the war, our transportation was still further reduced till we, who started with 25 wagons, were reduced to one, to carry the cooking utensils of the whole regiment. It is impossible in a short address to follow the 8th Regiment through the whole war, and to describe its conduct in all the battles in which it was engaged.

We fought at Seven Pines, 2nd Manassas, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Williamsburg, Gaines' Mill, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Gettysburg, Howlett House, Gravelly Run and Sailor's Creek.

These were our principal battles, but there were a great many smaller ones.

I must not fail to speak of two or three of these great battles, and to describe somewhat at length our action in each.

One of the hardest of the Seven Days' fight was Gaines' Mill. Mechanicsville was fought the day before and resulted in a victory for the Confederate arms, but with heavy loss. The enemy took up a very strong position at Gaines' Mill. They had three fortified lines. The first was in a ravine about five feet deep; about a hundred yards in rear of the first line was another, posted behind temporary breast-works, and still another some hundred yards in rear of the

last also protected by temporary cover. These two last lines were on the hillside so that all three lines could fire on the advancing Confederate line. Brockenbrough's brigade had charged this position of the enemy and was repulsed. Pryor's brigade was put in and driven back. Then Pickett's brigade, consisting of the 8th, 18th, 19th, 28th and 56th Virginia Regiments, was ordered to charge this formidable position. We charged down a steep hill and were exposed to the terrible fire of these three well protected lines of the enemy. There was never a more gallant charge than this, Gettysburg excepted. We carried all three lines in beautiful and splendid style, took a large part of artillery in rear of the third line. At this point we were joined by a portion of Jackson's forces, who had come in obliquely on our left and then we met a charge of cavalry, which soon scattered. Our charge at Gaines' Mill was the admiration of all who saw it, and was attended with a severe loss while charging down the hill and exposed to the fire of the hostile lines.

I have alluded to this because our brigade and our regiment never behaved with more gallantry, and because our conduct has been greatly misrepresented by the biographer of General Jackson, who makes us—whom he styles Pickett's Veterans—lie down while Jackson's men charged over us and carried the lines.

In truth we did not see Jackson's men until we had carried all three of the lines and captured the artillery.

Doubtless Jackson's men carried all before them, but we alone carried the lines in front of us.

How shall I describe the charge of Pickett's Division (of which we formed a part) at Gettysburg.

The 8th took position just behind our artillery with 205 men in its ranks. It had been greatly reduced by its brilliant participation in the preceding battles of the war. The country which furnished its brave men was in the hands of the enemy. In consequence we did not get many recruits. The regiment was, therefore, very small. Five men were killed in the artillery duel, and when the order to charge was given, two hundred heroes of the 8th regiment went in a charge, the most brilliant and heroic in the annals of war.

I was wounded at the red barn, a little more than half-way in the charge. Gen. Garnett, our heroic Brigade Commander, was killed cheering on his men. Gen. Armistead was killed while actually leading his brigade with his hat on his sword. Gen. Kemper was badly wounded. Our men, rank and file, fell by the thousands.

But the heroes of Pickett's Division charged on and onward with almost resistless fury; until they had driven the enemy from its first line behind a stone fence. By this time nearly all had been killed or wounded, and the enemy seeing how small our numbers were, rallied, and with fresh troops, killed, wounded or captured the small remnant of this heroic band. Thus ended the most brilliant charge of that or any other war.

The failure was not due to want of heroism, but to disparity of numbers and of position. And thus ended the high hopes of our immortal leader, Gen. Robert E. Lee, who believed the most important results would follow success at Gettysburg.

The 8th Virginia Regiment, that carried into this charge an even two hundred men, as brave as ever carried musket—lost in killed, wounded and captured, one hundred and ninety.

Only ten men returned unhurt, who went into that fatal charge, with a determination to "do or die" for the cause we all loved so well. After the charge of your regiment the command devolved on a Lieutenant—all above him in rank were either killed, wounded or captured. This was July 3, 1863, and was the high tide of the war. We all felt that the future of the Confederate States might hang on the result at Gettysburg.

I was promoted to Brigadier General from Gettysburg and the command devolved on Col. Norborne Berkeley, a gallant officer worthy to command any regiment, even the 8th Virginia.

Though taken from your immediate command, the dear old 8th was still a part of my Brigade and remained with me until the war closed.

Our regiment with the rest of the Brigade was ordered to Chaffin's Farm to rest and recruit after our severe labors and losses. We joined the main army at Hanover Junction in the spring of 1864 and

participated in the memorable battles of that campaign, the most masterly ever conducted by Gen. Lee or any other Military Chieftain.

In these fights the Federal losses were greater than Gen. Lee's whole army. These losses were immediately supplied. Ours could not be. While Gen. Lee was preparing to fight over the battle of Malvern Hill, Grant was changing his base from the North to the South side of James River. Beauregard had to abandon his fortified line below the Howlett House and hasten to the defense of Petersburg. This line embraced Drewry's Bluff, and extended down the James towards its junction with the Appomattox. It was vital to the defense of Richmond. General Lee ordered Pickett's Division to hasten to the defense of this important line.

My Brigade was third in line when this march began. We had become familiar with all the cross roads and by-paths of the intervening country while at Chaffin's Farm. For this reason I was ordered to detach the Brigade from the rest of the Division, and make a forced march to save this abandoned line. No troops—not even the foot cavalry of the immortal Jackson—ever made better time. The enemy had occupied Beauregard's line and turned it against us. I was ordered to march down the Petersburg pike till I struck the enemy, and retake the line. The 8th was sent forward as a skirmish line and soon struck the enemy. The Brigade was ordered to left face and charge. What a magnificent charge it was. We drove the enemy into and beyond the abandoned line, which was re-established and greatly strengthened. The other Brigade of the Division also after a brilliant charge, took position in this line on our right and left. This heroic conduct delighted our dear old commander, General Lee, and drew from him the only undignified order he ever issued. He said, after complimenting the officers and soldiers of Pickett's Division, he believed "Pickett's men would take anything they were put against."

Last summer I met Major Drewry at the White Sulphur Springs. He witnessed this charge of ours, and said when I gave the order, "Left face, charge," he never saw anything so splendid and beautiful.

He said everyone in the brigade, from its commander to the last private, seemed to know exactly what to do and did it in a manner unequalled in the history of the war. He seemed very fond of telling of this heroic conduct of the brigade, and I was not averse to hearing it. I think he must have repeated it five or six times in my presence, to different audiences.

From this time on it became apparent that the fortunes of the Confederacy were on the wane. Victory had generally followed our banner under Lee, but our resources of men and supplies were growing less every day, while the enemy's was increased. There was the same gallantry of the men; but our little army could not fight the whole world. To illustrate this unending gallantry, you will recollect that while Pickett with the rest of his division was fighting Sheridan at Five Forks, and was advancing on Dinwiddie Courthouse, General Lee ordered our Brigade (then reduced to less than 1,500 muskets), with two Gulf States Brigades, fully as small, to form on the road leading from his main line to Five Forks, to keep open the communication with Pickett. We had hardly formed when a full division of Warren's corps marched down upon us on its way to reinforce Sheridan at Five Forks. We, with our three little brigades, attacked this division and in the most gallant style drove it back more than a mile and a half to Gravelly Run.

Our great Commander was highly pleased and wanted us to hold this line. In this charge just before Richmond was abandoned and our last sad retreat begun, and when the end at Appomattox was close at hand, in this last regular fight we had in the war, the noble, gallant soldiers of Hunton's Brigade behaved, each one, as a hero.

I was ordered next day to reinforce Pickett, who had been routed, driven from Five Forks, and his command badly demoralized and scattered. We were not able at that time to find General Pickett, and were joined by two other brigades, all under command of Gen. T. Bushrod Johnson. Under him we commenced our mournful retreat. Our brigade brought up the rear with Gen. Fitz Lee's cavalry behind us.

This was a heart-sickening retreat. We all knew the end was not far off, and still my men, including the battle-scarred veterans of the 8th, were ready to do all in their power, and to die for the dear cause we loved so well. At one point on this retreat we had to cross a bridge over a deep stream. The duty was assigned me of guarding this bridge until the rest—infantry and cavalry—had crossed. When it came to our turn to cross we were fighting the enemy in strong force on three sides. I had flankers to the right and left and skirmishers in the rear. But we crossed in safety and continued to bring up the rear till we united with the rest of Pickett's Division. Our rations failed entirely. The brigade was halted at a corn house by the roadside and ears of corn distributed as rations to the brigade.

On the 6th of April, 1865, as we approached Sailor's Creek, the enemy attacked Huger's artillery on the other side of the creek. Pickett's Division, my Brigade in front, went to its rescue and retook the artillery. The Division was in line of battle, attenuated to the last degree. Terry's Brigade on my right, Corse and George H. Stuart on my left—each effort on our part to continue the retreat was met by a gallant charge from Custer's cavalry, and while we were thus prevented from retreating, the Federal infantry was surrounding us. When surrounded, and not till then, I, with the heroes of my Brigade, surrendered. I had sent the 8th to Terry to extend his line, and most of them escaped capture. Thus ended our part in the war. Three days later on, the 9th of April, 1865, General Lee surrendered his army to Grant at Appomattox amid the tears and groans of a dying nation.

I would like to mention the names of the officers and soldiers of the 8th who particularly distinguished themselves, but where almost all behaved gallantly, it would seem invidious to mention but a few. I will be excused for mentioning the gallantry of the four Berkeley brothers. They were all brave men and good soldiers. When I was made Brigadier General, Norborne was made Colonel of the 8th; Edmund, Lieut. Colonel; William, Major; and Charles was senior Capt. It was called the Berkeley Regiment. There were four

Hutchison brothers and four Presgrave brothers, excellent private soldiers, and strange to say the four Berkeleys and the four Hutchisons and the four Presgraves, survived the war and most of them are yet alive. I cannot forbear to mention G. W. F. Hummer, who was a private in the Loudoun Cavalry, which I took to the first battle of Manassas. I detailed him, and four others of his company, as a picket to guard the blind road from Centreville to Sudley. This was most fortunate, as this was the road pursued by General McDowell, and there would have been a complete surprise but for this picket. When driven in they brought me the news of this flank movement. I at once communicated it to Beauregard and prevented a complete surprise and enabled him to prepare in some slight degree to meet it. I kept Hummer with me; and a braver, truer man I never knew. At the battle of Ball's Bluff my horse (old Morgan) ran off with me. I feared that my brave boys would think it was I that was running. I lost my hat and pistols, but soon took Morgan up. I hardly regained control of my horse before Hummer was at my side with hat and pistols. When I was wounded at Gettysburg and my horse shot, he was by my side, took my horse by the bridle and led him to the rear. My horse lived long enough to take me back for the purpose of getting another; but soon I became faint from loss of blood and was carried by Hummer to the field hospital. He was by my side in every place of danger, and was as true and gallant as any man in General Lee's army. I procured for him an office under Cleveland's first administration; by great exertion managed to keep him in through Harrison's administration and he is there now. His absence today diminishes the pleasures of this reunion. Long may he live to think of his gallantry and devotion to the lost cause and to me.

I hardly regretted my absence at Appomattox. The trials of that day would have overcome me. The spectacle of dear General Lee, when he rode through our lines on his return from the McLean house, where the terms of surrender had been agreed upon and signed, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, would have been more than I cared to endure. He was the grandest character of the

war and the greatest military chieftain of any age. May we all strive to emulate his virtues and revere his name and fame. Our failure was not due to want of splendid military leaders—Lee, Jackson and Johnston were masters of the art of war—our soldiers were as brave as any on earth—but the enemy numbered in the war 2,700,000, while we had 600,000. Their losses were immediately supplied—ours could not be. They had the best of commissary and quartermasters' supplies—ours was the poorest. When these odds and disadvantages are considered, the fight we made for four years must be, and is, the wonder of the 19th century.

I returned from prison the last of July, 1865, and found the country desolated, as many of you found your homes destroyed and nothing left you but the blue sky above and the naked earth beneath you. And yet no people in the world's history ever went to work as you did to rebuild your homes and to take care of the dear ones who held up your hands during the war.

The present condition of Loudoun, Fauquier, Prince William and Fairfax show how well you have succeeded.

The war ended thirty years ago; during the whole of that period this Government has had no citizens more peaceful and law-abiding than we. We have filled the role of good citizens, who desired to see this Government "the best the world ever saw." But while this is true, and while we expect to live and die as loyal citizens of the Government we tried to overturn, does any one of you regret the part he took in the war? Does any one of you wish to blot out from his history the part he bore in it? Does any one of you ever say I am glad we failed? God forbid.

It would take from you the glory and renown you achieved, and which belongs not only to you but to your children when you are gone. How it grieves me to see a Confederate soldier go back on the cause he loved so well. I hope there is none such here, and there never will be any of the 8th Regiment who will so reflect on his gallant history from '61 to '65. If any have thoughtlessly or from resentment or from any other cause, so forgotten himself, let him at

once pause, and let us all be, as long as our lives shall be spared, as united as when the gallant soldiers of the 8th were "touching elbows," and when as one man we determined to "do or die" in behalf of our dear lost cause.

God bless each one of you. May the balance of your lives be tranquil and happy, and when the end comes may each one of the dear old 8th be gathered in peace to his Father's and around God's throne unite with dear companions of their Regiment who surrendered their life's blood on the battlefield for the dear cause we loved so well.

Farewell, my brave men, survivors of the "Bloody Eighth." We shall never ALL meet again in this world.

Think kindly of your old Commander. Forgive his many shortcomings, and always believe he did the best he could for the cause and for you. Farewell.

APPENDIX II.

This hand-bill was spread broadcast throughout the Eighth Congressional District.

TO THE PUBLIC!

On the night of the 10th of July, 1878, in a discussion with Mr. S. C. Neale, in the City of Alexandria, I stated in substance that the Hon. William M. Springer made a motion (looking to the defeat of the assessment enforcing bill) at the instance of Columbus Alexander and others. While at my home in Warrenton, I was surprised to find the following card from this man Alexander in the Alexandria Gazette of the 13th instant:

Washington, D. C., July 12, 1878.

To the Editor of the Alexandria Gazette:

I find in the Baltimore Sun, the Washington Star, and several other papers, a report of a speech made by Hon. Eppa Hunton last Tuesday night, at Alexandria, in which he asserts that the infamous assessment enforcing bill, passed by the House on the morning of the 18th of June last, upon motion of Mr. Hendee, and for which he (Mr. Hunton) voted, "*had been brought to him endorsed by Commissioner Bryan, Judge Wylie and Columbus Alexander.*"

Now in all due respect to the gentleman, I hereby denounce that statement, not merely as entirely untrue, but in view of the recorded facts, which I shall state hereafter, as even ridiculous. Nay, I go further, and openly express it as my honest opinion that the honorable gentleman himself must have known at the time, when he made that statement, that it was not true.

That bill, now universally recognized as one of the worst and most unjust ring measures, passed the Senate on the 11th of June in the absence of that true friend of our people, Senator Bayard, and upon the motion of that great ring advocate, Senator Sargent, of California, as a substitute to quite a different bill, of which latter the title only

was retained. Five days later Senator Bayard made an attempt to recall that bill from the House, but it was then too late under the rules of the Senate.

On the morning of the 18th June the substituted bill was called up in the House by the ring advocate, Hendee, from Vermont, and it passed the House whilst not half a quorum was present. In the afternoon of the same day I and a few other citizens, feeling greatly chagrined at the passage of this outrageous bill, succeeded in inducing Mr. Springer, of Illinois, to make a motion to prevent the bill from becoming a law. But I will now quote *verbatim* from the Congressional Record of June 19, page 52:

“Mr. Springer. When the House met this morning there were but few members present, and a motion was made at once I believe by a gentleman from Pennsylvania (My Clymer), that the House should adjourn; but it was stated that there were some matters of local importance that might be transacted, and that this could be done if there was no objection thereto; and thereupon the House proceeded to consider whatever measures might be brought up by members, against which it was understood no objections were to be urged.

“The gentleman from Vermont (Mr. Hendee) among others called up a bill entitled a bill to provide for the revision and correction of assessments for special improvements in the District of Columbia, and for other purposes. That title is perfectly fair and harmless upon its face, and attracted no attention on the part of the members of the House. Objection was made by the gentleman from Tennessee (Mr. Atkins) to the bill, for the reason that he did not understand it. He was then assured that the bill had received the unanimous approbation of the Committee for the District of Columbia of this House, and he then withdrew his objection, and thereupon the bill was passed. There was not a quorum present.

“Shortly afterward I met some prominent citizens of the City of Washington who are interested in these matters—I am not, for I own no property here at all—who informed me that the bill which had passed this morning was one that the people of this District had

been resisting for many months; that it was one of great outrage and oppression to them; that they did not believe that this House of Representatives would impose a measure of that kind upon the people of the District intentionally and knowingly. I stated that I was utterly ignorant of the provisions of the bill, but if a wrong had been done—

“Mr. Hunton. Who were these friends of yours that called upon you?”

“Mr. Springer. I will state them: *Columbus Alexander* was one of them (laughter); Hon. Mr. Ingersoll, formerly a member of this House, was another; Mr. Schade, of this city, was another. I was also shown a letter written by Mr. Bryan, one of the present Commissioners of the District, in reference to these assessments, and I now ask that the letter be read by the clerk.

“‘Mr. Hendee. Is the five minutes out yet.’”

Thus it will be seen that Mr. Hunton *must* have known that he stated a falsehood last Tuesday night at the Alexandria meeting when he maintained that I had endorsed that bill. He himself had been the cause that Mr. Springer mentioned my name, and he had quietly afterwards listened to the diatribes of his ring friend, Hendee, against me, and probably ‘enjoyed the fun’ of hearing an old Democratic fellow-citizen abused by certainly one of the worst Radicals in the House. I never shall forget the spectacle I witnessed from the galleries, of Mr. Hunton running up and down the Democratic aisles assuring the Democrats that that ring bill was all right, and that, therefore, Mr. Springer’s motion should be voted down.

As to ex-Commissioner Bryan and Judge Wylie having endorsed that bill, I will only state that I know from the letter of Commissioner Bryan to the Senate Committee, read on that occasion by Mr. Springer in the House, and from a decision of Judge Wylie, promulgated from the bench of the Supreme Court of this District, that both entertain the same opinion in relation to the special assessments, which this bill enforces, as I.

I remain, sir, most respectfully yours,

COLUMBUS ALEXANDER.

Although there was evidence in the card of an exceedingly malicious spirit and a craving eagerness for notoriety, I did not doubt that its author, on being informed of his mistake, would instantly correct it, and make a prompt withdrawal of his offensive language. I accordingly addressed him the following letter:

Warrenton, July 14, 1878.

Columbus Alexander, Esq.:

Sir: The Alexandria Gazette of yesterday contains a card over your signature, in which the following statement appears: "I find in the Baltimore Sun, the Washington Star, and several other papers a report of a speech made by the Hon. Eppa Hunton, last Tuesday night, in Alexandria, in which he asserts that the infamous assessment-enforcing bill, passed by the House on the morning of the 18th of June last, on motion of Mr. Hendee, and for which he (Mr. Hunton) voted, had been brought to him, endorsed by Commissioner Bryan, Judge Wylie, and Columbus Alexander"; and then the said card proceeds: "Now, in all due respect to the gentleman, I hereby denounce that statement not merely as entirely untrue, but in view of the recorded facts, which I shall state hereafter, as even ridiculous—nay, I go further, and openly express it as my honest opinion that the honorable gentleman himself must have known when he made that statement that it was false."

I have seen no report of my speech in Alexandria containing the language quoted above from your card. I have just examined carefully the report of my remarks in the Alexandria Gazette, and can find nothing like it. What I did say was in exact accordance with the debate, as quoted in your card from the Congressional Record, in substance, that the Hon. William M. Springer made his motion (looking to a *defeat* of the bill) at the instance of Columbus Alexander and others.

When you saw the report of my speech to which you allude, common justice required at your hands an inquiry of me whether I used the language imputed to me. I have made a plain statement of the

fact, and now demand at your hands a withdrawal of the offensive language of your card in the columns of the Alexandria Gazette, which published it.

Your obedient servant,

EPPA HUNTON.

Instead of availing himself of the opportunity offered by this letter, Alexander published the following communication to the Alexandria Gazette, beginning with my letter to him, as above:

GEN. HUNTON AND THE WASHINGTONIANS.

Washington, D. C., July 16, 1878.

To the Editor of the Alexandria Gazette:

Sir: The following letter was handed to me yesterday:

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Because the Alexandria Gazette omits to report that part of the gentleman's speech, the latter thinks it a splendid opportunity of getting himself out of the dilemma in which, unhappily for him he is placed. But that will not do! Before I wrote my letter to the Gazette I went down to Alexandria for the very purpose of inquiring personally into the matter, and there I was assured by many personal friends who had been present at that meeting that the remarks of Mr. Hunton, as reported in the Baltimore Sun and Washington Star were correct.

Mr. Hunton will not deny that he used the names of Judge Wylie, Commissioner Bryan, and myself, and that he did not say "Columbus Alexander and others." Among those "others" he certainly could not, as he attempts in his *new* version, have included Messrs. Bryan and Wylie, because none of the gentlemen had anything to do with Mr. Springer's motion, or even knew of it at the time it was made.

Mr. Hunton must have a small opinion of his Alexandria constituents, or else he would not have thought it possible that five days could have been sufficient to wipe from their memory his eloquent words spoken to them as late as last Wednesday.

Let him first correct the reports in the *Star and Sun*, certainly two reliable newspapers, and the first one especially friendly to him, and then, having myself been convinced that he was incorrectly reported, he will have no cause of trying to "bulldoze" me, as evidently seems to be his intention in the above letter.

General Hunton sent his letter to me through a Captain F. C. Sheppard, of Warrenton, Va., one of his many appointees in the Territorial building, on Four-and-a-half street, the seat of our Radical District government. That gentleman evidently, too, was under the impression that a little swagger would bring me down. But General Hunton at least should have known that a man who for years has almost single-handed fought the Washington ring, who has been made the object of their special hatred, so that they even planned against him that safe-burglary rascality, and who, a Virginian himself, never gives up as long as he knows he is in the right, cannot be "bulldozed" by General Hunton or any of his District appointees. If General Hunton is wrongly reported, I shall do him justice. At present I have no proof, however, that such has been the case.

In conclusion, I think it proper to state to my Virginia friends that I am positive that General Hunton has always been friends to the Radical ring of this District, and helped them to get through bills of the character of that infamous assessment-enforcing act, which passed the House March 18 last. He has on that account been rewarded with considerable District patronage, of which the above Mr. Sheppard is a living specimen. For that reason the Democrats of the Eighth Virginia Congressional District will really have performed a charitable act toward the poor people of this District if they should keep the General from the field at the next election. If they have any doubt as to the correctness of my assertions, that doubt will be removed by the fact that every ring paper in the District, Radical and Democratic, from the *National Republican* down, works for the re-election of General Hunton.

I am, sir, most respectfully yours,

COLUMBUS ALEXANDER.

It will be seen by the above card that Alexander not only refused to withdraw the offensive language of his first card, but reiterated it and gave to the public the name and residence of the gentleman who bore my letter to him. This made it improper for me in pursuing this matter to expose any friend to the severe penalties of the law of the District of Columbia which inflicts the punishments of confinement in the penitentiary on the bearer of a challenge.

No alternative was now left me but to reach Mr. Alexander in some mode which would imperil no one but myself. I therefore addressed him the following letter:

Alexandria, July 16, 1878.

Columbus Alexander, Esq.:

Sir: I addressed you a letter, giving you an opportunity, of which you should have availed yourself, to correct an error into which you had fallen. Instead of doing this you have replied offensively through the press, and been guilty of such allusions to my friend, Capt. Sheppard, as justify the apprehension that you would avail yourself of the police of the District to subject any friend of mine to arrest under certain circumstances.

I am thus constrained to resort to the mail as the only safe method of communicating with you. Relying on your declaration in your second card, that you are a Virginian, I ask that you will indicate some place beyond the reach of the District police, where a demand for the reparation which Virginians accord in such cases can be made upon you.

To be sure you receive this, I send it as a registered letter. An answer addressed to me at this place will reach me.

Your obedient servant,

EPPA HUNTON.

This letter was placed in the Alexandria Post Office and registered at 10 o'clock A. M. The earliest mail leaving Alexandria for Washington was at 12 o'clock M.

The following telegram was also sent to him:

Alexandria, July 17, 1878.

Columbus Alexander, Washington, D. C.:

Call at Post Office for registered letter from me.

(Signed) EPPA HUNTON.

The operator in Washington telegraphed that the above message was delivered at 10:45 A. M. on the 17th of July.

I received no reply to this letter, but in the Alexandria Gazette this evening, Mr. Alexander published the following card:

Washington, D. C., July 18, 1878.

To the Editor of the Alexandria Gazette:

Sir: I regret to be compelled to trouble you so often. Yesterday morning I received a telegram from Gen. Eppa Hunton, in which he informed me that he had mailed to my address a registered letter. That registered letter I could not obtain until this morning, July 18th. Here is an exact copy of it:

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My answer to Gen. Hunton is this:

You publicly, in a speech, published in the Baltimore Sun and Washington Star grossly insulted me by saying that the most infamous ring measure ever passed through Congress, and for which you voted, "had been brought to you endorsed by Commissioner Bryan, Judge Wylie, and Columbus Alexander." I felt compelled to show from the Record that your statement was false.

Instead, however, of writing to these papers and correcting the wrong done me, you send me, through one of your appointees under the Radical District government, a letter in which you attempt to "bulldoze" me. Well, that you cannot do.

I am a free citizen, and I shall always avail myself of the great privilege of such a citizen, to-wit: to defend myself and fellow-citizens and our property against such infamous and confiscating Ring acts as

the one in question, and for which you not merely voted, but for the passage of which you exerted yourself personally, something which you dare not deny. That it is a Ring act of the most atrocious character is shown by the recent opinion of District Attorney Riddle, who cannot help excusing himself for the hard features of that law by exclaiming that he did not make the law! You have been our enemy, and for that reason, and no other, we ask the Virginia Democracy not to return you to Congress.

There is nothing in my letter that should induce you and your friend, Captain Sheppard, to believe that I ever intended to use the police against the latter, though I must confess that his visits were frequent and annoying, one of them being made on Sunday night, about 10 o'clock, after I had retired to bed. It is not customary in polite society for strangers to make calls in such manner and at such times.

You seem to have an ungrounded fear of our District police, though you ought to know that it is under the control of your Radical Ring friends, who will certainly see that no harm shall be done you. In that you have even the advantage over me, as that very police stood guard over and directed the hired burglar to my house on the night when the Ring scoundrels were trying by their infamous conspiracy to ruin me and my family. No, you need not fear that police!

Most respectfully,

COLUMBUS ALEXANDER.

I have thus given this individual the opportunity to show that he is a gentleman and a man of courage, but he has not done me the justice of the one or been willing to accord me the redress of the other. He refuses to come from the protection of the police he affects to despise, and I cannot reach him without exposing friends to the penitentiary. I therefore proclaim him a malicious liar, a vulgar blackguard, and an irresponsible coward.

The public is assured I shall take no further notice of Columbus Alexander or any publication from him.

EPPA HUNTON.

Alexandria, July 18, 1878."

APPENDIX III.

ADDRESS OF JUDGE JAMES KEITH, PRESIDENT OF THE SUPREME COURT OF APPEALS OF VIRGINIA, PRESENTING PORTRAIT OF GENERAL EPPA HUNTON TO LEE CAMP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, APRIL 25, 1902.

Comrades and Friends:

I congratulate myself upon being permitted to participate in this most interesting occasion.

It is a privilege to be once more with men

“That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine,”

who faced every danger with courage, bore every privation with fortitude, who won victories upon many a field which will be famous in story while men cherish honor and women love courage; but reserving to the last act in the great tragedy the highest, the noblest proof of the true temper of their souls, went down in defeat, returned to their homes, became good citizens as they had been good soldiers, cheerful and steadfast amidst ruin and desolation because our great leader had said that we carried with us “the consciousness of duty faithfully performed,” and what he said was to us as though it had been declared by the oracles of God. I speak it reverently, oh, my comrades! for his lips could not utter aught save the truth.

You felt that having done great deeds it was your duty to preserve the memory of them, and to hand down to coming generations memorials of your labors and the effigies of these who bore a distinguished part in them. This and the care of those who need assistance are, I believe, the pious objects of this Association.

I bring to you tonight the portrait of one who is worthy to be placed by the side of the noblest and the best of those whose pictures adorn your walls. I have for forty years been proud to call him my

friend—not because he has in that time played many parts, and played them well, upon almost every stage of human action—but because he has ever been brave, truthful and just in all his dealings with and relations to his fellowmen, and has always borne

“without abuse,
The grand old name of gentleman.”

General Eppa Hunton was born and educated in the County of Fauquier, but upon being licensed to practice law he went to Prince William County where he prosecuted his profession successfully and had in 1861 passed into the front rank of the bar of that section, when events took place which closed the courts and silenced the law for many a weary day.

There had been signs and portents of a coming storm. The presidential election of 1860 had shown how profoundly men were moved by the issues discussed in that campaign. The hand of a master has recently given a vivid picture of the mighty conflict of opinion that preceded the appeal to arms: “About every fireside in the land, in the conversation of friends and neighbors, and deeper still, in the secret of millions of human hearts, the battle of opinion was waging; and all men felt and saw—with more or less clearness—that an answer to the importunate question, Shall the nation live? was due, and not to be denied.”

General Hunton was named as an elector on the Breckenridge ticket and maintained his cause with ability against the advocates of Bell and Douglas. Lincoln was elected. State after State seceded. Virginia called a convention to consider what course she should pursue, and in that crisis the people of Prince William County wisely turned to General Hunton. I shall not stop to state his position. In that fierce tide no man could hold a position for two consecutive days. Men were swept along by a force as little to be resisted as is the earthquake when it hurls the ocean upon the land, or heaves mountains upon some smiling plain.

The convention met, and after the manner of their kind they

debated, they talked more or less wisely and well. They appointed committees and the committees reported. They sent embassies, and their diplomacy came to naught; and suddenly the tempest burst upon us in all its wrath and fury.

Then it was that Virginia did a thing as noble as history records. Indeed, in its sublime unselfishness, in its utter and absolute self-effacement, it is without a parallel. It will stand for all time as the best and purest sacrifice offered by the spirit of chivalry at the behest of honor—the spirit which gives all and asks for nothing in return. The people of Virginia loved the Union which they had done so much to create. It was flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone. Her great men guided the councils and led the armies which won our independence; the blood of her children had flowed upon every battlefield of the Revolution; her sons had framed the institutions under which they then lived and had influenced their growth and development. The history of Virginia was indissolubly interwoven and blended with that of the United States. She knew that upon her bared bosom contending armies would meet in shock of battle; but neither the tender and glorious memories of the past, nor the dread ordeal which loomed in her path, gave her one moment's pause. She drew the sword and flung away the scabbard, and from her soil sprung a throng of armed men, as though it had been strewn with the teeth of the fabled dragon.

General Hunton was commissioned as Colonel of the 8th Virginia Infantry. Need I tell you what the 8th Virginia Infantry did? When I look around these walls and see the faces of so many gallant gentlemen, many of whom have passed from us; when I recall that with each of these pictures was given the story of their lives in a manner more worthy of the theme than I can hope to do; and, above all, when I look into your faces, the survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia and the inheritors of so much glory, I feel—I know—that it is in truth an idle thing to tell you about the 8th Virginia Infantry. Was it not a part of Pickett's Division—the first division in Longstreet's Corps—the first corps in the Army of Northern Virginia?

Did not Hunton lead it at Manassas and at Ball's Bluff, and win for it and for himself imperishable glory on these famous fields, not only as a brave soldier, but as a ready, capable and resourceful officer? Was he not with them at Cold Harbor, and upon a hundred other fields of less renown, but which were attended by feats of arms and gallant deeds more than enough to adorn the annals of more modern wars? Was he not at the charge at Gettysburg? Was human courage and fortitude ever put to a sterner test? Did human virtue ever more nobly respond to the call of duty? In the midst of that charge, unsurpassed in the annals of war, General Hunton and his heroic band pressed right on to the enemy's line until overwhelmed by the force massed in front of them, the greater part of his people having been either killed or wounded, the survivors were compelled to retire. For gallant conduct on that fatal day Colonel Hunton, who had been sorely wounded, was made a Brigadier General. Think of it! It was not a small honor to be able to do one's duty as a private soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia, but to be promoted for gallantry in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, that was an honor indeed!

General Hunton, though greatly afflicted by a painful malady which would have justified his absence from the field, remained with his brigade throughout the war, participated in the campaign of 1864, rendered distinguished service in front of Richmond, on the retreat fought with his accustomed courage and tenacity, and was finally made a prisoner a day or two before Appomattox.

After the war he made his home in Warrenton and practiced law in Fauquier and the neighboring counties. He was the peer of such men as Brooke, Forbes and Payne, Harrison, Thomas and Tucker.

Any man of industry and good sense can make a good argument before a court. A trial before a jury calls into action all of a lawyer's resources. It perhaps ought not to be so, but the character of the lawyer has great weight before a jury. General Hunton had commanded a regiment drawn in large part from the circuit in which he practiced. They were men of character and intelligence, and there

was rarely a jury upon which some of them did not appear. He had shared with them the privation of the camp, the fatigue of the march and the danger of battle. Small wonder was it then that they looked to him for the facts, rather than to the witnesses, and for the law rather than to the court. War is the great touchstone of character. Soldiers know each other as men can never do in other walks of life. What higher tribute could be paid General Hunton than the unswerving devotion to him in peace of those who served with him in war.

In 1872 he was elected to Congress where he served his constituents ably and faithfully for eight years. During this time he encountered in debate the "plumed knight" from Maine and suffered no disadvantage; and such was the position achieved by him among his colleagues that he was chosen a member of the Electoral Commission in 1876. After he retired from Congress he practiced law for some years and upon the death of our honored and lamented friend and leader, John S. Barbour, he was appointed to the Senate by the Governor, and afterwards elected by the General Assembly to fill the unexpired term. He served his State ably and acceptably, and retired from public life at the end of his term enjoying the confidence and esteem of all men.

He has, indeed, played many parts in the drama of life. His career embraces a great era in the world's history. We are "a part of all that we have met." General Hunton was, as I have already said, a man of strong sense, brave, truthful, honest, sincere, and faithful by nature. Think of his varied experience acting upon and influencing such natural qualities. Every high thought, every noble impulse, every generous emotion, every kindly action, leaves its impress upon us. We are "a part of all that we have met," and so by degrees I have seen my dear old friend, softened and refined by time, grow gentle and tender as a woman until ripe and mellow, he has about him "all that should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

He is with us yet, and I trust will be with us for a long time.

I love to see his good gray head, and his face shines upon me like a benediction: and when in the fulness of time he is taken from us he will leave us an example worthy of all emulation.

I have already trespassed too long upon your time, but I beg you to pardon me one word more. A lifetime has passed since the great events in which we shared. I sympathize as deeply with our soldiers, I love them as dearly, I am as proud of their glory and as jealous of their renown today as when we stood shoulder to shoulder with arms in our hands; but I realize now, my comrades, as I did not in those days, that the federal soldier was a patriot who fought in a great cause. What might have been, had the result been other than it was, it is bootless to inquire; but this I do know, my friends and others, that the government under which we live is the best that the sun shines on, and that under it the rights of all are protected. It is not only the best, but the greatest of all the governments of the earth, and is yet, I devoutly believe, only at the threshold of its destiny. It too is "a part of all that it has met." The mightiest event in its history is the war in which we bore a part. The influence of that titanic struggle is ineradicable. The deeds of the Confederate soldier are mingled in the very web and woof of our national being, and in all our history there is no brighter, no nobler page, than that which records his undying fame. Men may like it or not, but it is there. In the heat and fury of that conflict we were fused into a nation, a nation composed of all its former parts, yet the whole differing essentially from any part. We went into the war citizens of the States; we made peace as citizens of the United States. Free citizens of a free country, let us cherish its institutions and instill into our children the same love of country, the same fervid patriotism, that inspired us in our youth! So we shall obey the parting order, follow the example, and honor the memory, of our immortal Lee.

Where shall we find one whose life has more faithfully interpreted, more nobly illustrated, this teaching than that of our friend and comrade whose portrait I now confide to your keeping.

GENERAL PICKETT AT GETTYSBURG

Readers of The Times will recall that some weeks back we published a statement that there was a sort of underground affair between General George E. Pickett and the late Gen. Lee when his division made that immortal charge on the third day at Gettysburg, and that he was not in direct participation in what the command did. It has been stated that the survivors of his staff had not time to reply to the statement, and we have been furnished by them with a statement agreed by them, which we print below.

The statement is signed by Major

